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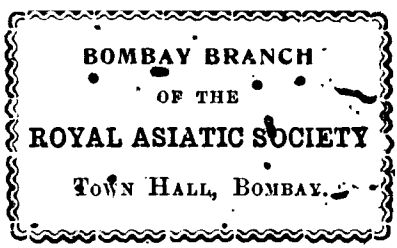

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LIFE

OF

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

MISSIONARY BISHOP *of the* MELANESIAN ISLANDS

BY

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged
Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee
(ISAIAH, lx. 5)

26022

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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LIFE

OF

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

VOYAGE OF THE 'SEA BREEZE.'

THE HABIT of writing journals was not at once resumed by Bishop Patteson when his father was not there to read them; and the chance of seeing his sisters, no doubt made him write less fully to them, since they might be on the voyage when the letters arrived in England. Thus the fullest record of the early part of the voyage is in a report which he drew up and printed in the form of a letter to the Rev. J. Keble:—

> We chartered the 'Sea Breeze' schooner in June last for four months: she is a vessel of seventy tons register, a little larger than the old 'Southern Cross,' and as well suited for our purpose as a vessel can be which is built to carry passengers in the ordinary way. No voyage can of course equal in importance those early expeditions of the Primate, when he sailed in his little schooner among seas unknown, to islands never before visited, or visited only by the sandal-wood traders. But I never recollect myself so remarkable a voyage as this last. I do not mean that any new method was adopted in

visiting islands, or communicating with the natives. God gave to the Bishop of New Zealand wisdom to see and carry out from the first the plan, which more and more approves itself as the best and only feasible plan, for our peculiar work. But all through this voyage, both in revisiting islands well known to us, and in recommencing the work in other islands, where, amidst the multitude of the Primate's engagements, it had been impossible to keep up our acquaintance with the people, and in opening the way in islands now visited for the first time, from the beginning to the end, it pleased God to prosper us beyond all our utmost hopes. I was not only able to land on many places where, as far as I know, no white man had set foot before, but to go inland, to inspect the houses, canoes, &c., in crowded villages (as at Santa Cruz), or to sit for two hours alone amidst a throng of people (as at Pentecost Island), or to walk two and a half miles inland (as at Tariko ~~or~~ Aspee). From no less than eight islands have we for the first time received young people for our school here, and fifty-one Melanesian men, women, and young lads are now with us, gathered from twenty-four islands, exclusive of the islands so long known to us of the Loyalty Group. When you remember that at Santa Cruz, *e.g.*, we had never landed before, and that this voyage I was permitted to go ashore at seven different places in one day, during which I saw about 1,200 men : that in all these islands the inhabitants are, to look at, wild, naked, armed with spears and clubs, or bows and poisoned arrows ; that every man's hand (as, alas! we find only too soon when we live among them) is against his neighbour, and scenes of violence and bloodshed amongst themselves of frequent occurrence ; and that throughout

this voyage (during which I landed between seventy and eighty times) not one hand was lifted up against me, not one sign of ill will exhibited; you will see why I speak and think with real amazement and thankfulness of a voyage accompanied with results so wholly unexpected. I say *results*, for the effecting a safe landing on an island, and much more the receiving a native lad from it, is, in this sense, a result, that the great step has been made of commencing an acquaintance with the people. If I live to make another voyage, I shall no longer go ashore there as a stranger. I know the names of some of the men; I can by signs remind them of some little present made, some little occurrence which took place; we have already something in common, and as far as they know me at all, they know me as a friend. Then some lad is given up to us, the language learned; and a real hold on the island obtained.

The most distant point we reached was the large island Ysabel, in the Solomon Archipelago. From this island a lad has come away with us, and we have also a native boy from an island not many miles distant from Ysabel, called Anudha, but marked in the charts (though not correctly) as Florida.

It would weary you if I wrote of all the numerous adventures and strange scenes which in such a voyage we of course experience. I will give you, if I can, an idea of what took place at some few islands, to illustrate the general character of the voyage.

One of the New Hebrides Islands, near the middle of the group, was discovered by Cook, and by him called 'Three Hills.' The central part of it, where we have long had an acquaintance with the natives, is called by them 'Mai.' Some six years ago we

landed there, and two young men came away with us, and spent the summer in New Zealand. Their names were Peterè and Laurè; the former was a local chief of some consequence. We took a peculiar interest in this island, finding that a portion of the population consists of a tribe, speaking a dialect of the great Polynesian language of which another dialect is spoken in New Zealand. Every year we have had scholars from Mai, several of whom can read and write. We have landed there times without number, slept ashore three or four times, and are well known of course to the inhabitants.

The other day I landed as usual among a crowd of old acquaintances, painted and armed, but of that I thought nothing. Knowing them to be so friendly to us, instead of landing alone, I took two or three of our party to walk inland with me; and off we started, Mr. Dudley and Wadrokala being left sitting in the boat, which was, as usual, a short distance from the beach. We had walked about half a mile before I noticed something unusual in the manner of the people, and I overheard them talking in a way that made me suspect that something had happened which they did not want me to know. Peterè had not made his appearance, though in general the first to greet us, and on my making enquiries for him, I was told that he was not well. Not long afterwards I overheard a man say that Peterè was dead, and taking again some opportunity that offered itself for asking about him, was told that he was dead, that he had died of dysentery. I was grieved to hear this, because I liked him personally and had expected help from him when the time came for commencing a Mission station on the island. The distance from the beach to the village where Peterè lived is about

one and a half mile, and a large party had assembled before we reached it. There was a great lamentation and crying on our arrival, during which I sat down on a large log of a tree. Then came a pause, and I spoke to the people, telling them how sorry I was to hear of Peterè's death. There was something strange still about their manner, which I could not quite make out; and one of our party, who was not used to the kind of thing, did not like the looks of the people, and the clubs and spears. At last one of them, an old scholar of ours, came forward and said, 'The men here do not wish to deceive you; they know that you loved Peterè, and they will not hide the truth; Peterè was killed by a man in a ship, a white man, who shot him in the forehead.' Of course I made minute inquiries as to the ship, the number of masts, how many people they saw, whether there was anything remarkable about the appearance of any person on board, &c. The men standing round us were a good deal excited, but the same story was told by them all.

After a while I walked back to the beach, no indication having been made of unfriendliness, but I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when three men rushed past me from behind, and ran on to the beach. Meanwhile Mr. Dudley and Wadrokala in the boat were rather uneasy at the manner of the people standing near them on the reef; and they too suspected that something unusual had occurred. Presently they saw these three men rush out of the bush on to the beach and distribute 'kava'[1] among the people, who at once changed their manner, became quite friendly, and soon dispersed. It was quite evident that a discussion had taken place on

[1] Leaves of the pepper plant.

shore as to the treatment we were to receive; and these men on the beach were awaiting the result of the discussion, prepared to act accordingly. There was scarcely any danger in our case of their deciding to injure us, because they knew us well; but had we been strangers we should have been killed of course; their practice being naturally enough to revenge the death of a countryman at the arrival of the next man who comes from what they suppose to be their enemies' country.

This story may show you that caution is necessary long after the time that a real friendship has commenced and been carried on. We never can tell what may have taken place during the intervals of our visits. I returned to the village with Mr. Kerr and Mr. Dudley and slept ashore, thinking it right to restore mutual confidence at once: and there was not the slightest risk in doing so.

Now let me tell you about an island called Ambrym, lying to the south of Aurora and Pentecost, the two northernmost islands of the New Hebrides group.

Ambrym is a grand island, with a fine active volcano, so active on this last occasion of our visiting it, that we were covered and half blinded by the ashes; the deck was thickly covered with them, and the sea for miles strewed with floating cinders. We have repeatedly landed in different parts of the island, but this time we visited an entirely new place. There was a considerable surf on the beach, and I did not like the boat to go near the shore, partly on that account, but chiefly because our rule is not to let the boat approach too near the beach lest it should be hauled up on shore by the people and our retreat to the schooner cut off. So I beckoned to

some men in a canoe (for I could not speak a word of the language), who paddled up to us, and took me ashore.

As I was wading to the beach, an elderly man came forward from the crowd to the water's edge, where he stood holding both his arms uplifted over his head. Directly that I reached him, he took my hand, and put it round his neck, and turned to walk up the beach. As I walked along with him through the throng of men, more than three hundred in number, my arm all the while round his neck, I overheard a few words which gave me some slight clue as to the character of their language, and a very few words go a long way on such occasions. We went inland some short distance, passing through part of a large village, till we came to a house with figures, idols or not, I hardly know, placed at some height above the door.

They pointed to these figures and repeated a name frequently, not unlike the name of one of the gods of some of the islands further to the north; then they struck the hollow tree, which is their native drum, and thronged close round me, while I gave away a few fish-hooks, pieces of red braid, &c. I asked the names of some of the people, and of objects about me, trees, birds, &c. I was particularly struck with two boys who kept close to me. After some time I made signs that I would return to the beach, and we began to move away from the village; but I was soon stopped by some men, who brought me two small trees, making signs that I should plant them.

When I returned to the beach, the two boys were still with me, and I took their hands and walked on amidst the crowd. I did not imagine that they would come away with me, and yet a faint hope of

their doing so sprang up in my mind, as I still found them holding my hands, and even when I began to wade towards the boat still close by my side in the water. All this took place in the presence of several hundred natives, who allowed these boys to place themselves in the boat and be taken on board the schooner.

I was somewhat anxious about revisiting an island called Tikopia. Once we were there, five or six years ago. The island is small, and the inhabitants probably not more than three hundred or four hundred. They are Polynesians, men of very large stature, rough in manner, and not very easily managed. I landed there and waded across the reef among forty or fifty men. On the beach a large party assembled. I told them in a sort of Polynesian patois, that I wished to take away two lads from their island, that I might learn their language, and come back and teach them many things for their good. This they did not agree to. They said that some of the full-grown men wished to go away with me; but to this I in my turn could not agree. These great giants would be wholly unmanageable in our school at present. I went back to the edge of the reef—about three hundred yards—and got into the boat with two men; we rowed off a little way, and I attempted, more quietly than the noisy crowd on shore would allow, to explain to them my object in coming to them. After a while we pulled back to the reef, and I waded ashore again; but I could not induce them to let me take any one away who was at all eligible for the school. Still I was very thankful to have been able twice to land and remain half an hour or more on shore among the people. Next year (D.V.) I may be able to see more of them, and

perhaps may obtain a scholar, and so open the island. It is a place visited by whalers, but they never land here, and indeed the inhabitants are generally regarded as dangerous fellows to deal with, so I was all the more glad to have made a successful visit.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the day I spent in making frequent landings on the north side of Santa Cruz. This island was visited by Spaniards, under the command of Mendana, nearly three hundred years ago. They attempted to found a colony there, but after a short time were compelled, by illness and the death of Mendana and his successor, to abandon their endeavour. It is apparently a very fertile island, certainly a very populous one. The inhabitants are very ingenious, wearing beautiful ornaments, making good bags woven of grass stained with turmeric, and fine mats. Their arrows are elaborately carved, and not less elaborately poisoned: their canoes well made and kept in good order. We never before landed on this island; but the Primate, long before I was in this part of the world, and two or three times since, had sailed and rowed into the bay at the north-west end, called Graciosa Bay, the fine harbour in which the Spaniards anchored. I went ashore this last voyage in seven different places, large crowds of men thronging down to the water's edge as I waded to the beach. They were exceedingly friendly, allowed me to enter the houses, sit down and inspect their mode of building them. They brought me food to eat; and when I went out of the houses again, let me examine the large sea-going canoes drawn up in line on the beach. I wrote down very many names, and tried hard to induce some young people to come away with me, but after we had

pulled off some way, their courage failed them, and they swam back to the shore.

Two or three of the men took off little ornaments and gave them to me; one bright pretty boy especially I remember, who took off his shell necklace and put it round my neck, making me understand, partly by words, but more by signs, that he was afraid to come now, but would do so if I returned, as I said, in eight or ten moons.

Large baskets of almonds were given me, and other food also thrown into the boat. I made a poor return by giving some fish-hooks and a tomahawk to the man whom I took to be the person of most consequence. On shore the women came freely up to me among the crowd, but they were afraid to venture down to the beach. Now this is the island about which we have long felt a great difficulty as to the right way of obtaining any communication with the natives. This year, why and how I cannot tell, the way was opened beyond all expectation. I tried hard to get back from the Solomon Islands so as to revisit it again during the voyage, but we could not get to the eastward, as the trade-wind blew constantly from that quarter.

At Leper's Island I had just such another day—or rather two days were spent in making an almost complete visitation of the northern part of the island—the people were everywhere most friendly, and I am hoping to see them all again soon, when some may be induced to join us.

It would be the work of days to tell you all our adventures. How at Malanta I picked two lads out of a party of thirty-six in a grand war canoe going on a fighting expedition—and very good fellows they are; how we filled up our water-casks at

Aurora, standing up to our necks in the clear cool stream rushing down from a cataract above, with the natives assisting us in the most friendly manner; how at Santa Maria, which till this year we never visited without being shot at, I walked for four or five hours far inland wherever I pleased, meeting great crowds of men all armed and suspicious of each other—indeed actually fighting with each other—but all friendly to me; how at Espiritu Santo, when I had just thrown off my coat and tightened my belt to swim ashore through something of a surf, a canoe was launched, and without more ado a nice lad got into our boat and came away with us, without giving me the trouble of taking a swim at all; how at Florida Island, never before reached by us, one out of some eighty men, young and old, standing all round me on the reef, to my astonishment returned with me to the boat, and without any opposition from the people quietly seated himself by my side and came away to the schooner; how at Pentecost Island, Tarionara (a lad whom the Primate in old days had picked up in his canoe paddling against a strong head wind, and kept him on board all night, and sent him home with presents in the morning) now came away with me, but not without his bow and poisoned arrows, of which I have taken safe possession; how Misial felt sea-sick and home-sick for a day or two, but upon being specially patronised by the cook, soon declared that no place could compare with the galley of a Mission vessel, to the truth of which declaration the necessity of enlarging his scanty garments soon bore satisfactory testimony; how at Ysabel the young chief came on board with a white cockatoo instead of a hawk on his wrist, which he presented to me with

all the grace in the world, and with an enquiry after his good friend Captain Hume, of H.M.S. 'Cordelia,' who had kindly taken me to this island in the winter of 1861.

To this may be added some touches from the home letter of August 27, off Vanikoro :—

I don't deny that I am thankful that the Tikopia visit is well over. The people are so very powerful and so independent and unmanageable, that I always have felt anxious about visiting them. Once we were there in 1856, and now again. I hope to keep on visiting them annually. Sydney traders have been there, but have never landed; they trade at arm's length from their boat and are well armed. It is a sharp sensation, sitting alone (say) 300 yards from the boat, which of course can't be trusted in their hands; among 200 or more of people really gigantic. No men have I ever seen so large—huge Patagonian limbs, and great heavy hands clutching up my little weak arms and shoulders. Yet it is not a sensation of fear, but simply of powerlessness; and it makes one think, as I do when among them, of another Power present to protect and defend.

They perfectly understood my wish to bring away lads. Full-grown Brobdignag men wished to come, and some got into the boat who were not easily got out of it again. Boys swam off, wishing to come, but the elder people prevented it, swimming after them and dragging them back. It was a very rough, blustering day; but even on such a day the lee side of the island is a beautiful sight, one mass of cocoa-nut trees, and the villages so snugly situated among the trees.

Just been up the rigging to get a good look at this

great encircling reef at Vanikoro. Green water as smooth as glass, inside the reef for a mile, and then pretty villages; but there is no passage through the reef, it is a continuous breakwater. We are working up towards a part of the reef where I think there may be a passage. Anyhow I am gaining a good local knowledge of this place, and that saves time another year.

The ten lads on board talk six languages, not one of which do I know; but as I get words and sentences from them, I see how they will 'work in' with the general character of the language of which I have several dialects. It is therefore not very difficult to get on some little way into all at once; but I must not be disappointed if I find that other occupations take me away too much for my own pleasure from the particular branch of my work.

A long letter to Sir John T. Coleridge gives another aspect of the voyage:—

'Sea Breeze' Schooner: off Rennell Island.
Therm. 89½° in shade; lat. 11° 40′, long. 160° 18′ 5″.
September 7, 1862.

My dear Uncle,—I can hardly keep awake for the unusually great heat. The wind is northerly, and it is very light, indeed we are almost becalmed, so you will have a sleepy letter, indeed over my book I was already nodding. I think it better to write to you (though on a Sunday) than to sleep. What a compliment! But I shall grow more wakeful as I write. Perhaps my real excuse for writing is that I feel to-day much oppressed with the thought of these great islands that I have been visiting, and I am sadly disappointed in some of my scholars from San Cristoval.

Leaving New Zealand on June 20th, I sailed to

Norfolk Island, where I held my first Confirmation. By desire of the Bishop of Tasmania, I act as Bishop for the Norfolk Islanders. This was, as you know, a very solemn time for me, sixteen dear children were confirmed. Since that time I have visited very many islands with almost unequalled success, as far as effecting landings, opening communications, and receiving native lads are concerned. I have on board natives from many places from which we have never received them before. Many I have left with Mr. Dudley and Mr. Pritt on Mota Island at school, but I have now twenty-one, speaking eleven languages. At many places where we had never landed, I was received well.

The state of things, too, in the Banks Islands is very encouraging. What do you think of my having two married (after their fashion) couples on board from the Solomon Islands (San Cristoval and Contrariété)? This was effected with some difficulty. Both the men are old scholars, of course. I ought therefore to be most thankful; and yet my heart is sad because, after promises given by Gārĭrĭ and his wife, Parenga and Kerearua (all old scholars, save Mrs. Gārĭrĭ), not one came away with me yesterday, and I feel grieved at the loss of my dear boys, who can read and write, and might be taught so much now! It is all very faithless; but I must tell it all to you, for indeed I do not feel as if I had any right to expect it otherwise, but in the moment of perceiving and confessing that it is very good for me, I find out for the first time how much my heart was set upon having them.

And then San Cristoval, sixty miles long, with its villages and languages, and Malanta over eighty miles long, and Guadalcanar, seventy! It is a silly

thought or a vain human wish, but I feel as if I longed to be in fifty or a hundred places at once. But God will send qualified men in the good time. In the meanwhile (for the work must be carried on mainly by native teachers gathered from each island), as some fall off I must seek to gain others. Even where lads are only two, or even one year with me, and then apparently fall back to what they were before, some good may be done, the old teaching may return upon them some day, and they may form a little nucleus for good, though not now.

As for openings for men of the right sort, they abound. Really if I were free to locate myself on an island instead of going about to all, I hardly know to which of some four or five I ought to go. But it is of no use to have men who are not precisely the kind of men wanted. Somehow one can't as yet learn to ask men to do things that one does, oneself as a matter of course. It needs a course of training to get rid of conventional notions. I think that Norfolk Island may supply a few, a very few fellows able to be of use, and perhaps New Zealand will do so, and I have the advantage of seeing and knowing them. I don't think that I must expect men from England, I can't pay them well; and it is so *very* difficult to give a man on paper any idea of what his life will be in Melanesia or Kohimarama. So very much that would be most hazardous to others has ceased to be so to me, because I catch up some scrap of the language talked on the beach, and habit has given an air of coolness and assurance. But this does not come all at once, and you cannot talk about all this to others. I feel ashamed as I write it even to you. They bother me to put anecdotes of adventures into our Report, but I cannot,

You know no one lands on these places but myself, and it would be no good to tell stories merely to catch somebody's ear. It was easier to do so when the Bishop and I went together, but I am not training up anyone to be *the* visitor, and so I don't wish anybody else to go with me. Besides Mr. Pritt and Mr. Dudley are bad swimmers, and Mr. Kerr not first rate. My constant thought is 'By what means will God provide for the introduction of Christianity into these islands,' and my constant prayer that He will reveal such means to me, and give me grace to use them.

What reality there is in such a work as this! What continual need of guidance and direction! I here see before me now an island stretching away twenty-five miles in length! Last night I left one sixty miles long. I know that hundreds are living there ignorant of God, wild men, cannibals, addicted to every vice. I know that Christ died for them, and that the message is for them, too. How am I to deliver it? How find an entrance among them? How, when I have learnt their language, speak to them of religion, so as not to introduce unnecessary obstacles to the reception of it, nor compromise any of its commands?

Thank God I can fall back upon many solid points of comfort—chiefest of all, He sees and knows it all perfectly. He sees the islands too, and loves them, how infinitely more than I can! He desires to save them. He is, I trust, sending me to them. He will bless honest endeavours to do His will among them. And then I think how it must all appear to angels and saints, how differently they see these things. Already, to their eyes, the light is breaking forth in Melanesia; and I take

great comfort from this thought, and remember that it does not matter whether it is in my time, only I must work on. And then I think of the prayers of the Church, ascending continually for the conversion of the heathen; and I know that many of you are praying specially for the heathen of Melanesia. And so one's thoughts float out to India, and China, and Japan, and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and the very vastness of the work raises one's thoughts to God, as the only One by whom it must be done.

Now, dear Uncle, I have written all this commonplace talk, not regarding its dulness in your eyes, but because I felt weary and also somewhat overwrought and sad; and it has done me much good, and given me a happy hour.

We had our service on board this morning, and the Holy Eucharist afterwards; Mr. Kerr, two Norfolk Islanders, a Maori and a Nengonè man present. I ought not to be faint-hearted. My kind love to Aunt and Mary.

Your affectionate and dutiful Nephew,
J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

September 17th, North of Malanta.—Florida Island (a beautiful island) visited for the first time. I landed twice among large parties; and, beyond all hope, a lad came away. There is here a regular town, 102 houses in one place, and many large villages. Thence I sailed to Ysabel Island, and there anchored where we had found a harbour in H.M.S. 'Cordelia.' Hence a lad came away. I have now on board of my party thirty, including two Norfolk Islanders; the remaining twenty-eight

represent eighteen islands, and speak twenty-eight dialects or languages. There are at Mota some forty lads at the central school, gathered from seven islands.

The climate of Mota had again disagreed with Mr. Dudley, who was laid up with chronic rheumatism nearly all the time he was there; and the Bishop returned from his voyage very unwell; but Mr. Pritt happily was strong and active, and the elder Banks Island scholars were very helpful, both in working and teaching, so that the schools went on prosperously, and the custom of carrying weapons in Mota was dropped.

On November 7 the 'Sea Breeze' was again in harbour; and on the 15th, after mature consideration, was written this self-sacrificing letter:—

St. Andrew's: November 15, 1862.

My dearest Sisters,—I returned from a voyage unusually interesting and prosperous on the 7th of this month; absent just nineteen weeks. We were in all on board seventy-one.

I found all your letters from April to August 25. How thankful I am to see and know what I never doubted, the loving manner in which my first and later letters about New Zealand were taken. How wise of you to perceive that in truth my judgment remained all through unaltered, though my feelings were strongly moved, indeed the good folk have begged me to reconsider my resolution, thinking no doubt kindly for me that it would be so great a joy to me to see you. Of course it would; were there no other considerations that we already know and agree upon, what joy so great on earth! But I feel *sure* that we are right. Thank God that we can so speak,

think and act with increasing affection and trust in each other!

The more I think of it, the more I feel 'No, it would not do! It would not be either what Joan expects or what Fan expects. They look at it in some ways alike—*i.e.*, in the matter of seeing me, which both equally long to do. In some ways they regard it differently. But it would not to one or the other be *the* thing they hope and wish for. They would both feel (what yet they would not like to acknowledge) disappointment.' Though, therefore, I could not help feeling often during the voyage, 'What if I hear that they may be with me by Christmas!' yet it was not exactly unwelcome to hear that you do not come. I recognised at once your reading of my letters as the right one; and my feelings, strong as they are, give way to other considerations, especially when, from my many occupations, I have very little time to indulge them.

But for the thought of coming, and your great love to me, I thank you, dear ones, with all my heart. May God bless you for it! . . .

Good-bye, my dear Sisters; we are together in heart at all events.

Your loving Brother,
J. C. P.

The judgment had decided that the elder sister especially would suffer more from the rough life at Kohimarama than her brother could bear that she should undergo, when he could give her so little of his society as compensation, without compromising his own decided principle that all must yield to *the* work. Perhaps he hardly knew how much he betrayed of the

longing, even while deciding against its gratification; but his sisters were wise enough to act on his judgment, and not on their own impulse; and the events of the next season proved that he had been right. To Sir John Coleridge he wrote:—

Kohimarama: November 15, 1862.

My dear Uncle,—I should indeed, as you say, delight to have a ramble in the old scenes, and a good unburthening of thoughts conceived during the past seven or eight years.

And yet you see I could not try the experiment of those dear good sisters of mine coming out. It would not have been what they expected and meant to come out to. I am little seen by any but Melanesians, and quite content that it should be so. I can't do what I want with them, nor a tenth part of it as it is. I cannot write to you of this last voyage—in many respects a most remarkable one—indicating, if I am not over hopeful, a new stage in our Mission work. Many islands yielding scholars for the first time; old scholars, with but few exceptions, stedfast and rapidly improving; no less than fifty-seven Melanesians here now from twenty-four islands, exclusive of the Loyalty Islands, and five bright Pitcairners, from twenty-four to sixteen, helpful, good, conscientious lads. There are eight languages that I do not know, besides all the rest; yet I can see that they are all links in the great chain of dialects of the great 'Pacific language,'—yet dialects very far removed sometimes from one another.

I find it not very easy to comply with reasonable demands from men in Europe, who want to know about these things. If I had time and ability, I

think I should enjoy really going into philology. I get books sent me from people such as Max Müller, Gabelentz, &c.; and if I write to them at all, it is useless to write anything but an attempt at classification of the dialects; and that is difficult, for there are so many, and it takes so long to explain to another the grounds upon which I feel justified in connecting dialects and calling them cognate. It becomes an instinct almost, I suppose, with people in the trade.

But I hardly know how far I ought to spend any time in such things. Elementary grammars for our own missionaries and teachers are useful, and the time is well spent in writing them. Hence it is that I do not write longer letters. Oh! how I enjoy writing un-business letters; but I can't help it—it's part of my business now to write dull Reports—*i.e.*, reports that I can't help making dull, and all the rest of it. . . .

I need not tell you how much I enjoyed reading what you wrote to me on the position of the Colonial Churches, and missionary proceedings generally; not only, I hope, because it confirmed, by suggestions new to me, my own strong feeling of the necessity of adopting our New Zealand plan, but because it commends itself to my mind, when I——[the rest has been sacrificed to an autograph hunter].

I cannot write about Bishop Mackenzie. Mr. Pritt (at 9.30 P.M. the night we landed) put his head into my room and said, 'Bishop Mackenzie is dead,' and I sat and sat on and knelt and could not take it all in! I cannot understand what the papers say of his *modus operandi*, yet I know that it was an error of judgment, if an error at all, and there may be much which we do not know. So I suspend my opinion.

In a letter to myself, written by the same mail, in reply to one in which I had begged him to consider what was the sight, to a Christian man, of slaves driven off with heavy yokes on their necks, and whether it did not justify armed interposition, he replies with arguments that it is needless now to repeat, but upholding the principle that the shepherd is shepherd to the cruel and erring as well as to the oppressed, and ought not to use force. The opinion is given most humbly and tenderly, for he had a great veneration for his brother Missionary Bishop. Commenting on the fact that Bishop Selwyn's speech at Cambridge had made Charles Mackenzie a missionary, and that he would gladly have hailed an invitation to the Australasian field of labour, the letter proceeds :—

How wonderful it is to reflect upon the events of the last few years! Had he come out when I did to New Zealand, I might be now his Missionary Chaplain; and yet it is well that there should be two missionary dioceses, and without the right man for the African Mission, there might have been a difficulty in carrying out the plan. Sadder, far sadder than aught else is the case of Bishop Colenso. From my heart of hearts I pray and feel for that unhappy man. Oh! may the prayer of our Lord still permit that 'his faith fail not,' but my heart is very sad.

You may not know all that I know, but probably you know more.

One of the only twenty copies of his last book came out to Sir George Grey. I need say no more. Only God's Spirit can pierce through all that dark cloud which has settled down on his mind. How like the fall of an archangel!

The chapel is not built yet, for I have sixty mouths to feed, and other buildings must be thought of for health's sake. But I have settled all that in my will.

In a postscript is mentioned the arrival of some exquisite altar plate for the College chapel, which had been offered by a lady, who had also bountifully supplied with chronometers and nautical instruments the 'Southern Cross,' which was fast being built at Southampton :—

The above letter was accompanied by one to Dr. Moberly :—

St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama : Nov. 18, 1862.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—Thank you heartily for writing to me. It is a real help to me and to others also, I think, of my party to be in communication with those whom we have long respected, and whose prayers we now more than ever earnestly ask. We returned on November 7 from a very remarkable voyage.

I was nineteen weeks absent all but a day; sailed far beyond our most distant island in my previous voyage, landed nearly eighty times amidst (often) 300 and more natives, naked, armed, &c., and on no less than thirty or forty places never trodden before (as far as I know) by the foot of a white man. Not one arm was lifted up against me, not one bow drawn or spear shaken. I think of it all quietly now with a sort of wondering thankfulness.

From not less than eight islands we have now for the first time received native lads; and not only are openings being thus made for us in many directions, but the permanent training of our old scholars is

going on most favourably; so that by the blessing of God we hope, at all events in the Banks Islands, to carry on continuously the Mission Schools during the winter and summer also. We have spent the three last winters here, but it would not be wise to run the risk of the damp hot climate in the summer. Natives of the island must do this, and thank God there are natives being raised up now to do it. The enclosed translation of a note written to me by B—— and his little wife Rotuway, both from Mota (Banks Islands), tells its own story. We are all satisfied that the time is come for them to be baptized. It is but three or four years since the language was reduced to writing, and here is a young man writing down his thoughts to me after a long talk about the question of his being baptized. How full my heart is, as I sit with him and his young wife (equally earnest and good), holding the hands of these dear children, as we talk and pray together, I need not tell you. I am anxious about his health, but if he live, he will, I verily believe, live to do good service in his island; and if he die, how can we wonder if God loves those whom we love? and I must not begrudge him.

Four others there are soon, by God's blessing, to be baptized also—Sarawia from Vanua Lava, Tagalana from Aroa, Pasvorang from Rowa, Woleg from Mota, and others are pressing on; Taroniara from San Cristoval, Kanambat from New Caledonia, &c. I tell you their names, for you will, I know, remember them in your prayers.

Will you kindly let Mr. Keble see the enclosed note? It does not, of course, give much idea of the lad's state of mind; but he is thoroughly in earnest,

and as for his knowledge of his duty there can be no question there. He really *knows* his Catechism. I have scarcely a minute to write by this mail. Soon you will have, I hope, a sketch of our last voyage. Pray remember me to my good friend George Ridding. We remember you all, benefactors and benefactresses, daily. Thank you again for writing to me: it humbles me, as it ought to do, to receive such a letter from you.

Very faithfully yours,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

These names deserve note: Sarawia, the first to be ordained of the Melanesian Church; and Taroniara, who was to share his Bishop's death. B——, as will be seen, has had a far more chequered course. Tagalana is described in another letter as having the thoughtfulness of one who knows that he has the seeds of early death in him; but he, the living lectern at the consecration, has lived to be the first deacon of his island of Aroa.

The ensuing is to the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, at that time Principal of St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea, upon the question whether that institution would afford assistants:—

Auckland, New Zealand: Nov. 15, 1862.

My dear Cousin,—You will not be surprised, I hope, to hear from me; I only wish I had written to you long ago. But until quite recently we could not speak with so much confidence concerning the Melanesian Mission, and it is of little use to write vaguely on matters which I am anxious now to make known to you.

The general plan of the Mission you may get

some notion of from the last year's Report (which I send), and possibly you may have heard or seen something about it in former years. This last voyage of nineteen weeks, just concluded, has determined me to write to you; for the time is come when we want helpers indeed, and I think that you will expect me naturally to turn to you.

It is not only that very many islands throughout the South Pacific, from the Loyalty Islands on to the north-west as far as Ysabel Island in the Solomon group, are now yielding up scholars and affording openings for Mission stations, though this indeed is great matter for thankfulness; but there is, thank God, a really working staff gathered round us from the Banks Archipelago, which affords a definite field, already partially occupied with a regular system at work in it; and here young persons may receive the training most needed for them, actually on a heathen island, though soon not to be without some few Christians amongst its population. Now I can say to anyone willing and qualified to help me:—

In the six summer months there is the central school work in New Zealand, where now there are with me fifty-one Melanesians from twenty-four islands, speaking twenty-three languages; and in the six winter months there is a station regularly occupied on Mota Island, where all the necessary experience of life in the islands can be acquired.

I am not in any hurry for men. Norfolk Island has given me five young fellows from twenty-one to sixteen years of age, who already are very useful. One has been with me a year, another four months. They are given unreservedly into my hands, and already are working well into our school, taking the superintendence of our cooking, *e.g.*, off our hands;

with some help from us, they will be very useful at once as helpers on Mota, doing much in the way of gardening, putting up huts, &c., which will free us for more teaching work, &c., and they are being educated by us with an eye to their future employment (D.V.) as missionaries. I would not wish for better fellows; their moral and religious conduct is really singularly good—you know their circumstances and the character of the whole community. But I should be thankful by-and-by to have men equally willing to do anything, yet better educated in respect of book knowledge. No one is ever asked to do what we are not willing to do, and generally in the habit of doing ourselves—cooking, working, &c. &c. But the Melanesian lads really do all this kind of work now. I have sixty mouths to fill here now; and Melanesian boys, told out week by week, do the whole of the cooking (simple enough, of course) for us all with perfect punctuality. I don't think any particular taste for languages necessary at all. Anyone who will work hard at it can learn the language of the particular class assigned to him. Earnest, bright, cheerful fellows, without that notion of 'making sacrifices,' &c. perpetually occurring to their minds, would be invaluable. You know the kind of men, who have got rid of the conventional notion that more self-denial is needed for a missionary than for a sailor or soldier, who are sent anywhere, and leave home and country for years, and think nothing of it, because they go 'on duty.' Alas! we don't so read our ordination vows. A fellow with a healthy, active tone of mind, plenty of enterprise and some enthusiasm, who makes the best of everything, and above all does not think himself better than other people because he is en-

gaged in Mission work—that is the fellow we want. I assume, of course, the existence of sound religious principle as the greatest qualification of all. Now, if there be any young persons whom you could wish to see engaged in this Mission now at St. Mark's, or if you know of any such, and feel justified in speaking to them, you will be doing a great kindness to me, and, I believe, aiding materially in this work.

I should not wish at all any young man to be pledged to anything; as on my part I will not pledge myself to accept, much less ordain, any man of whom I have no personal knowledge. But let anyone really in earnest, with a desire and intention (as far as he is concerned) to join the Mission, come to me about December or January in any year. Then he will live at the Mission College till the end of April, and can see for himself the mode of life at the Central Summer School in New Zealand. Then let him take a voyage with me, see Melanesians in their own homes, stop for a while at Mota —*e.g.*, make trial of the climate, &c., &c., and then let me have my decisive talk with him.

If he will not do for the work, I must try and find other employment for him in some New Zealand diocese, or help to pay his passage home. I don't think such a person as you would recommend would fail to make himself useful; but I must say plainly that I would rather not have a man from England at all, than be bound to accept a man who might not thoroughly and cordially work into the general system that we have adopted. We live together entirely, all meals in common, same cabin, same hut, and the general life and energy of us all would be damaged by the introduction of any one

discordant element. You will probably say, 'Men won't go out on these terms,' and this is indeed probable, yet if they are the right fellows for this work—a work wholly anomalous, unlike all other work that they have thought of in many respects—they will think that what I say is reasonable, and like the prospect all the better (I think) because they see that it means downright work in a cheery, happy, hopeful, friendly spirit.

A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and cocoa-nuts, of course, is worse than useless; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do; and a man who thinks any kind of work 'beneath a gentleman' will simply be in the way, and be rather uncomfortable at seeing the Bishop do what he thinks degrading to do himself. I write all this quite freely, wishing to convey, if possible, some idea to you of the kind of men we need. And if the right fellow is moved by God's grace to come out, what a welcome we will give him, and how happy he will soon be in a work the abundant blessings of which none can know as we know them. There are three clergymen with me. Mr. Pritt, who came out with the Bishop of Nelson as his chaplain, but who, I am thankful to say, is regularly part and parcel of the Mission staff; Mr. Dudley, ordained last year, who for six years has been in the Mission, and has had the special advantage of being trained under the Primate's eye; and Mr. Kerr, who was also ordained about ten months ago.

I give 100*l.* to a clergyman when ordained, increasing 10*l.* annually to a maximum of 150*l.* But this depends upon subscriptions, &c. I could not pledge myself even to this, except in the case of a

man very highly recommended. But of this I will write more.

Again let me say that I do not want anyone yet, not this year. I shall be off again (D.V.) in the beginning of May, 1863, for six months; and if then I find on my return (D.V.), in November, letters from you, either asking me to write with reference to any young man, or informing me that one is on the way out, that will be quite soon enough.

I need not say I don't expect any such help so soon, if at all.

Finally, pray don't think that I underrate the great advantage of having such persons as St. Mark's produces; but I write guardedly. My kind love to Mrs. Derwent.

Affectionately yours,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

On the 29th of December, after two pages of affectionate remarks on various family incidents, the letter proceeds:—

We are having an extra scrubbing in preparation for our visitors on Thursday, who may wish to be with us on the occasion of the baptism of our six Banks Islanders; and I am writing in the midst of it, preferring to sit in the schoolroom to my own room, which is very tiny and very hot.

We have some eight only out of the fifty-one whom I am obliged to treat rather as an awkward squad, not that they are too stupid to learn, but that we cannot give them the individual attention that is necessary. They teach me their language; but I cannot put them into any class where they could be regularly taught—indeed, they are not young fellows whom I should bring again. They do the

work of introducing us to their islands, and of teaching us something of their language. So I continue to give them what little time I can—the real strength of our force being given to those whom we hope to have here again. Banks Islanders (twenty-two) are taught by Mr. Pritt, Dudley, and Edwin Nobbs; Mai, Tariko, Pama, Tongoa, Misiki lads by Mr. Kerr; and the Maori man, Edward, two Ambrym boys by Fisher Young; and some of the Solomon Islanders are distributed among the other three Pitcairners. All these Solomon Islanders can read a little, some pretty well.

We are all on the *qui vive* about our beautiful vessel, hoping to see it in about six or eight weeks. It will, please God, be for years the great means by which we may carry on the Mission if we live; and all the care that has been spent upon it has been well spent, you may be sure.

I don't want to appear as if I expected this to be done *in one sense*, but it is only when I think of the personal interest shown in it that I suppose it right to thank people much. I don't want it to be thought of any more than you do as a gift to us particular missionaries. It is the Church carrying on its own work. Yet, as you truly say, private feelings and interests are not to be treated rudely; and I do think it a very remarkable thing that some 2,000*l.* should be raised by subscriptions, especially when one knows that so very few people have an idea of the work that is being done.

This matter of Bishop Colenso is the sad thing. I have known of it for some time—quite a year. Then, indeed, he had not written his last book on the Pentateuch, but his Commentary on the Romans was very painful. This last book is sad indeed.

Sir William Martin showed me a passage — sad beyond description—tantamount to a denial of all the remnant of faith held by advanced German neologians—indeed, he is much concerned in showing that Bleek is far too orthodox. What strange fallacies he is allowed to accept! How such a man could come to think as he now thinks is a great warning—a great lesson of humility.

Of course it will do great harm; at the same time the Church of the last century, in a state of lethargy, could not have produced the men of active thought, energy, and boldness, which must some time, alas! develop themselves in a wrong direction!

What a blessed New Year's rejoicing in hope here follows:—

Kohimarama: Jan. 1, 1863.

My dearest Sisters,—The first letter of the year to you! Thank God for bringing us to see it! It is 1 P.M., and at 4.30 P.M. six dear children (from twenty-two to fourteen) are to be baptized. Everything in one sense is done; how very little in the other and higher sense! May Almighty God pour the fulness of His blessing upon them! I sit and look at them, and my heart is too full for words. They sit with me, and bring their little notes with questions that they scarcely dare trust themselves to speak about. You will thank God for giving me such comfort, such blessings, and such dear children. Sarawia and Woleg are older than the other four; B—— old in mind and manly in character. I like to look at him as a father at his first-born grown into vigorous manhood. His little wife, soon to be called Mary, is what Pena was to me. Can I say more? Yes, indeed, she is even more. Then

came Tagalana and Pasvorang, who are as loveable dear boys as ever were—boys that one can be fond of, and yet feel a respect for. How great a mercy it is! How unexpected! May God make me humble and patient through it all!

What a sight it would be for you four hours hence! Our party of sixty-one, visitors from Auckland, the glorious day, and the holy service, for which all meet.

I use Proper Psalms, 89, 96, 126, 145, and for lessons a few verses, 2 Kings v. 9–15, and Acts viii. 35–9. After the third Collect, the Primate may say a few words, or I may do so; and then I shall use our usual Melanesian Collect for many islands, very briefly named; and so conclude with the Blessing.

What this is to me you must try and realise, that you may be partakers of my joy and thankfulness. To have Christians about me, to whom I can speak with a certainty of being understood, to feel that we are all bound together in the blessed Communion of the Body of Christ, to know that angels on high are rejoicing and evil spirits being chased away, that all the Banks Islands and all Melanesia are experiencing, as it were, the first shock of a mighty earthquake, that God who foresees the end may, in his merciful Providence, be calling even these very children to bear His message to thousands of heathens, is not it too much? One's heart is not large enough for it, and confession of one's own unworthiness breaks off involuntarily into praise and glory!

I know, my dear Sisters, that this is most likely one of the great blessings that precede great trials. I can't expect or wish (perhaps) always to sail with a fair wind, yet I try to remember that trial

must come, without on that account restraining myself from a deep taste of the present joy. I can't describe it!

Then we have now much that we ever can talk about—deep talk about Mota and the other islands, and the special temptations to which they must be exposed; that now is the time when the devil will seek with all his might to 'have' them, and so hinder God's work in the land; that they have been specially blest by God to be the first to desire to know His will, and that they have heavy responsibilities.

'Yes,' they say, 'we see man does not know that his room is dirty and full of cobwebs while it is all dark; and another man, whose room is not half so dirty, because the sun shines into it and shows the dirt, thinks his room much worse than the other. That is like our hearts. It is worse *now* to be angry than it was to shoot a man a long time ago. But the more the sun shines in, the more we shall find cobwebs and dirt, long after we thought the room was clean. Yes, we know what that means. We asked you what would help us to go on straight in the path, now that we are entering at the gate. We said prayer, love, helping our countrymen. Now we see besides watchfulness, self-examination; and then you say we must at once look forward to being confirmed, as the people you confirmed at Norfolk Island. Then there is the 'very great thing, the holy and the great, the Supper of the Lord.' So, evening by evening and day by day, we talk, this being of course not called school, being, indeed, my great relaxation, for this is the time when they are like children with a father.

I know I feel it so. Don't take the above as a fair sample of our talk, for the more solemn words

we say about God's Love, Christ's Intercession, and the Indwelling of the Spirit, I can hardly write down now.

Your loving Brother,
J. C. P.

P.S.—Feast of the Epiphany. Those dear children were baptized on Thursday. A most solemn interesting scene it was!

Thoroughly happy indeed was the Bishop at this time. In a note of February 3 to the Bishop of Wellington, he speaks of the orderly state of the College :—

Mr. Pritt has made a complete change in the Melanesian school, very properly through me; not putting himself forward, but talking with me, suggesting, accepting suggestions, giving the benefit of his great knowledge of boys and the ways to educate them. All the punctuality, order, method, &c., are owing to him; and he is so bright and hearty, thoroughly at ease with the boys, and they with him.

The same note announces two more recruits—Mr John Palmer, a theological student at St. John's, and Joseph Atkin, the only son of a settler in the neighbourhood, who had also held a scholarship there. He had gained it in 1860, after being educated at the Taranaki Scotch School and the Church of England Grammar School at Parnell, and his abilities were highly thought of. The Bishop says :—

Joe Atkin, you will be glad to hear, has joined us on probation till next Christmas; but he is very unlikely to change his mind. He and his father have behaved in a very straightforward manner. I am not at all anxious to get fellows here in a hurry.

The Norfolk Islanders, *e.g.*, are in need of training much more than our best Melanesians, less useful as teachers, cooks, even as examples. This will surprise you, but it is so.

I have long suspected that Joe thought about joining us. He tells me, 'You never would give me a chance to speak to you, Sir.'

'Quite true, Joe; I wished the thought to work itself out in your own mind, and then I thought it right to speak first to your father.'

I told him that I could offer but 'a small and that an uncertain salary' should he be ordained five years hence; and that he ought to think of that, that there was nothing worldly in his wishing to secure a maintenance by-and-by for wife and child, and that I much doubted my power to provide it. But this did not at all shake either his father or him. I have a great regard for the lad, and I know you have.

From that time forward reading with and talking with 'Joe Atkin' was one of the chief solaces of the Bishop's life, though at present the young man was only on trial, and could not as yet fill the place of Mr. Benjamin Dudley, who, soon after the voyage, married, and returned to Canterbury settlement. The loss was felt, as appears in the following :—

Kohimarama : Saturday, 1 P.M., Feb. 7, 1863.

My dearest Sisters,—I have a heavy cold, so you must expect a stupid letter. I am off in an hour or two for a forty-mile ride, to take to-morrow's services (4) among soldiers and settlers. The worst of it is that I have no chance of sleep at the end, for the mosquitos near the river are intolerable. How jolly it would be, nevertheless, if you were here, and strong enough to

make a sort of picnic ride of it. I do it this way: Strap in front of the saddle a waterproof sheet, with my silk gown, Prayer-book, brush and comb, razor and soap, a clean tie, and a couple of sea biscuits. Then at about 3 P.M. off I go. About twenty miles or so bring me to Papakura, an ugly but good road most of the way. Here there is an inn. I stop for an hour and a half, give the horse a good feed, and have my tea. At about 7.30 or 8 I start again, and ride slowly along a good road this dry weather. The moon rises at 9.30, and by that time I shall be reaching the forest, through which a good military road runs. This is the part of the road I should like to show you. Such a night as this promises to be! It will be beautiful. About 11 I reach a hut made of reeds on the very brink of the river, tether the horse, give him a feed which I carry with me from Papakura, light a fire (taking matches) inside the hut, and try to smoke away mosquitos, lie down in your plaid, Joan—do you remember giving it to me?—and get what sleep I can. To-morrow I work my way home again, the fourth service being at Papakura at 4 P.M., so I ought to be at Kohimarama by 9 P.M., dead tired I expect. I think these long days tire me more than they did; and I really do see not a few white hairs, a dozen or so, this is quite right and respectable.

I am writing now because I am tired with this cold, but chiefly because when I write only for the mail I send you such wretched scrawls, just business letters or growls about something or other which I magnify into a grievance. But really, dear Joan and Fan, I do like much writing to you; only it is so very seldom I can do so, without leaving undone some regular part of the day's work. I am quite aware

that you want to know more details about my daily life, and I really wish to supply them; but then I am so weary when I get a chance of writing, that I let my mind drift away with my pen, instead of making some effort to write thoughtfully. How many things I should like to talk about, and which I ought to write about: Bishops Mackenzie and Colenso, the true view of what heathenism is, Church government, the real way to hope to get at the mass of heathens at home, the need of a different education in some respects for the clergy, &c. But I have already by the time I begin to write taken too much out of myself in other ways to grapple with such subjects, and so I merely spin out a yarn about my own special difficulties and anxieties.

Don't mind my grumbling. I think that it is very ungrateful of me to do so, when, this year especially, I am receiving such blessings; it is partly because I am very much occupied, working at high pressure, partly because I do not check my foolish notions, and let matters worry me. I don't justify it a bit; nor must you suppose that because I am very busy just now, I am really the worse for it. The change to sea life will set me all to rights again; and I feel that much work must be done in a little time, and a wise man would take much more pains than I do to keep himself in a state fit to do it.

I have told you about our manner of life here. Up at 5, when I go round and pull the blankets, not without many a joke, off the sleeping boys, many of the party are already up and washing. Then, just before prayers, I go into the kitchen and see that all is ready for breakfast. Prayers at 5.45 in English, Mota, Bauro, &c., beginning with a Mota hymn, and ending with the Lord's Prayer in English. Breakfast

immediately after: at our table Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and young Atkin who has just joined us. At the teachers' table, five Norfolk Islanders, Edward (a Maori), five girls and two of their husbands, these two being Sarawia and B——, and the three girls being placed at this table because they *are* girls; Melanesians at the other three tables indiscriminately. There are four windows, one at the north, three at the east side. The school and chapel, in one long modern building, form the corresponding wing on the eastern side of my little room, and the boys' dormitories between.

We are daily expecting the vessel, though it will be a quick passage for her if she comes in the next ten days, and then what a bustle!

We send Dudley and his wife away to Canterbury for eight or nine months; he is so weak as to make the change, which I had urged him to try for some time past, quite necessary.

Next Sunday a Confirmation at Orehunga, eight miles off; back to Auckland for catechising and Baptism at 3 P.M. and evening service at 6.30, and never a word of either sermon written, and all the school work! Never mind, a good growl to you is a fine restorative, and really I get on very well somehow.

Well, good-bye, you dear Sisters.

Your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

On the last day of February came the new 'Southern Cross,' and two delightful notes announced it to the Vicar of Hursley and to myself in one envelope.

St. Andrew's : Feb. 28, 1863.

My dear Cousin,—The 'Southern Cross' arrived safely this morning. Thanks to God!

What it is to us even you can hardly tell; I know not how to pour out my thankfulness. She seems admirably adapted for the work. Mr. Tilly's report of her performance is most satisfactory: safe, fast, steers well, and very manageable. Internal arrangements very good; after cabin too luxurious, but then that may be wanted for sick folk, and as it *is* luxurious, why I shall get a soft bed, and take to it very kindly.

Pray let dear Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly know at once how very happy and thankful I am for this blessing. I know all you good friends at home will try to picture to yourselves my delight as I jumped on board!

The boys are, of course, wild with excitement. It is blowing very hard. Last night (when we were thinking of them) it was an anxious night for them close on the coast.

I have no time to write more. I thought of Lady . . . as I looked at the chronometers and instruments, and of you all as I looked at the beautiful vessel slipping along through the water with scarce a stitch of canvas. I pray that she may be spared many years to the Mission, and that we may have grace to use her, as she ought to be used, to His glory.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON, Bishop.

You know that you are daily remembered in our prayers. God bless you.

10.30 P.M. March 1, 1863.

My dear Mr. Keble,—One line, though on Sunday night, to tell you of the safe arrival of the 'Southern Cross.' You have a large share in her, and she has a large share in your good wishes and prayers, I am sure.

Solemn thoughts on this day, an Ordination Sunday, mingle with the joy at the coming of this messenger (I trust of mercy and peace). I need not ask you to pray continually for us, for I know you do so. But indeed, now is the time when we seem especially to need your prayers.

The lads have no lack of intellectual capacity, they not unfrequently surprise me. *Now* is the time when they are in the receptive state, and *now* especially any error on our part may give a wrong direction to the early faith of thousands! What an awful thought! We are their only teachers, the only representatives of Christianity among them. How inexpressibly solemn and fearful! This is *the* thought so perpetually present to me. The training of the future missionaries of Melanesia is, by God's Providence, placed in our hands. No wonder that I feel sometimes overwhelmed at the thought!

But I know that if God gives me grace to become more simple-minded and humble, He will order even this aright. You I know will pray more than ever for me. My kindest regards to Mrs. Keble, I hope she is better.

Your affectionate and grateful young Friend,

J. C. PATTESON, Missionary Bishop.

Before the first joy of the arrival was over, ere the 'Southern Cross' could make her first voyage among

the multitude of isles, a great calamity had fallen upon St. Andrew's. Whether it was from the large numbers, or the effect of the colder climate, or from what cause could not be told, but a frightful attack of dysentery fell upon the Melanesians, and for several weeks suffering and death prevailed among them. How Bishop Patteson tended them during this time can be better guessed than described. Archdeacon Lloyd, who came to assist in the cares of the small party of clergy, can find no words to express the devotion with which the Bishop nursed them, comforting and supporting them, never shrinking from the most repulsive offices, even bearing out the dead silently at night, lest the others should see and be alarmed.

Still no mail, except during the voyages, had ever left New Zealand without a despatch for home; and time was snatched in the midst of all this distress for a greeting, in the same beautiful, clear, minute hand as usual:—

Hospital, St. Andrew's: Saturday night, 9 P.M., March 22, 1863.

My dearest Brother and Sister,—I write from the dining hall (now our hospital), with eleven Melanesians lying round me in extremity of peril. I buried two to-day in one grave, and I baptized another now dying by my side.

God has been pleased in His wisdom and mercy to send upon us a terrible visitation, a most virulent form of dysentery. Since this day fortnight I have scarce slept night or day, but by snatching an hour here and there; others are working quite as hard, and all the good points of our Melanesian staff are brought out, as you may suppose.

The best medical men cannot suggest any remedy. All remedies have been tried and failed. Every

conceivable kind of treatment has been tried in vain. There are in the hall (the hospital now) at this moment eleven—eleven more in the little quadrangle, better, but in as anxious a state as can be; and two more not at all well.

I have sent all the rest on board to be out of the way of contagion. How we go on I scarce know . . . My good friend, Mr. Lloyd, is here, giving great help; he is well acquainted with sickness and a capital nurse.

I have felt all along that it would be good for us to be in trouble; we could not always sail with a fair wind, I have often said so, and God has sent the trial in the most merciful way. What is this to the falling away of our baptized scholars!

But it is a pitiful sight! How wonderfully they bear the agony of it. No groaning.

When I buried those two children to-day, my heart was full, I durst not think, but could only pray and believe and trust in Him. God bless you.

Your loving Brother,

J. C. P.

O Lord, correct me, but with judgment!

On the 25th, two more were dead, and buried without time to make coffins, for thirteen still hung between life and death, while fresh cases were sent from on board ship. Mr. Pritt and Mr. Palmer cooked nourishing food and prepared rice-water unceasingly; while the others tended the sick, and the Primate returned from a journey to give his effective aid. On the night of the 30th, a fifth died unexpectedly, having only been ill a week, the only scholar from Pentecost Island. One of these lads, when all hope was over, was wrapped in his white winding sheet

carried into the chapel, and there baptized by the Bishop, with choked voice and weeping eyes.

Over those who had not faith enough to justify him in baptizing them, he said the following prayers as he laid them in the graves :—

Sentences. Psalms from the Burial Service.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Thee, O Almighty God, to take from amongst us the souls of these two children committed to our charge, we therefore commit their bodies to the ground ; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; humbly commending to Thy Fatherly mercy these and all other Thy children who know not Thee, whom Thou knowest, who art the Father and Lord of all things in heaven and earth, to whom be all praise and glory, with Thy Son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

'We humbly beseech Thee, most merciful God, to remember for good the inhabitants of the islands of Melanesia, and specially we pray God by the grave of these children, for the dwellers in Vanua Lava and Ambrym that Thou wouldest cause the light of the Gospel to shine in their hearts. Give unto Thy servants grace in their sight that we may go forth in peace, and return if it be Thy will in safety, to the honour and glory of Thy Name, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

'O Almighty God, Father of Mercy, we cry unto Thee in our sorrow and distress, most humbly confessing that we have most justly provoked Thy wrath and heavy indignation. We know, O Lord, that this is a dispensation of mercy, a gift from Thee, to be used, as all things may be used to Thy glory. Yet, O Lord, suffer not our unworthiness to hinder Thy work of mercy !

'O Lord, look down from heaven, visit with Thy tender compassion Thy children lying under Thy hand in grievous sufferings of body. Restore them if it be Thy good pleasure to health and strength, or if it be Thy good will to take them out of this world, receive them to Thy tender mercies for His blessed sake who died for all men, Thy Son our Lord.'

Lord's Prayer. Grace.

This was written down for use, in great haste, in the same spirit that breathes through the account of the next death: the entry, dated on Coleridge Patteson's thirty-sixth birthday, April 1, 1863, which must be transcribed, though much of the detail of this time of trial has been omitted.

Sosaman died at 9 A.M. this day—a dear lad, one of the Banks Islanders, about ten or twelve years old. As usual I was kneeling by him, closing his eyes in death. I can see his poor mother's face now! What will she say to me? she who knows not the Christian's life in death! Yet to him, the poor unbaptized child, what is it to him? What a revelation! Yes, the names he heard at our lips were names of real things and real Persons! There is another world! There is a God, a Father, a Lord Jesus Christ, a Spirit of holiness, a Love and Glory. So let us leave him, O Father, in Thy hands, who knowest him who knew not Thee on earth. Thy mercies never fail. Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.

I washed him, and laid him out as usual in a linen sheet. How white it looked! So much more simple and touching than the coffin—the form just discernible as it lay where five had lain before; and

then I knelt down in our little chapel; and, I thank God, I could still bless and praise Him in my heart!

How is it that I don't pray more? I pray in one sense less than usual—am not so long on my knees. I hope it is that I am so worn out, and so very very much occupied in tending the sick and dying, but I am not sure.

Anyhow I *am* sure that I am learning at terrible cost lessons which, it may be, God would have taught me more gently if I had ears to hear. I have not in all things depended upon Him, and perpetually sought help from Him.

Oh that my unworthiness may not hinder His work of mercy!

If I live, the retrospect of this most solemn time will, I hope, be very useful. I wonder if I ever went through such acute mental suffering, and yet, mind! I feel perfectly hardened at times—quite devoid of sensibility.

He said in another letter that he felt that if he relaxed his self-command for one moment, he should entirely break down. To him writing to his beloved home was what speaking, nay, almost thinking, would be in another man; it gave an outlet to his feeling, and security of sympathy. There was something in his spiritual nature that gave him the faculty of realising the Communion of Saints, in its fullest sense, both with those on earth and in Paradise; and, above all, with his Heavenly Father, so that he seems as complete an example as ever lived of the reality of that privilege, in which too often we only express our belief.

Sosaman's was the last death. On a fragment of pink paper, bearing the date of the next day, it is declared that an alleviation in the worst symptoms

had taken place, and that the faces and eyes were less haggard. 'Oh! if it be God's will to grant us now a great deliverance, all glory be to Him!'

The deliverance was granted. The next mail brought tidings of gladness:—

St. Andrew's: April 17, 1863.

My dearest Sisters,—You know the calm yet weary feeling that succeeds to the period of intense anxiety and constant watchfulness. Six dear children are taken from us, as you know already. Some twenty-one others have been very ill, nigh unto death. Two or three are still weak, but doing well.

All the rest are convalescent. Oh! I look at them, to see the loving bright smile again on their poor wan faces. I don't mind breaking down now; yet I have experienced no decided reaction; only I am very indolent, like one who, for six weeks, has not had his usual allowance of sleep. What abundant cause we have for thankfulness! All the many hours that I spent in *that* atmosphere, and yet not a whit the worse for it. What a sight it was! What scenes of suffering! There seemed to be no end to it; and yet there was always strength for the immediate work in hand. Tending twenty-four sick, after hurrying back from burying two dear lads in one grave, or with a body lying in its white sheet in the chapel; and once, after a breathless watch of two hours, while they all slept the sleep of opium, for we dared almost anything to obtain some rest, stealing at dead of night across the room to the figure wrapped so strangely in its blanket, and finding it cold and stiff, while one dying lay close by. It has been a solemn time indeed. And now the brightness seems to be coming back.

I have not yet ceased to think of the probable consequences; but, speaking somewhat hastily, I do not think that this will much retard the work. I may have to use some extra caution in some places—*e.g.*, one of the two first lads brought from Ambrym is dead: one lad, the only one ever brought from the middle of Whitsuntide Island, is dead; I must be careful there. The other four came from Mota, Matlavo, Vanua Lava (W. side), and Guadalcanar; for the six who died came from six islands.

One dear lad, Edmund Quintal, sixteen or seventeen years old, was for a while in a critical state. Fisher Young, a little older, was very unwell for three or four days. They came from Norfolk Island.

The last six weeks have been very unhealthy. We had an unusually hot dry summer—quite a drought; the wells, for example, were never so tried. There was also an unusual continuance of north-east winds—our sultry close wind. And when the dry weather broke up, the rain and damp weather continued for many days. Great sickness prevailed in Auckland and the country generally.

The Norfolk Islanders, now four in number—Edwin Nobbs, Gilbert Christian, Fisher Young, and Edmund Quintal—have behaved excellently. Oh, how different I was at their age! It is pleasant, indeed, to see them so very much improved; they are so industrious, so punctual, so conscientious. The fact seems to be that they wanted just what I do hope the routine of our life has supplied—careful supervision, advice, and, when needed, reproof. They had never had any training at all.

But there was something better—religious feeling to work on; and the life here has, by God's blessing, developed the good in them. I am very hopeful

about them now. Not, mind! that anyone of them has a notion of teaching, but they are acquiring habits which will enable them to be good examples in all points of moral conduct to those of the Melanesians, who are not already like B——, &c. The head work will come by-and-by, I dare say.

April 22.—The storm seems to have past, though one or two are still very weak. But there are no active symptoms of disease. How mercifully God has dealt with us! I have been very seedy for a few days, and am so still. In spite of two teeth taken out a fortnight ago, my whole jaw has been paining me much, heavy cold, and I can't get good sleep by reason of the pain, and I want sleep much. I think I must go to the dentist again. You see we hope to sail in ten days or so, and I want to be well.

We have just washed and scrubbed the hall thoroughly, and once again it ceases to be our hospital. That looks bright, does not it? You must let all friends know about us, for I shall not be able to write to many, and perhaps I shall not have time to write at all. In the midst of all this, I have so much work about the management of the Mission farm and property, and the St. John's College estate, and educational prospects.

The 'Southern Cross' was at sea again on May 2, and approved herself entirely to her owners' satisfaction.

Moreover, another clergyman had come on board for a trial trip, the Rev. Robert Codrington, a Fellow of Wadham, Oxford, who brought the University culture, which was no small personal pleasure to Bishop Patteson in the companion of his labours. So that the staff consisted of Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, Mr.

Codrington, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Atkin, besides Mr. Tilly, whose management of the vessel left the Bishop free from cares whenever his knowledge of the coast was not needed. Some of the results of his leisure on the outward voyage here appear:—

I am glad I have read the accounts which Bishop Mackenzie's sister sent me. I know more about it now. Work and anxiety and necessity for action all came upon them so rapidly, that there was but little time for forming deliberate plans. I can well realize the finding oneself surrounded with a hundred poor creatures, diseased and hungered, the multitude of questions how to feed, lodge and clothe them. How far it is right to sanction their mode of life, &c. One thing I am glad to notice, that the Bishop abstained from all attempts to convey religious instruction, because he was not sufficiently acquainted with the language to know what ideas he might or might not be suggesting. That was wise, and yet how unlike many hot-headed men who rush with unintentional irreverence into very dangerous experiments.

I confess, as you know, that there seems to me far too cumbrous and expensive and talkative a method employed in England, for raising supplies for that Mission and Columbia, Honolulu, &c. I never think of all that fuss of the four Universities, and all the meetings and speeches, without some shame. But united action will come in the train of real synodical action; and if I understand aright, the last Convocation of Canterbury accepted all that we are trying for, taking the right view in the question of Provinces, Metropolitans, position of Colonial Churches, joint action of the Church at large, &c.

Extension of Episcopate in England. Oh, thanks be to God for it all. What a work for this branch of the Catholic Church! How can people sit quiet, not give their all!

Then if Italy really follow us in the work of internal reformation! There, again, I pray God we may take the right course, and not proselytize, but urge internal reformation. You see that discipline, not doctrine, as in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, is the first matter that moves all the rest. What a time it is for prayer and thankfulness! What must such men as Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble and Dr. Moberly think of it all? Brighter days coming, by the blessing of God! quite a *Nunc dimittis* for such men. Oh! how I should like to have him to myself at Hursley for a day or two! What multitudes of questions I have to ask him, and no time to write them.

I like very much Vaughan's work on the Epistle to the Romans. That is the book to teach young students how to read their Greek Testament. Accurate scholarship, no private notions imported into the Greek text. I should like to hear Mr. Keble speak about the law underlying the superstitions of heathenism, the way to deal with the perversions of truth, &c. Somehow I get to marvel at and love that first book of Hooker more and more. It is wonderful. It goes to the bottom of the matter; and then at times it gives one to see something of the Divine wisdom of the Bible as one never saw it before.

But I fear that I seek too much after a knowledge and understanding of principles of action which are attainable by a scholar and man of real reasoning power, but which I am not able to make.

of practical use, having neither the brains nor the goodness. This is what I really mean.

May 20th.—Any really good book on the New Testament, especially dealing critically with the Greek text, I certainly wish to have. I feel that *the great neglect* of us clergy is the neglect of the continual study most critically and closely of the grammatical meaning of the Hebrew and Greek texts. Oh! that in old days I had made myself a good scholar! Oh! that I did really know Hebrew and Greek well! What a blessing and delight it would be now! I fear that I shall never be a good Hebrew scholar, I can't make time for it; but a decent Greek scholar I hope to be. I work away, but alas! for want of time only by fits and starts, at grammars, and such a book as Vaughan's 'Epistle to the Romans,' an excellent specimen of the way to give legitimate help to the student. Trench's books I delight in. The Revision by Five Clergymen is an assistance. There was a review in the *Quarterly* the other day on the Greek Testament, very nearly an excellent one. The ordinary use of folio commentaries I don't wish to depreciate, but I think it far less valuable than the diligent study for oneself with the best grammatical aids of the original text. I always assume an acquaintance with the true mind and spirit of the Church of England as a substratum of interpretation. I like Westcott's book on the 'Introduction to the Study of the Gospels.'

Oh! why, when I sat evening after evening with our dear Father, did I not ask him on all these points much more than I did? He did talk of such things! But I suppose it is partly the impulse given to such studies by the tendency of present religious thought. Yet ought it not to have been

always put forward at Eton and Oxford that the close study of the text of the Bible is the first duty of a Christian scholar? I never really thought of it till I came out here, and then other occupations crowded upon me, and so it was too late to make myself a scholar. Alas!

Now I really think nothing is so great a relaxation to me as a good book by Trench, or Vaughan, or Ellicott, or Dr. Pusey, and I *do* enjoy it. Not that I can keep up my attention for very long so as to make it profitable, but even then it is delightful, only I must go over it again, and so it is perhaps time wasted.

But I greatly miss the intimate friend with whom to fix what I read by conversation and communication of mutual difficulties in understanding passages. I don't often forget points on which the Judge and I have had a talk, but what I read by myself, I read too quickly and forget. I want to fix it by subsequent discussion and enquiry with a competent friend. If I have intelligent young men to read with that will almost do, it will easily help me to remember what I have read. It won't be suggestive, like the Judge's conversation; yet if one tries to teach conscientiously one does learn a great deal. I am puzzled as to books for my Norfolk Islanders. I should like much the 'Conversations on the Catechism.' Are they published separately? Shall I ask Miss Yonge to give me a copy? And the 'Plain Commentary' would be useful too, if (which I doubt) it is plain enough.

'Southern Cross:' May 9, 1863.

My dear Joan,—You ask me about qualifications which a man had better possess for this Mission, so perhaps I had better ask you to enquire of cousin Derwent

Coleridge and of Ernest Hawkins for letters written to them some six months ago in which (if I remember rightly) I succeeded as well as I am likely to do now in describing the class of men I should like some day to have. I dare say they have not kept the letters, I forgot that, because although they took me some little time to write, they may have chucked them away naturally enough. Still if they have them and can find them, it may be worth while for you to keep a copy by you to show to any person who wishes for information.

It is not necessary at all that a man should have a taste for languages or a faculty of acquiring them. What I want now is not a linguist, but a well-trained schoolmaster for black boys and men, who will also put his hand to any kind of work—a kindly, gentle, cheerful, earnest fellow, who will make light of all little inconveniences, such as necessarily attend sea life, &c., who is so much of a gentleman that he can afford to do any kind of work without being haunted by the silly thought that it 'is beneath him,' 'not his business.' That is the fellow for me. He would have to learn one language, the language of the particular class given over to him, and I think that a person of any moderate ability might soon do this with our teaching. If I could get him to take an interest in the general science of language and to go into philological points, of course his work would be lighter, and he would have soon the advantage of knowing dialects cognate to that which he must know. But that is not necessary.

The real thing is to train a certain number of lads in habits of attention, punctuality, tidiness, &c., to teach them also upon a plan, which I should show him, to read and write. The religious instruction I

should take, and the closer investigation of the language too, unless he showed a capacity for going into the nicer points of structure, &c.

But somehow a cut and dried teaching machine of a man, however methodical, and good, and conscientious, won't do. There must be a vivacity, an activity of mind, a brightness about the man, so that a lesson shall never be mere drudgery; in short, there must be a real love in the heart for the scholars, that is *the* qualification.

One man and one only I hope to have some day who ought to be able to learn scraps at least of many languages, but he will have a different work to do. No work can be considered to be satisfactorily carried on while it depends on the life of any one man. Someone to take my place will come, I hope, some day. He would have to go round the islands with me, and acquire a knowledge of the whole field of work, the wading and swimming, the mode of dealing with fellows on a first meeting, &c.; he will not have only one class to look after, but he must learn the same kind of lesson that I learnt under the Primate. Where to get such a man, I'm sure I don't know. He must be of standing and ability to be acceptable to the others should I die, &c. &c.

So we need not speculate about him, and the truth is, I am not in any hurry to get men from home. We are educating ourselves lads here who will very likely learn to do this kind of work fairly well. Mr. Palmer will, I hope, be ordained at Christmas. Young Atkin will be useful some day. By-and-by if I can get one or two really first-rate men, it will indeed be a great thing. But who knows anything of me in England? I don't expect a really able man to come out to work with me.

They will go to other parts of the world kept more before the notice of the public by committees and meetings and speeches, &c., and indeed I am very thankful for it. I am not old nor wise enough to be at the head of a party of really able men. I must be more fit to lead, before I can ask men to follow.

Of course I know that the work, if I chose to speak out, is second to none in interest and importance, and that very little comparatively is known about it in England. But it is evidently far better that it should go quietly on without attracting much notice, and that we all should remain unknown at all events at present. By-and-by, when by God's blessing things are more ripe for definite departments of work, and men can have distinct duties at once assigned to them, and our mode of carrying on the Mission has been fairly tested, then it will be high time to think about first-rate men.

And, presumptuous and strange as it may seem for me to say it, a man confessedly second-rate, unfit to hold a position with *the best stamp* of English clergymen, I had rather not have. I can get the material cheaper and made to my own hand out here.

Some men are dull though good, others can't get away from their book life and the proprieties, others are donnish, others are fine gentlemen, others are weak in health, most have preconceived and, many, mistaken views about heathenism, and the way to deal with it; some would come out with the notion that England and English clergymen were born to set the colonies right.

How few would say, 'There's a young man for the Bishop, only a second-class man, no scholar, not

remarkable in any way, but he has learnt his work in a good school, and will go out to him with the purpose of seeing how he carries on the work, and learning from him.' I don't expect men worth anything to say this. Of course I don't; and yet you know, Joan, I can't take them on any other terms. No, I prefer taking promising lads here, and training them up, not with any pledge that I will employ them in the Mission, but with the promise of giving them every chance of becoming qualified for it.

The voyage was much shorter than had been intended, and its history is best summed up here :—

'Southern Cross,' Kohimarama : Aug. 6, 1863.

My dear Cousin,—This date, from this place, will surprise you. We returned yesterday, after a short voyage of only three months. I had arranged my plans for a long voyage, hoping to revisit all our known islands, and that more than once. We sailed to Norfolk Island, thence at once to Mota. I spent two days there, and left the Rev. L. Pritt in charge of the station ; Mr. Palmer being with him and the four Norfolk Islanders, and several old scholars.

I spent a fortnight in the Banks Archipelago, returning some scholars, and taking away others from divers islands ; and then went back to Mota, bringing some sixteen or seventeen lads to the central school. I found them all pretty well; the whole island at peace, people moving about everywhere unarmed, and a large school being gathered together.

I went off again to the south (the New Hebrides group), returning scholars who had been in New Zealand, purchasing yams for axes and iron, &c., to

supply the large number of scholars at Mota. The season had been unfavourable, and the crop of yams in some islands had almost failed. However, in another fortnight I was again at Mota with some six or seven tons of yams. I found things lamentably changed. A great mortality was going on, dysentery and great prostration of strength from severe influenza. B—— had been at death's door and was very ill when I saw him, little Mary his wife also ill, others looking very unwell, two Norfolk Islanders delirious in low fever.

But of those not actually boarding at the station, the state was very sad indeed. About twenty-five adults were dead already, several of them regular attendants at school, of whom we were very hopeful.

I spent two days and a half in going about the island, the wet incessant, the ground steaming and reeking with vegetable exhalations. During those days twenty-seven adults died, fifty-two in all, and many many more were dying, emaciated, coughing, fainting; no constitutional vigour of body, nor any mutton broth, or beef-tea, or jellies, or chickens, or wine, &c. Mr. Pritt did what he could, and more than I thought could have been done; but what could be done? How could nourishing food be supplied to dozens of invalids living miles off, refusing to obey directions in a country which supplies no food to rally the strength of persons in illness?

I decided to remove the whole party at once, explaining to the people that we were not afraid to share with them the risk of dying, but that if Mr. Pritt and the others died, there were no teachers left. I felt that our Banks Island scholars must be removed, and that at once lest they should die. I could not send the vessel to the Solomon Islands

without me, for Mr. Tilly was completely laid up and unable to move from rheumatic gout, and no one else on board knows those languages.

I could not leave the party at Mota in the sickness, and I could not well send the vessel to Port Patteson for a time, for the danger was imminent. So I took them all away, in all thirty-nine.

But now the vessel was full, more than sixty on board, and I had reckoned upon an empty vessel in the hot Santa Cruz and Solomon Island latitudes. Moreover, the weather was extraordinarily unfavourable—damp, foul winds, squalls, calms, unhealthy weather. Mr. Tilly was being greatly pulled down, and everything seemed to point out that the voyage ought not to be long. I made my mind up, took back the Solomon Island scholars; and, with heavy sea and baffling winds and one short gale, sailed back to New Zealand.

How mysteriously our plans are overruled for good! I came back to hear of the war; and to learn to be thankful for my small, very young and very manageable party. Thirty-three Banks Islanders, the baptized party and select lads from their islands, one New Caledonian, four Ysabel lads constitute this summer's Melanesian school.

Don't be disappointed; I was at first, but I had the comfort of having really no alternative. I had, indeed, a great desire to make a thorough visitation of Leper's Island, and Santa Cruz especially; but the wind, usually so fair, was dead against me, we had, so to speak, no trade winds, and I had to give it up. It was certainly my duty to get to the south with my invalids as soon as I could, and alter my plans, which, you know, always are made with a view to divers modifications being rendered necessary.

Training the baptized scholars, and putting into shape such knowledge as I have of Melanesian tongues, that made a good summer programme, as I was obliged to content myself with a small party gathered but from few islands. Concentration *v.* diffusion I soon began to think a very good thing.

Well, so it is, and now I see great reason to be thankful. Why do we not always give thanks whether we see the reason or not?

The vessel behaves admirably. I have written to Jem at length, and he must be applied to for my account of her. Pray tell Mr. Keble all this. I have a most valuable letter from Dr. Moberly, a great delight and honour to me. It is very kind of him to write; and his view of Church matters is really invaluable, no papers can give that which his letter gives, and only he and a very few others could give an opinion which I so greatly value. He speaks hopefully of Church matters in general, and there are great reasons surely for thankfulness and hope.

Yet men such as he see far and wide, and to their great hearts no very violent storms are caused by such things as sorely trouble others. He sees the presumption and weakness, the vain transitory character of that phase of modern thought which Bishop Colenso represents, and confidently expects its speedy disappearance. But it does try the earnest, while it makes shipwreck of the frivolous, and exercises the faith and humility of all. Even a very poor scholar can see that his reasoning is most inconclusive, and his reading superficial and inferences illogical.

God bless you, my dear Cousin.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON. Missionary Bishop.

Perhaps this is the fittest place to give Mr. Tilly's description of the Bishop in his voyages :—

My acquaintance with the late Bishop Patteson began at Port Patteson, in the Banks Islands, in 1861. He went with us in H.M.S. 'Cordelia' to the Solomon Islands, and after being together some two months we again left him at Port Patteson on our way back to Auckland. During the time he was on board the 'Cordelia' it was arranged that I was to sail the new vessel (the present 'Southern Cross'), then about to be built by the Messrs. Wigram, and the size, internal arrangements, &c. were told me by him. He did not trouble me with much detail, referring me almost altogether to Bishop Selwyn—and gave no written directions ; the little he said I carefully noted, observing that he spoke as with a thorough knowledge of the subject (so far as I could be a judge) as to sea-going qualities, capacity, &c. and to the best of my recollection, I found that while the vessel was building these few directions were the main ones to be kept in view. We entered Auckland harbour (from England) early on the morning of February 28, 1863, and hove to off the North Head, to wait for the Bishop coming off from Kohimarama before going up the harbour. It had been blowing hard outside the night before from the N.E. and there was still much wind, and some sea, even in the harbour. I was much struck by his appearance and manner. Having to launch his boat through a surf at Kohimarama beach, he had only on a shirt and trousers, and was of course drenched. He stepped on board more like a sailor than a clergyman, and almost immediately made one or two sailor-like remarks about the vessel, as if he

understood her qualities as soon as he felt her in motion; and he was quite right in what he said.

Before the building of the present vessel he had (I am told) navigated at different times to and from the islands; of his capacity in this respect, therefore, others who knew him there can speak. During the time I remained in the 'Southern Cross,' he never in any way to the best of my recollection interfered in the navigation or management of the vessel; but I came to know—almost at once—that his general planning of a voyage, knowledge of local courses and distances, the *method* by which it could be done most quickly and advantageously, and the time required to do it in, was thorough; and, in fact, I suppose, that almost without knowing it, in all this I was his pupil, and to the last felt the comfort of his advice or assistance, as—*e.g.*, when looking out together from aloft he has seen shoal water more quickly than myself, or has decided whether certain doubtful appearances ahead were, or were not sufficient to make us alter our course, &c.; and always speaking as no one who was what sailors call a landsman could have done. There was, of course, always a great deal of boat work, much of it to be done with a loaded boat in a seaway, requiring practical knowledge of such matters, and I do not remember any accidents, such as staving a boat on a reef, swamping, &c. in all those years; and he invariably brought the boat out when it was easy for the vessel to pick her up, a matter not sufficiently understood by many people. This was where Mr. Atkin's usefulness was conspicuous. Mr. Atkin was a fearless boatman, and the knowledge of boating he gained with us at sea was well supplemented when in Auckland, where he had a boat of his own, which

he managed in the most thorough manner, Auckland being at times a rough place for boating. He (Mr. Atkin) pulled a good and strong oar, and understood well how to manage a boat under sail, much better in fact than many sailors (who are not always distinguished in that respect). His energy, and the amount of work he did himself were remarkable; his manner was quiet and undemonstrative. He took all charge—it may in a manner be said—of the boys on board the vessel, regulated everything concerning meals, sleeping arrangements, &c., how much food had to be bought for them at the different islands, what 'trade' (*i.e.* hatchets, beads, &c.) it was necessary to get before starting on a voyage, calculated how long our supply of water would last, and in fact did so much on board as left the master of the vessel little to do but navigate. With regard to the loss the Mission has sustained in Mr. Atkin, speaking from my personal knowledge of his invaluable services on a voyage, I can safely say there is no one here now fitted to take his place. He had always capital health at sea, and was rarely sea-sick, almost the only one of the party who did not suffer in that way. And his loss will be the more felt now, as those who used to help in the boat are now otherwise employed as teachers, &c.; and as Norfolk Island is a bad place to learn boating, there is great need of someone to take his place, for a good boat's crew is a necessity in this work, as may be readily understood when the boat is away sometimes for the greater part of the day, pulling and sailing from place to place. At those places where the Bishop landed alone, Mr. Atkin gradually acquired the experience which made him so fit to look after the safety of the boat and crew. In this manner he, next to the

Bishop, became best known to the natives throughout the islands, and was always looked for; in fact, at many places they two were perhaps only recognised or remembered.

Bishop Patteson was hardly what could be called a good sailor in one sense of the word; rough weather did not suit him, and though I believe seldom if ever actually sea-sick, he was now and then obliged to lie down the greater part of the day, or during bad weather. He used to read and write a great deal on board, and liked to take brisk walks up and down the deck, talking to whoever happened to be there. He was orderly and methodical on board, liked to see things in their places, and was most simple in all his habits. He always brought a good stock of books on board (which we all made use of), but very few clothes.

The living on board was most simple, much the same as the crew, those in the cabin waiting on themselves (carrying no steward), until gradually boys used to volunteer to do the washing up, &c. School with all the boys was kept up when practicable; but the Bishop was always sitting about among them on the deck, talking to one and another, and having classes with him in the cabin. There were regular morning and evening native and English prayers. The sermons on Sundays were specially adapted for the sailors, and listened to with marked attention, as indeed they well might be, being so earnest, simple, and suitable.

Speaking for myself, I used to look forward to the voyage as the time when I should have the privilege of being much with him for some months. While on shore at Kohimarama I saw but comparatively little of him, except at meals; but during the voyage

I saw of course a great deal of him, and learned much from him—learned to admire his unselfishness and simplicity of mode of life, and to respect his earnestness and abilities. His conversation on any subject was free and full; and those on the few nights when quietly at anchor they could be enjoyed more, will be long remembered. Of his manner to Melanesians, others will, no doubt, say enough, but I may be excused for mentioning one scene that very much struck me, and of which I am now the only (white) one left who was present at it. We were paying a visit for the first time to an island, and—the vessel being safe in the offing—the Bishop asked me if I would go with them, as he sometimes did on similar occasions. We pulled in to a small inner islet among a group, where a number of (say 200) natives were collected on the beach. Seeing they looked as if friendly, he waded on shore without hesitation and joined them; the reception was friendly, and after a time he walked with them along the beach, we in the boat keeping near. After a while we took him into the boat again, and lay off the beach a few yards to be clear of the throng, and be able to get at the things he wanted to give them, they coming about the boat in canoes; and this is the fact I wished to notice—viz. *the look on his face* while the intercourse with them lasted. I was so struck with it, quite involuntarily, for I had no idea of watching for anything of the sort; but it was one of such extreme gentleness, and of yearning towards them. I never saw that look on his face again, I suppose because no similar scene ever occurred again when I happened to be with him. It was enough in itself to evoke sympathy; and as we pulled away, though the channel was narrow and winding, yet, as the water was deep, we discussed

the possibility of the schooner being brought in there at some future time. I am quite aware of my inability to do justice to that side of the Bishop's character, of which, owing to the position in which I stood to him as master of the Mission vessel, I have been asked to say a few words. There are others who know far better than myself what his peculiar qualifications were. His conduct to me throughout the time was marked by an unvarying confidence of manner and kindliness, in our everyday intercourse, until, gradually, I came to think I understood the way in which he wished things done, and acted in his absence with an assurance of doing his wishes, so far as I could, which I never had attained to before with any one else, and never shall again. And, speaking still of my own experience, I can safely say the love we grew to for him would draw such services from us (if such were needed) as no fear of anyone's reproof or displeasure ever could do. And perhaps this was the greatest privilege, or lesson, derived from our intercourse with him, that 'Love casteth out fear.'

THOS. CAPEL TILLY.

Auckland: October 28, 1872.

This letter to Mr. Derwent Coleridge follows up the subject of the requisites for missionary work:—

'Southern Cross,' Kohimarama: August 8, 1863.

My dear Cousin,—Thank you for a very kind letter which I found here on my return from a short three months' voyage in Melanesia. You will, I am sure, give me any help that you can, and a young man trained under your eye would be surely of great use in this work. I must confess that I distrust greatly the method adopted still in some places of sending out men as catechists and missionaries, simply

because they appear to be zealous and anxious to engage in missionary work. A very few men, well educated, who will really try to understand what heathenism is, and will seek, by God's blessing, to work honestly without prejudice and without an indiscriminating admiration for all their own national tastes and modes of thought—a few such men, agreeing well together and co-operating heartily, will probably be enabled to lay foundations for an enduring work. I do not at all wish to apply hastily for men —for any kind of men—to fill up posts that I shall indeed be thankful to occupy with the right sort of men. I much prefer waiting till it may please God to put it into the head of some two or three more men to join the Mission—years hence, it may be. We need only a few; I don't suppose that ten years hence I should (if alive) ever wish to have more than six or eight clergy; because their work will be the training of young natives to be themselves teachers, and, I pray God, missionaries in due time. I am so glad that you quite feel my wants, and sympathise with me. It is difficult to give reasons—intelligible to you all at a distance—for everything that I may say and do, because the circumstances of this Mission are so very peculiar. But you know that I have always the Primate to consult with as to principles; and I must, for want of a better course, judge for myself as to the mode of working them out in detail.

Two plans are open for obtaining a supply of young men. First, I may receive some few ready trained men, who nevertheless will have to learn the particular lessons that only can be taught here on the spot. Secondly, I may have youths of (say) sixteen to eighteen years of age, sent out from such a school as Stephen Hawtrey's, for example, who

will come with a good general knowledge of ordinary things, and receive a special training from myself. I think, too, that New Zealand will now and then supply an earnest, active-minded young fellow—who will be no Greek or Latin scholar, yet may find a useful niche in which he may be placed. At present I have means only to maintain one or two such persons, and this because I am able to use the money my dear Father left me for this purpose. Indeed, I have no other use for it. The money received on public account would not keep the Mission in its present state, and the expenditure ought to be increased by maintaining more scholars and teachers. I don't forget what you say about the philological part of my business. My difficulty is this, mainly: that it is next to impossible to secure a few hours of continuous leisure. You can have no idea of the amount of detail that I must attend to: seeing everything almost, and having moreover not a few New Zealand matters to employ my time, besides my Melanesian work. I have, I suppose, a considerable amount of knowledge of Melanesian tongues, unknown by name to anyone else perhaps; I quite feel that this ought not to die with me, if anything should suddenly happen to me. I hoped this summer to put together something; but now there is this Maori war, and an utterly unsettled state of things. I may have to leave New Zealand with my Melanesians almost any day. But I will do what I can, and as soon as I can. Again: I find it so hard to put on paper what I know. I could talk to a philologist, and I fancy that I could tell him much that would interest him; but I never wrote anything beyond a report in my life, and it is labour and grief to me to write them—I can't get on as a scribe at all.

Then, for two or three years I have not been able to visit some islands whose languages I know just enough of to see that they supply a valuable link in the great Polynesian chain. One might almost get together all the *disjecta membra*, and reconstruct the original Polynesian tongue. But chiefly of course my information about Melanesia may be interesting. I have begun by getting together numerals in forty quite unknown dialects. I will give, at all events, short skeleton grammars too of some. But we have no time. Why, I have from five hundred to two thousand or more carefully ascertained words in each of several dialects, and of course these ought to be in the hands of you all at home, I know that, and have known it for years; but how to do it, without neglecting the daily necessary work?

Again: the real genius of the language, whatever it may be, is learned when I can write down what I overhear boys saying, when they are talking with perfect freedom, and therefore idiomatically, about sharks, cocoa-nuts, yams, &c. All translations must fail to represent a language adequately, and most of all the translation into a heathen language of religious expressions. They have not the ideas, and the language cannot be fairly seen in the early attempts to make it do an unaccustomed work.

I remember more of you and my Aunt than you suppose. Even without the photograph (which I am very glad to have—thank you for it), I could have found you and Aunt out in a crowd. I can't say that I remember my own generation so well.

Thank you again for writing so kindly.

Always, my dear Cousin,

Affectionately yours,

J. C. Patteson, Missionary Bishop.

The next mail carried the reply to Joanna's sympathy with the troubles of the time of sickness in the early part of the year.

August 28, 1863.

My dear Joan,—Very full of comfort to have all your kind loving thoughts and words about our sickness. I know you thought and talked much about it, and indeed it was a very heavy visitation viewed in one way, though in another (and I really can't analyze the reason why) there was not only peace and calmness, but even happiness. I suppose one may be quite sure one is receiving mercies, and be thankful for them, although one is all the time like a man in a dream. I can hardly think of it all as real. But I am sure that God was very, *very* merciful to us. There was no difficulty anywhere about the making known the death of the lads to their relatives. I did not quite like the manner of the people at Guadalcanar, from which island poor Pōrasi came; and I could not get at the exact place from which Taman came, though I landed on the same island north and south of the beach from which I brought him.

I do not at all think that any interruption of the work has been occasioned by it. It was very unfortunate that I could not, last voyage, make visits (and long ones too, as I had hoped), to many islands where in the voyage before I had met with such remarkable tokens of good will, especially Leper's Island and Santa Cruz, but I think that if I can make a regular good round next time, it may be all as well. I imagine that in a great many islands it would now take a good deal to shake their confidence in us. At the same time it was and is a matter of great regret that I did not at once follow up the openings

of the former year, and by returning again to the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands (as in the contemplated six months' voyage I intended to do), strengthen the good feeling now existing. Moreover, many scholars who were here last year would have come again had I revisited them and picked them up again. But the Mota sickness, the weather, and Mr. Tilly's illness made it more prudent to return by what is on the whole the shorter route, *i.e.*, to the west of New Caledonia.

You should have been with me when, as I jumped on shore at Mota, I took Paraskloi's father by the hand. That dear lad I baptized as he lay in his shroud in the chapel, when the whole weight of the trial seemed, as it were, by a sudden revelation to manifest itself, and thoroughly overwhelmed and unnerved me. I got through the service with the tears streaming down my cheeks, and my voice half choked. He was his father's pride, some seventeen years old. A girl ready chosen for him as his wife. 'It is all well, Bishop, he died well. I know you did all you could, it is all well.' He trembled all over, and his face was wet with tears; but he seemed strangely drawn to us, and if he survives this present epidemic, his son's death may be to him the means in God's hands of an eternal life. Most touching, is it not, this entire confidence?

At Aruas, the small island close to Valua, from which dear Sosaman came, it was just the same; rather different at the west side of Vanua Lava, where they did not behave so well, and where (as I heard afterwards) there had been some talk of shooting me; but nothing occurred while I was on shore with them to alarm me.

At Ambrym I landed with Talsil (Joval, from the

same place, had died), a great crowd, all friendly, walked into the village and sat down, speechifying by the principal man, a presentation to me of a small pig; but such confidence that this man came back with me on board, where I gave him presents. I much wished to land at Taman's place, but could not do so, though I tried twice, without causing great delay.

I could have brought away any number of scholars from almost any of these islands, probably from all. I have great reason to regret not having revisited Ambrym and other islands, but I think that a year hence if alive I may feel that it is better as it is.

These Norfolk Islanders, four of them, I take as my children, for I can't fairly charge them (except Edwin Nobbs) to the Mission, and I wish to give Norfolk Island some help, as it is really, though not by letters patent, part of my charge. Edwin Nobbs is a thoroughly good fellow, and Fisher Young is coming on very well.

Now, my dearest Joan, good-bye. My hats will come no doubt in good time, my present chapeau is very seedy, very limp and crooked and battered; as near green as black almost—a very good advertisement of the poverty of the Mission. But if I go about picking up gold in Australia, I shall come out in silk cassock and all the paraphernalia—very episcopal indeed!

Your loving Brother,
J. C. PATTESON.

Herewith was a letter for Dr. Moberly:—

St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama: August 29, 1863.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—Thank you for a very kind and most interesting letter written in May. I know

that you can with difficulty find time to write at all, and thank you all the more. If you knew the real value to us of such letters as you have now sent, containing your impressions and opinions of things in general, men, books, &c., you would be well rewarded for your trouble, I assure you. To myself, I must say to you, such letters are invaluable; they are a real help to me, not only in that they supply information from a very good authority on many questions which I much desire to understand, but even more because I rise up or kneel down after reading them, and think to myself, 'how little such men who so think of me really know me; how different I ought to be,' and then it is another help to me to try and become by God's grace less unlike what you take me to be. Indeed, you must forgive me for writing thus freely. I live very much alone as far as persons of the same language, modes of thought, &c., are concerned. I see but little (strange as it may seem to you) even of my dear Primate. We are by land four or five miles apart, and meet perhaps once or twice a month for a few minutes to transact some necessary business. His time is, of course, fully occupied; and I never leave this place, very seldom even this little quadrangle, and when other work does not need immediate attention (a state of things at which I have not arrived as yet), there are always a dozen new languages to be taken up, translations to be made, &c. So that when I read a letter which is full of just such matters as I think much of, I naturally long to talk on paper freely with the writer. Were I in England, I know scarcely any place to which I would go sooner than Winchester, Hursley, Otterbourne, and then I should doubtless talk as now I write freely. All that you write

of the state of mind generally in England on religious questions is most deeply interesting. What a matter of thankfulness that you can say, 'With all the sins and shortcomings that are among us, there is an unmistakeable spreading of devotion and the wish to serve God rightly on the part of very many.'

Then, the Church preferments have lately been good; Bishop Ellicott, one of your four coadjutors in the revision of the A. V. especially. I know some part of his Commentary, and am very glad to find that you speak so very highly of it. What a contrast to be sure between such work as his and Jowett's and Stanley's! Jowett actually avows a return to the old exploded theory of the inaccurate use of language in the Greek Testament. This must make men distrust him sooner or later as an interpreter of Scripture. I thank you heartily for your offer of sending me Bishop Ellicott's Commentary, but I hardly like you to send me so valuable a gift. What if you substitute for it a copy of what you have written yourself, not less valuable to me, and less expensive to you? I hardly like to write to ask favours of such people as Bishop Ellicott; I mean I have no right to do so; yet I almost thought of asking him to send a copy of his Commentaries to us for our library. I have ventured to write to Dean Trench; and I am pretty sure that Mr. Keble will send me his 'Life of Bishop Wilson.' But pray act as you wish. I am very grateful to you for thinking of it at all; and all such books whether yours or his will be used and valued, I can undertake to say. My good friend Ridding knows that I was, alas! no scholar at Eton or Oxford. I have sought to remedy this in some measure as far as the Greek Testament is concerned, and there are some excel-

lent books which help one much; yet I can never make myself a good scholar, I fear: one among many penalties I pay for want of real industry in old days.

'The Revision by Five Clergymen' (your book) I know pretty well. It is indeed exceedingly valuable. How very much has been brought to my notice by it! how many passages of Holy Scripture made more intelligible! There are here and there questions which I should be tempted to ask you—about as great a piece of coolness as if one of your sixth-form boys were to discuss a point of scholarship with you. What I am going to say has been said and answered, no doubt, centuries ago for aught I know; but still is not the 'ask' and 'pray' of the A. V. = A. V. revised, in St. John xvi. xvii. (at all events, according to modern use of the words), just an inverted translation of *αἰτέω* and *ἐρωτάω*? Of course such a remark is very simple indeed, and you have all considered it, if it is worth considering. Our Lord *asks* the Father, and we pray to Him. Is not that the English rendering nowadays, at all events, of the Greek? You know Vaughan's 'Commentary on the Romans'? What is the right way to think of the word *νόμος* in those early chapters?

I think Ellicott, Winer, are against Vaughan, and restrict the word to the Jewish Law. It gives a good meaning the other way, though, of course, I am no judge whether it is admissible. Any book that you know to be valuable for elucidating grammar or meaning of the Greek Testament I should be most grateful to you for mentioning to my brother—one line to J. H. P., 1 Elm Court, Temple. He would send it out to me. And if there be a commentary on the Old Testament, or any portion of it

-not too long or too hard—that I should be very glad to have. I have just that common knowledge of Hebrew which anyone can acquire, no more. Dr. Pusey on the Minor Prophets I have. My dear Uncle, Judge Coleridge, speaks highly of Thrupp as a commentator on the Psalms.

I could not help feeling sorry at first as I read that you had declined the Bishopric of Gibraltar. In the present state of Italy, how much, how very much good you would do, by God's help; to say nothing of the need of a Bishop in other parts of the Mediterranean: the mere exhibition of the Church of England as she is would work wonders among foreigners who have no idea of any alternative but Rome or Latitudinarianism. But you have no doubt chosen what is best, yet you can't wonder that I and many more are sorry.

Miss Yonge will hear from my sisters, and you from her, I have no doubt, my very scanty account of a very uninteresting voyage. I see everywhere signs of a change really extraordinary in the last few years. I can tell no stories of sudden conversions, striking effects, &c. But I know that in twenty, thirty, perhaps forty places, where a year or two ago no white man could land without some little uncertainty as to his reception, I can feel confident now of meeting with friends; I can walk inland—a thing never dreamt of in old days, sleep ashore, put myself entirely into their hands, and meet with a return of the confidence on their part. We have, too, more dialects, talk or find interpreters in more places; our object in coming to them is more generally known—and in Mota, and two or three other small islands of the Banks group, there is almost a system of instruction at work. The last voyage was a failure in

that I could not visit many islands, nor revisit some that I longed to land at for the second or third time. But I don't anticipate any difficulty in re-establishing (D. V.) all the old familiarity before long. No doubt it is all, humanly speaking, hazardous where so much seems to depend upon the *personal* acquaintance with the people.

By-and-by I hope to have some young man of character and ability enough to allow of his being regarded as my probable successor, who may always go with me—not stop on any one island—but learn the kind of work I have to do; then when I no longer can do the work, it will be taken up by a man already known to the various islanders.

I have not touched on many points in your letter. Again, thank you for it: it is very kind of you to write. I must send a line to G. Ridding.

I am, my dear Dr. Moberly,
Yours very truly,
J. C. PATTESON, Bishop.

The next of the closely written sheets that every mail carried was chiefly occupied with the Maori war and apostacy, on which this is not the place to enter, until the point where more personal reflections begin.

How all this makes me ponder about my own special work, I need not say. There is not the complication of an English colony, it is true, that makes a great difference.

My own feeling is that one should teach *positive* truth, the plain message of Christianity, not attacking prejudices. Conviction as it finds its way into the heart by the truth recommending itself will do the work of casting out the old habits. I do not mean to say that the devil is not in a special way at work

to deceive people to follow lying delusions. But all error is a perversion of truth; it has its existence negatively only, as being a negation of truth. But God is truth, and therefore Truth is ——. Now this is practically to be put, it seems to me, in this way. Error exists in the mind of man, whom God has created, as a perversion of truth; his faculties are constructed to apprehend and rest satisfied with truth. But his faculties are corrupted, and the devil supplies a false caricature of truth, and deceives him to apprehend and rest satisfied with a lie. But inasmuch as his nature, though damaged, is not wholly ruined by the Fall, therefore it is still not only possible for him to recognise positive truth when presented to him, but he will never rest satisfied with anything else, he will be restless and uneasy till he has found it.

It is because I feel that it is more natural to man to follow truth than error ('natural' being understood to mean correspondent to the *true* nature) that I believe the right thing is to address oneself to the principle in a man which can and will recognise truth. Truth when recognised expels error. But why attack error without positively inculcating truth? I hope it does not bore you for me to write all this. But I wish you to learn all that may explain my way of dealing with these questions. If poor Bishop Colenso could just teach positive truth to his Zulu; but wherein the ground of his sad errors may lie it is not for me to attempt to say. I believe that in all such cases the fault originally is more in the moral than the intellectual department.

The next day, October 25, a headache gives the Bishop a reason for indulging himself, while waiting for his pupils, in calling up and setting down a realisa-

tion of his sisters' new home at St. Mary Church, where for the time he seems to go and live with them, so vividly does he represent the place to himself. His first return to his own affairs is a vision that once more shows his unappeased craving for all appliances 'for glory and for beauty' in the worship of God.

I may some day have a connection with Mary Church marbles. Sometimes I have a vision—but I must live twenty years to see more than a vision—of a small but exceedingly beautiful Gothic chapel, rich inside with marbles and stained glass and carved stalls and encaustic tiles and brass screen work. I have a feeling that a certain use of really good ornaments may be desirable, and being on a very small scale it might be possible to make a very perfect thing some day. There is no notion of my indulging such a thought. It may come some day, and most probably long after I am dead and gone. It would be very foolish to spend money upon more necessary things than a beautiful chapel at present, when in fact I barely pay my way at all. And yet a really noble Church is a wonderful instrument of education, if we think only of the lower way of regarding it. Well, you have a grand Church, and it is pleasant to think of dear dear Father having laid the stone, and of Cousin George. What would he say now to Convocation and Synods, and the rapid progress of the organisation of the Church?

I think that what you say, Fan, about my overvaluing the world's opinion is very true. Self-consciousness and a very foolish sinful vanity always have been and are great sources of trial to me. How often I have longed for that simplicity and truthfulness of character that we saw so beautifully exemplified in our dear Father! How often I think that it

is very good for me that I am so wanting in all personal gifts! I should be intolerable! I tell you this, not to foster such feelings by talking of them, but because we wish to know and be known to each other as we are. It is a very easy thing to be a popular preacher here, perhaps anywhere. You know that I never write a really good sermon, but I carry off platitudes with a sort of earnest delivery, tolerably clear voice, and with all the prestige of being a self-devoted Missionary Bishop. Bless their hearts! if they could see me sipping a delicious cup of coffee, with some delightful book by my side, and some of my lads sitting with me, all of them really loving one, and glad to do anything for one!

A less self-conscious person could do what I can hardly do without danger. I see my name in a book or paper, and then comes at once a struggle against some craving after praise. I think I know the fault, but I don't say I struggle against it as I ought to do. It is very hard, therefore, for me to write naturally about work in which I am myself engaged. But I feel that a truthful account of what we see and hear ought to be given, and yet I *never* speak about the Mission without feeling that I have somehow conveyed a false impression.

Nov. 28th.—The 'Himalaya' went out to-day. I took all the Melanesians on Wednesday to see her. What a sight it is! The lads and girls were delighted. Little Mary could not leave her seventeen days old boy, and is hardly perhaps strong enough to have gone up. It is very pretty to see her with her baby. By the wish of Mr. Pritt and others, it is to be called John Patteson, in memory of our dear Father. The first child of Christian parents

born to Melanesia, except in the Loyalty Isles and Anaiteum.

Again there was a time of sickness. The weather alternated between keen cutting winds and stifling heat; and there was much illness among the colonists, as well as a recurrence of the dreadful disease of the former year among the scholars of St. Andrew's, though less severe, and one boy died after fourteen days' sickness, while two pulled through with difficulty. In the midst came the Ember Week, when Mr. Palmer was ordained Deacon; and then the Bishop collapsed under ague, and spent the morning of Christmas Day in bed, but was able to get up and move into chapel for the celebration, and afterwards to go into hall and see the scholars eat their Christmas dinner.

In the letter he wrote in the latter part of the day, he confessed that 'he felt older and less springy;' though, as he added, there was good reason for it in the heavy strain that there had been upon him throughout the year, though his native scholars were all that he could desire.

All the thirty-five were able to read their own languages, four more were ready for Baptism, and of the five who were both baptized and confirmed, he says (to the Bishop of Wellington) George (Sarawia), B——, and Henry (Tagalana), I think, know the Catechism, the Creed, and Prayer-book Services in general, so as to satisfy any examiner for confirmation in an ordinary English school. I don't mean that they can quote or refer to passages so readily, but they know systematically the Church's doctrine, and can explain Parables, &c., illustrative of it. In some respects they show real thoughtfulness and a

capacity in germ for receiving what I might almost call a theological education.

The others who are baptized and confirmed satisfy all ordinary conditions *intellectually*, and I really believe they are thoroughly good honest-minded people. As a general rule, in admitting them to Baptism, Confirmation—as to prayers at all, I think I have come to believe that 'when there is no reason against, there is a reason for;' but in the reasons against, the circumstances of their homes and many other matters must be considered. I have never as yet admitted any one of them to the Holy Communion. I would do so, if there were any special need. You know what I mean. Of course, there is a sense in which there is always a special need.

A few days' holiday and change at the Primate's brought back spirits and strength; but the question whether under any circumstances New Zealand would be a safe residence for the great body of Melanesian scholars was becoming doubtful, and it seemed well to consider of some other locality. Besides, it was felt to be due to the supporters of the Mission in Australia to tell them personally how great had been the progress made since 1855; and, accordingly, on one of the first days of February, Bishop Patteson embarked in a mail steamer for Sydney, but he was obliged to leave six of his lads in a very anxious state with a recurrence of dysentery. However, the Governor, Sir George Grey, had lent his place on the island of Kawau, thirty miles north of Auckland, to the party, so that there was good hope that change would restore the sick.

'Fancy me,' says the Journal of February 6, 'on board a screw steamer, 252 feet long, with the best double cabin on board for my own single use, the

manager of the company being anxious to show me every attention, eating away at all sorts of made dishes, puddings, &c. and lounging about just as I please on soft red velvet sofas and cushions.'

The rest and good living were the restorative he needed; and, in spite of anxiety about the patients at home, he enjoyed and profited by it. His reading resulted in the following remarks :—

Mind you read Goldwin Smith's book, 'Does the Bible sanction American Slavery?' It teaches more about the principle, object, intention of the Mosaic law, and indeed of God's way of educating men, than is to be found in folios. The whole question of accommodation is treated.

Stanley's 'Jewish Church' I am reading on board. His books are to be read safely only by men and women who know how to read an unsafe book. A very great deal that is valuable, but the whole tendency unsatisfactory. I think he is oftentimes very unfair, and exceedingly incomplete. What an utterly unworthy idea of Abraham this book conveys —the vague misty notions of him *who saw the day of Christ!* He is superficial too so often, deals as he thinks conclusively with matters which he really only touches. There is something unfair, very unfair in his habit now of dragging in Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble as authorities for some principle or other which the spirit of their writings nowhere advocates, and he must know it.

Of course you read him, and so ought everyone who can discriminate.

I hope you have the Revisions already published by 'Five Clergymen.' That is a book for Christian English readers. Lately I have read with delight

Trench's 'Lectures on the Epistles to the Seven Churches.' There is very much that you would delight in too, though it is meant for the critical scholar.

We have had some talk lately of the verse in Romans viii. 'to wit, the redemption of the Body.' Origen takes it for the Body of Christ, the completion of the Redeemed. The Bishop of Wellington suggests it to me for a text in a missionary sermon. It does not necessarily exclude the ordinary interpretation of the Resurrection of the body, rather it naturally comprehends both. But I don't see my way yet. Chrysostom says nothing of the body as the Body of Christ, but explains the passage as of the Resurrection.

On February 6, Sydney was reached, but the Bishop sailed on at once for his farthest point. At Melbourne, on the 11th, he quaintly declares, after describing his kind reception: 'I feel at present a stranger among strangers; no new thing to me, especially if they are black, and begin by offering me cocoa-nut instead of bread and butter. This place looks too large for comfort—like a section of London, busy, bustling, money-making. There are warm hearts somewhere amid the great stores and banks and shops, I dare say. But you know it feels a little strange, and especially as I think it not unlikely that a regular hearty Church feeling may not be the rule of the place. Still I am less shy than I was, and with real gentlemen feel no difficulty in discussing points on which we differ. It is the vulgar uneducated fellow that beats me. The Melanesians, laugh as you may at it, are naturally gentlemanly and courteous and well-bred. I never saw a "gent" in Melanesia, though not a few downright savages. I vastly prefer the savage.'

Melbourne was, however, to be taken on the return; and he went on to Adelaide, where Bishop Short and the clergy met him at the port, and he was welcomed most heartily. The Diocesan Synod assembled to greet him, and presented an address; and there were daily services and meetings, when great interest was excited, and tangibly proved by the raising of about 250*l*. He was perfectly astonished at the beauty and fertility of the place, and the exceeding luxuriance of the fruit. One bunch of grapes had been known to weigh fourteen pounds. As to the style of living with all ordinary English comforts and attendance, he says:—'I feel almost like a fish out of water, and yet I can't help enjoying it. One very easily resumes old luxurious habits, and yet the thought of my dear boys, sick as I fear some must be, helps to keep me in a sober state of mind.'

On St. Matthew's Day he assisted at an Ordination; and on the 27th returned to Melbourne for three weeks, and thence to Sydney. His time was so taken up that letters are far more scanty and hurried than usual.

I have been running no little risk of being spoilt, and I don't say that I have come off uninjured. In Melbourne I was told by the Dean (the Bishop is in England) and by Judge Pohlman (an excellent good man) that they remembered no occasion during the twenty-two years of sojourn (before Melbourne was more than a village) when so much interest had been shown in Christian work, especially Mission work. This is a thing to be very thankful for. I felt it my duty to speak strongly to them on their own duties, first to Aborigines, secondly to Chinese (of whom some 40,000 live in Victoria), thirdly to Melanesians. I did not aim only at getting money

for Melanesia, I took much higher ground than that. But the absence of the ordinary nonsense about startling conversions, rapid results, &c., and the matter-of-fact unsentimental way of stating the facts of heathenism, and the way to act upon it, did, no doubt, produce a very remarkable effect.

I need not tell you that I did pray for strength to make good use of such unexpected and very unusual opportunities. Crowded meetings, nothing before like it in Melbourne or the provinces. I did not feel nervous, much to my surprise; I really wonder at it, I had dreaded it much.

It was a sight to see St. George's Hall crowded, children sitting on the floor, platform, anywhere, and very many adults (about 500) besides. Now you know my old vanity. Thank God, I don't think it followed me very much here. There was a strong sense of a grand opportunity, and the need of grace to use it.

The enthusiasm at Victoria resulted in 350*l.* and pledges of future assistance; and at Sydney there was the like grand meeting, the like address, and hearty response; and the Churches of Australia pledged themselves to bear the annual expenses of the voyages of the 'Southern Cross.' A number of young clerks and officials, too, united in an arrangement by which she could be insured, high as was the needful rate.

The preaching and speeches produced an immense feeling, and the after review of the expedition is thus recorded:—

As for my sermons in Australia, I found to my surprise that every minute was so occupied that I could not make time to write; and as for doing so in New Zealand before I started, why, I systematized

and put into the printer's hands, in about four months, grammars, &c., more or less complete, of seventeen languages, working up eight or ten more in MS.!

I had to preach extempore for the most part: I did not at all like it, but what could I do? Sermons and speeches followed like hail—at least one, sometimes two on week-days, and three on Sundays. I preached on such points as I had often talked out with the Primate and Sir William, and illustrated principles by an occasional statement of facts drawn from missionary experience.

Now, old Fan, as you know, the misery of self-consciousness and conceit clings to me. I can't, as dear old Father could, tell you what actually occurred without doing myself harm in the telling of it.

It pleased God to make me able to say all through what I think it was good for people to hear. All meetings and services (with a few, very few exceptions, from heavy rains, &c.) were crowded. I could not in a few minutes speak with any degree of completeness on subjects which for years had occupied my thoughts: I was generally about an hour and a half, occasionally longer—I tried to be shorter. But people were attentive and interested all through. At Melbourne, it was said that 1,500 children (at a meeting for them) were present, and 500 adults, including many of the most educated people. All, children included, were as still as mice for an hour and a half, except occasional cheers.

But generally there was little excitement. I did not, as you can suppose, take the sensation line; spoke very rapidly, for I had no time to spare—but clearly and quietly, sometimes gravely, sometimes

with exceeding earnestness, and exposed sophistries and fallacies and errors about the incapacity of the black races, &c. There were times when I lost all sense of nervousness and self, and only wished that 10,000 people had been present, for I felt that I was speaking out, face to face, plain simple words of truth.

The effect at the time was no doubt very remarkable. The Dean of Melbourne, *e.g.*, said publicly that no such earnestness in religious matters had ever been exhibited there. The plan of Mission work was simple, practicable, commended itself to hard-headed men of business. Many came to hear who had been disgusted with the usual sentimentalism and twaddle, the absence of knowledge of human nature, the amount of conventional prejudice, &c. They were induced to come by friends who represented that this was something quite different, and these men went away convinced in many cases, seconding resolutions and paying subscriptions.

I said what was true, that I was the mouthpiece of the Bishop of New Zealand; that I could speak freely of the plan of the Mission, for it was not *my* plan, &c. How I was carried through it all, I can't say. I was unusually well, looked and felt bright, and really after a while enjoyed it, though I was always glad when my share in the speechifying was over. Yet I did feel it a blessing, and a privilege, to stand up there and speak out; and I *did* speak out, and told them their plain duties, not appealing to feelings, but aiming at convincing the judgment. I told 1,500 people in church at Sydney, 'I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say.' Do you know, Fan, I almost feel that if I live a few years I ought to write a book, unless I can get the Primate to do

it. So much that is self-evident to us, I now see to be quite unknown to many good educated men. I don't mean a silly book, like 'Coral Gems,' or Murray's 'Western Polynesia,' or the trash that appears in various missionary publications, but a very simple statement of general principles of Christian work, showing the mode that must be adopted in dealing with men as partakers of a common nature, coupled with the many modifications and adaptations to circumstances which equally require special gifts of discernment and wisdom from on high. Then occasional narratives, by *way of illustration*, to clench the statement of principles might be introduced; but I can't write, what I might write if I chose, folios of mere events without deducing from them some maxims for Christian practice.

No speeches were well reported. I think that I spoke too fast for the reporters, for I had so much to say that I dreaded being too long. Of course, I could have gone on for any length of time; the difficulty was not to omit anything necessary for a tolerably full statement of the work, and yet not, in the multitude of points touched upon, prevent the most important points from preserving due prominence.

The impression produced was deep and lasting at all the Australian capitals, including Brisbane.

A plan was even set on foot for transferring a part of the Melanesian school to a little island not far from the coast of Queensland, in a much warmer climate than Kohimarama, where it was thought Australian natives might be gathered in.

Here is the description of the place, written a day or two after the return to New Zealand :—

St. Andrew's: April 27, 1864.

My dear Cousin,—I returned on the 24th from Australia. I visited the dioceses of Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane. Everywhere I met with great encouragement; and indeed, I thank God that (as I had hoped) the special work of the Mission became the means of exciting unusual interest in the work of the Church generally. It was a great opportunity, a great privilege in the crowded meetings to tell people face to face their duties, to stand up as the apologist of the despised Australian black, and the Chinese gold-digger, and the Melanesian islander.

All the Primate had taught me—what heathenism is, how to deal with it, the simple truisms about the 'common sin, common redemption,' the capacity latent in every man, because he *is a man*, and not a fallen angel nor a brute beast, the many conventional errors on Mission (rather) ministerial work—many, many things I spoke of very fully and frequently. I felt it was a great responsibility. How strange that I forgot all my nervous dread, and only wished there could be thousands more present, for I knew that I was speaking words of truth, and hope, and love; and God did mercifully bless much that He enabled me to say, and men's hearts were struck within them, though, indeed, I made no effort to excite them.

Much may result from it. We may have a branch school on the S.W. of Curtis Island, on the east coast of Queensland, healthy, watered, wooded, with anchorage, about 25° S. latitude, a fair wind to and from some of the islands; to which place I could rapidly carry away sick persons.

There I could convey two hundred or more scholars, in the same time required to bring sixty to New Zealand; there yams can be grown; there it

may be God's will that a work may be commenced at length among the remnant that is left of the Australian blacks. The latter consideration is very strongly urged upon me by the united voice of the Australian Churches, by none more strongly than by the Bishop of Sydney. I dare to hope that the communion of the Australian and New Zealand Churches will be much strengthened by the Mission as a link. What blessings, what mercies!

This will not involve an abandonment of St. Andrew's, but the work must expand. I think Australia will supply near 1,000*l.* a year, perhaps more before long.

To teach me that all is in His hands, we have again had a visitation from dysentery. It has been *very* prevalent everywhere, no medical men remember such a season. We have lost from consumption two, and from dysentery six this year; in fourteen months not less than fourteen: more than in all the other years put together. Marvellous to relate, *all* our old baptized and confirmed scholars are spared to us. Good-bye, and God ever bless and keep you.

Your affectionate Cousin,
J. C. PATTESON, Bishop.

One of these deaths was that of Kanambat, the little New Caledonian confided to the Bishop of New Zealand by poor Basset. I think he had been christened on the previous Epiphany.

No doubt this grief on coming home increased the effect of this year of trial. Indeed even on the voyage there had been this admission, 'Somehow I don't feel right with all this holiday, I have worked really very hard, but "change of work is the best holiday." I don't feel springy. I am not so young as I was,

that's the truth of it, and this life is not likely to be a long one. Yet when used up for this work, absence of continual anxiety and more opportunity of relaxation may carry a man on without his being wholly useless!'

The Maori war was a constant grief and anxiety to all the friends on shore, and there was thus evidently much less elasticity left to meet the great shock that was preparing for the voyagers in the expedition of 1864. Mr. Codrington was not of the party, having been obliged to go to England to decide whether it was possible to give himself wholly to the Mission; and the staff therefore consisted of Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Palmer, with Mr. Joseph Atkin, whose journal his family have kindly put at my disposal.

The endeavour was to start after the Ascension Day Communion, but things were not forward enough. May was not, however, very far advanced before the 'Southern Cross' was at sea; and as usual the leisure stage between Auckland and Norfolk Island was good for correspondents, and produced remarks on intelligence from home:—

I cannot but feel sorry that the Central African Mission is given up, though I am most willing to believe that it was unavoidable. How often, when it was started, have I heard my good and wise master say, 'I feel most thankful that some attempt should be made, but I greatly fear some disaster.' He meant that such expectations had been raised, and so much pressure was applied from behind, that some precipitate action would very likely be the result.

That was one point I urged in Australia, 'We have always purposely withheld information from you, for we well knew that we were working upon a

somewhat anomalous plan, and we thought it right quietly to test the character of our plan of operations before we appealed to you for help. And, moreover, we thus secured an immunity from a great disadvantage. Many a missionary is treated very unfairly by his supporters. Societies and individuals do not always act with the best judgment or the purest disinterestedness. Men oftentimes want to see their money's worth in the shape of rapid conversions, speedy results, &c., and the missionary is tempted, contrary to his better judgment, to minister to this mistaken craving for some hasty fulfilment of a no less hastily conceived wish. We have had great difficulty in paying our way, it is true ; but it was better for the Mission that we should be able to go on quietly and without exciting any attention, and so be freed from the temptation to act incompetently and prematurely.'

This is a sample of the many many general principles involved in Mission work, which I attempted to press on the notice of the people.

I am so very much pleased with Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young from Norfolk Island. I could hardly have believed that they could become so conscientiously diligent, thoughtful, and useful. I believe that they are in the way to become a great blessing both to their own people and to the Mission.

Some offers were made me, and others were on the point of being made me, of men (clergymen) joining me while I was in Australia; but I knew better. I knew very few who would be half as useful as Fisher Young in this particular work. When men like Codrington, actually seeing the character of the work, and possessing his qualifications, join one, that is indeed a blessing;

but not one in a thousand would answer. And we must have them young.

By-the-by, have you received the grand photograph of me from Adelaide? It was given to me, and packed and sent off to you without costing me a penny. You know the folks there were very attentive. It amused me to have my ugly old phiz photographed and sold.

'No end of a photograph,' as it was called in the letter the Bishop introduced it with, was a large one in a velvet-lined case, and represented him in his episcopal robes, but unfortunately, the success as a portrait was not proportionate to the splendour of the fittings. His face, being both massive and expressive, was singularly difficult to take, and probably this one suffered from there being no one with him who knew him intimately enough to perceive when he wore his most characteristic and available expression.

On May 17, Norfolk Island was visited, and Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young had what proved to be their last sight of their home and friends. The plan was to go on to Nengonè and Erromango, take up the stores sent to the latter place from Sydney, drop the two clergymen at Mota, and after a stay there, go to the New Hebrides, and then take up the party, and if possible leave them to make experiment of Curtis Island, while going to those Santa Cruz islands for which he always seems to have had such a yearning.

'I feel as usual,' he finishes the letter sent from Norfolk Island, 'that no one can tell what may be the issue of such voyages. I pray and trust that God will mercifully reveal to me "what I ought to do, and give me grace and power to fulfil the same."

'I have now been for some time out of the way of this kind of work, but I hope that all may be safely ordered for us. It is all in His hands; and you all feel, as I try to do, that there should be no cause for anxiety or trouble.

'Yet there are moments when one has such an overwhelming sense of one's sins and negligences provoking God to chastise one. I know that His merciful intention towards men must be accomplished, and on the whole I rest thankfully in that, and feel that He will not suffer my utter unworthiness to hinder His work of love and goodness.'

At Erromango the stores were safely found; and the Bishop bought a large quantity of sandal-wood, with a view to his own much-desired chapel.

At Mota, Mr. Atkin's journal shows to what work a real helper needed to be trained:—

The Mission-house had lost its roof in a gale of wind. The epidemic that was raging last year did not seem to have continued long after with such violence; some more of the people were dead, but not very many. We took off all the Mota boys, and things that were wanted in three boat-loads, the last time leaving the Bishop. There was, fortunately, very little surf, and we got nothing wet, but as the tide was high, we had to carry the things over the coral reefs with the water a little above our knees.

About an hour later we dropped anchor at Vanua Lava. On Saturday morning I went ashore with the boat, and got water for washing and sand for scrubbing decks, and several tons of taro and yams discharged on board the vessel. Then made another trip, left all the boys on shore for a holiday, and took

off twelve or fourteen cwt. of yams, taro, and cocoa-nuts. After dinner and washing up, went to fetch boys back. Where we bought the yams there was such a surf breaking that we could not haul the boat on the beach, and we had to wade and carry them out. After we got on board, we had a bathe. Two of the Solomon Islanders distinguished themselves by jumping off the foreyard, and diving under the ship. Mr. Tilly and the mates had been stowing, and the rest of us had been getting yams all day, and if our friends could have seen us then, haggard looking and dirty, singing choruses to nigger melodies, how shocked they would have been!

Next Thursday went across to Mota, took the Bishop on board, and sailed south as fast as possible.

Sunday morning we were at the entrance of the papau between Ambrym and Mallicolo, without a breath of wind. We had service at 10 A.M.; and in the afternoon, psalms and hymns and chants in the cabin, the Bishop doing most of the singing.

June 6th.—On Monday morning we landed at the old place at Tariko. We began to buy some yams. The Bishop and William Pasvorang went ashore, and the rest of us stayed in the boat, keeping her afloat and off the reefs. Unfortunately the place where we landed was neutral ground between two tribes, who both brought yams to the place to sell. One party said another was getting too many hatchets, and two or three drew off and began shooting at the others. One man stood behind the Bishop, a few feet from him, and fired away in the crowd with a will. The consternation and alarm of both parties were very ludicrous. Some of each set were standing round the boat, armed with bows and arrows, but they were so frightened that they never seemed

to think of using them, but ran off as hard as they could scamper to the shallow water, looking over their shoulders to see if the enemies' arrows were after them. One arrow was fired at the Bishop from the shore, and one hit the boat just as we pushed off.

The Bishop himself says of this fray :—'I was in the middle, one man only remained by me, crouching under the lee of the branch of the tree, and shooting away from thence within a yard of me. I did not like to leave the steel-yard, and I had to detach it from the rope with which it was tied to the tree, and the basket too was half full of yams and heavy, so that it was some time before I got away, and walked down the beach, and waded to the boat, shooting going on all round at the time ; no one shooting *at* me, yet as they shot on both sides of me at each other, I was thankful to get well out of it. I thought of Him who preserves from "the arrow that flieth by day," as He has so mercifully preserved so many of us from "the sickness." Now don't go and let this little affair be printed.'

At Parama there was a friendly landing. At Sopevi Mr. Atkin says : 'We could not find the landing place where the Bishop two years ago found several people. We saw three or four on the shore. They were just the same colour as the dust from the volcano. What a wretched state they must be in! If they go to the neighbouring isles they will be killed as enemies, and if they stay at home they are constantly suffocated by the ashes, which seemed to have fallen lately to the depth of more than a foot.'

At Mallicolo a landing place was found, and an acquaintance begun by means of gifts of calico. At Leper's Island St. Barnabas Day was celebrated by

bringing off two boys, but here again was peril. The Bishop writes:—

> The people, though constantly fighting, and cannibals and the rest of it, are to me very attractive, light coloured, and some very handsome. As I sat on the beach with a crowd about me, most of them suddenly jumped up and ran off. Turning my head I saw a man (from the boat they saw two men) a few yards from me, coming to me with club uplifted. I remained sitting, and held out a few fish-hooks to him, but one or two men jumped up and seizing him by the waist forced him off. After a few minutes (lest they should think I was suspicious of them), I went back to the boat. I found out from the two young men who went away with me from another place, just what I expected to hear, viz. that a poor fellow called Moliteum was shot dead two months ago by a trader for stealing a bit of calico. The wonder was, not that they wanted to avenge the death of their kinsman, but that the others should have prevented it. How could they possibly know that I was not one of the wicked set? Yet they *did* discriminate; and here again, always by the merciful Providence of God, the plan of going among the people unarmed and unsuspiciously has been seen to disarm their mistrust and to make them regard me as a friend.

Curtis Island was inspected, but there was no possibility of leaving a party to make experiment on it; and then the 'Southern Cross' sailed for the Santa Cruz cluster, that group whose Spanish name was so remarkable a foreboding of what they were destined to become to that small party of Christian explorers. Young Atkin made no entry in his diary of those days,

and could never bear to speak of them; and yet, from that time forward, his mind was fully made up to cast in his lot with the Mission.

It was on August 15 that the first disaster at these islands took place. Not till the 27th could the Bishop —on his sister Fanny's birthday—begin a letter to her, cheering himself most touchingly with the thought of the peace at home, and then he broke off half way, and could not continue for some days :—

My dearest Fan,—You remember the old happy anniversaries of your birthday—the Feniton party—the assembly of relations—the regular year's festivity.

No doubt this anniversary brings as much true happiness, the assurance of a more abiding joy, the consciousness of deeper and truer sympathy. You are, I hope, to pass the day cheerfully and brightly with perhaps . . . and . . . about you . . . Any how, I shall think of you as possibly all together, the remnant of the old family gathering, on a calm autumn day, with lovely South Devon scenery around you.

The day comes to me in the midst of one of the deepest sorrows I have ever known—perhaps I have never felt such sorrow . . . perhaps I have never been so mercifully supported under it. It is a good and profitable sorrow I trust for me: it has made so much in me reveal itself as hollow, worldly, selfish, vain-glorious. It has, I hope, helped to strip away the veil, and may be by God's blessing the beginning of more earnest life-long repentance and preparation for death.

On August 15 I was at Santa Cruz. You know that I had a very remarkable day there three years ago. I felt very anxious to renew acquaintance with the people, who are very numerous and strong.

I went off in the boat with Atkin (twenty), Pearce (twenty-three or twenty-four years old), Edwin Nobbs, Fisher Young, and Hunt Christian, the three last Norfolk Islanders. Atkin, Edwin and Fisher have been with me for two or three years—all young fellows of great promise, Fisher perhaps the dearest of all to me, about eighteen, and oh! so good, so thoroughly truthful, conscientious and unselfish!

I landed at two places among many people, and after a while came back as usual to the boat. All seemed pleasant and hopeful. At the third place I landed amidst a great crowd, waded over the broad reef (partially uncovered at low water), went into a house, sat down for some time, then returned among a great crowd to the boat and got into it. I had some difficulty in detaching the hands of some men swimming in the water.

Well, when the boat was about fifteen yards from the reef, on which crowds were standing, they began (why I know not) to shoot at us.—(Another letter adds) 300 or 400 people on the reef, and five or six canoes being round us, they began to shoot at us.—I had not shipped the rudder, so I held it up, hoping it might shield off any arrows that came straight, the boat being end on, and the stern, having been backed into the reef, was nearest to them.

When I looked round after a minute, providentially indeed, for the boat was being pulled right into a small bay on the reef, and would have grounded, I saw Pearce lying between the thwarts, with the long shaft of an arrow in his chest, Edwin Nobbs with an arrow as it seemed in his left eye, many arrows flying close to us from many quarters. Suddenly Fisher Young, pulling the stroke oar, gave a faint

scream; he was shot through the left wrist. Not a word was spoken, only my 'Pull! port oars, pull on steadily.' Once dear Edwin, with the fragment of the arrow sticking in his cheek, and the blood streaming down, called out, thinking even then more of me than of himself, 'Look out, sir! close to you!' But indeed, on all sides they were close to us!

How we any of us escaped I can't tell; Fisher and Edwin pulled on, Atkin had taken Pearce's oar, Hunt pulled the fourth oar. By God's mercy no one else was hit, but the canoes chased us to the schooner. In about twenty minutes we were on board, the people in the canoes round the vessel seeing the wounded paddled off as hard as they could, expecting of course that we should take vengeance on them. But I don't at all think that they were cognisant of the attack on shore.

Several letters were written about this adventure; but I have thought it better to put them together, every word being Bishop Patteson's own, because such a scene is better realised thus than by reading several descriptions for the most part identical. What a scene it is! The palm-clad island, the reef and sea full of the blacks, the storm of long arrows through the air, the four youths pulling bravely and steadily, and their Bishop standing over them, trying to ward off the blows with the rudder, and gazing with the deep eyes and steadfast smile that had caused many a weapon to fall harmless!

Pearce, it should be observed, was an English sailor, one of the crew of the 'Southern Cross.'

There was an even more trying time to come on board. The Bishop continues[1]:—

[1] From another letter to Mr. Roundell.

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I drew out the arrow from Pearce's chest: a slanting wound not going in very deep, running under the skin, yet of apparently almost fatal character to an ignorant person like myself; $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches were actually inside him. The arrow struck him almost in the centre of the chest and in the direction of the right breast. There was no effusion of blood, he breathed with great difficulty, groaning and making a kind of hollow sound, was perfectly composed, gave me directions and messages in case of his death. I put on a poultice and bandage, and leaving him in charge of someone, went to Fisher. The wrist was shot through, but the upper part of the arrow broken off and deep down; bleeding profuse, of which I was glad; I cut deeply, though fearing much to cut an artery, but I could not extract the wooden arrow-head. At length, getting a firm hold of the projecting *point* of the arrow on the *lower* side of his wrist, I pulled it through: it came out clean. The pain was very great, he trembled and shivered: we gave him brandy, and he recovered. I poulticed the wound, and went to Edwin. Atkin had got out the splinter from his wound; the arrow went in near the eye and came out by the cheek-bone: it was well syringed, and the flow of blood had been copious from the first. The arrows were not bone-headed, and not poisoned, but I well knew that lock-jaw was to be dreaded. Edwin's was not much more than a flesh wound. Fisher's being in the wrist, frightened me more: their patience and quiet composure and calm resignation were indeed a strength and comfort to us all.

This was on Monday, August 15. All seemed doing well for a day or two, I kept on poultices, gave light nourishing food, &c. But on Saturday morning Fisher said to me, 'I can't make out what makes my jaws feel so stiff.'

Then my heart sank down within me, and I prayed earnestly, earnestly to God. I talked to the dear dear lad of his danger, night and day we prayed and read. A dear guileless spirit indeed. I never saw in so young a person such a thorough conscientiousness as for two years I witnessed in his daily life, and I had long not only loved but respected him.

We had calm weather and could not get on. By Saturday the jaws were tight-locked. Then more intense grew the pain, the agony, the whole body rigid like a bar of iron! Oh! how I bless God who carried me through that day and night. How good he was in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms, thanking God, praying, pressing my hand when I prayed and comforted him with holy words of Scripture. None but a well-disciplined, humble, simple Christian could so have borne his sufferings: the habit of obedience and faith and patience; the childlike unhesitating trust in God's love and fatherly care, supported him now. He never for a moment lost his hold upon God. What a lesson it was! it calmed us all. It almost awed me to see in so young a lad so great an instance of God's infinite power, so great a work of good perfected in one young enough to have been confirmed by me.

At 1 A.M. (Monday) I moved from his side to my couch, only three yards off. Of course we were all (I need not say) in the after cabin. He said faintly, 'Kiss me. I am very glad that I was doing my duty. Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!' Ah! my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives. And as I lay down almost convulsed with sobs, though not audible, he said (so Mr. Tilly

afterwards told me), 'Poor Bishop!' How full his heart was of love and peace, and thoughts of heaven. 'Oh! what love,' he said. The last night, when I left him for an hour or two at 1 A.M. only to lie down in my clothes by his side, he said faintly (his body being then rigid as a bar of iron), 'Kiss me, Bishop.' At 4 A.M. he started as if from a trance; he had been wandering a good deal, but all his words even then were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw the consciousness gradually coming back into them. 'They never stop singing there, sir, do they?'—for his thoughts were with the angels in heaven. Then, after a short time, the last terrible struggle, and then he fell asleep. And remember, all this in the midst of that most agonizing, it may be, of all forms of death. At 4 A.M. he was hardly conscious, not fully conscious: there were some fearful spasms: we fanned him and bathed his head and occasionally got a drop or two of weak brandy or wine and water down. Then came the last struggle. Oh! how I thanked God when his head at length fell back, or rather his whole body, for it was without joint, on my arm: long drawn sighs with still sad contraction of feature succeeded, and while I said the Commendatory Prayer, he passed away.

The same day we anchored in Port Patteson, and buried him in a quiet spot near the place where the Primate and I first landed years ago. It seems a consecration of the place that the body of that dear child should be resting there.

Some six years ago, when Mrs. Selwyn stopped at Norfolk Island she singled him out as the boy of special promise. For two or three years he had been with me, and my affection flowed out naturally to him. God had tried him by the two sicknesses at

Kohimarama and at Mota, and by his whole family returning to Pitcairn. I saw that he had left all for this work. He had become most useful, and oh! how we shall miss him!

But about five days after this (August 22) Edwin's jaws began to stiffen. For nine or ten days there was suspense, so hard to bear. Some symptoms were not so bad, it did not assume so acute a form. I thought he ought to be carried through it. He was older, about twenty-one, six feet high, a strong handsome young man, the pride of Norfolk Island, the destined helper and successor (had God so willed) of his father, the present Clergyman. The same faith, the same patience, the same endurance of suffering.

On Friday, September 2, I administered the Holy Communion to him and Pearce. He could scarce swallow the tiniest crumb. He was often delirious, yet not one word but spoke of things holy and pure, almost continually in prayer. He was in the place where Fisher had died, the best part of the cabin for an invalid. Sunday came: he could take no nourishment, stomach and back in much pain; a succession of violent spasms at about 10.30 A.M., but his body never became quite rigid. The death struggle at 1 A.M. September 5, was very terrible. Three of us could scarcely hold him. Then he sank back on my arm, and his spirit passed away as I commended his soul to God. Then all motionless. After some minutes, I said the first prayer in the Burial Service, then performed the last offices, then had a solemn talk with Pearce, and knelt down, I know not how long.

We buried him at sea. All this time we were making very slow progress; indeed, the voyage has

been very remarkable in all respects. Pearce seems to be doing very well, so that I am very hopeful about him. The temperature now is only 72 degrees and I imagine that his constitution is less liable to that particular disease. Yet punctured wounds are always dangerous on this account.

Patience and trust in God, the same belief in His goodness and love, that He orders all things for our good, that this is but a proof of His merciful dealing with us: such comforts God has graciously not withheld. I never felt so utterly broken down, when I thought, and think, of the earthly side of it all; never perhaps so much realised the comfort and power of His Presence, when I have had grace to dwell upon the heavenly and abiding side of it. I *do* with my better part heartily and humbly thank Him, that He has so early taken these dear ones by a straight and short path to their everlasting home. I think of them with blessed Saints, our own dear ones, in Paradise, and in the midst of my tears I bless and praise God.

But, dear Fan, Fisher most of all supplied to me the absence of earthly relations and friends. He was my boy; I loved him as I think I never loved any one else. I don't mean *more* than you all, but *in a different way*: not as one loves another of equal age, but as a parent loves a child.

I can hardly think of my little room at Kohimarama without him. I long for the sight of his dear face, the sound of his voice. It was my delight to teach him, and he was clever and so thoughtful and industrious. I know it is good that my affections should be weaned from all things earthly. I try to be thankful, I think I am thankful really; time too will do much, God's grace much more. I only

wonder how I have borne it all. 'In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul.' Mr. Tilly has been and is full of sympathy, and is indeed a great aid. He too has a heavy loss in these two dear ones. And now I must land at Norfolk Island in the face of the population crowding the little pier. Mr. Nobbs will be there, and the brothers and sisters of Edwin, and the uncles and aunts of Fisher.

Yet God will comfort them; they have been called to the high privilege of being counted worthy to suffer for their Saviour's sake. However much I may reproach myself with want of caution and of prayer for guidance (and this is a bitter thought), *they* were in the simple discharge of their duty. Their intention and wish were to aid in bringing to those poor people the Gospel of Christ. It has pleased God that in the execution of this great purpose they should have met with their deaths. Surely there is matter for comfort here!

I can't write all this over again. . . I have written at some length to Jem also; put the two letters together, and you will be able to realise it somewhat.

This is a joint letter to you and Joan. It was begun on your birthday, and it has been written with a heavy, dull weight of sorrow on my heart, yet not unrelieved by the blessed consciousness of being drawn, as I humbly trust, nearer to our most merciful Father in heaven, if only by the very impossibility of finding help elsewhere. It has not been a time without its own peculiar happiness. How much of the Bible seemed endued with new powers of comfort. . . How true it is, that they who seek, find. 'I sought the Lord, and He heard me.' The closing chapters of the Gospels, 2 Corinthians, and

how many other parts of the New Testament were blessings indeed! Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ,' and 'Holy Living and Dying,' Thomas à Kempis, most of all of course the Prayer-book, and such solemn holy memories of our dear parents and uncles, such blessed hopes of reunion, death brought so near, the longing (*if only not unprepared*) for the life to come: I could not be unhappy. Yet *I* could not sustain such a frame of mind long; and then when I sank to the level of earthly thoughts, then came the weary heartache, and the daily routine of work was so distasteful, and I felt sorely tempted to indulge the 'luxury of grief.' But thanks be to God, it is not altogether an unhealthy sorrow, and I can rest in the full assurance that all this is working out God's purposes of love and mercy to us all—Melanesians, Pitcairners, and all; and that I needed the discipline I know full well. . . .

Your loving Brother,

J. C. P.

Another great grief, which there was hardly time to realise in the midst of Edwin's illness, was that B——, the flower of the flock for intelligence and docility, had, on his recent return to Mota, deserted his little Mary for a heathen girl, and William Pasvorang would not leave Rowa, being detained by an intended marriage.

It was not possible to touch at Norfolk Island, each attempt was baffled by the winds; and on September 16 the 'Southern Cross' anchored at Kohimarama, and a sad little note was sent up to the Primate with the announcement of the deaths and losses.

In spite of the comfort which, as this note said, Patteson felt 'in the innocency of their lives, and the constancy of their faith' unto the death, the fate of these

two youths, coming at the close of a year of unusual trial, which, as he had already said, had diminished his elasticity, had a lasting effect. It seemed to take away his youthful buoyancy, and marked lines of care on his face that never were effaced. The first letter after his return begins by showing how full his heart was of these his children :—

Kohimarama : Sunday, September 18, 1864.

My dearest Fan,—I must try to write without again making my whole letter full of dear Edwin and Fisher. That my heart is full of them you can well believe.

These last five weeks have taught me that my reading of the Bible was perhaps more intellectual and perhaps more theological than devotional, to a dangerous extent probably ; anyhow I craved for it as a revelation not only of truth, but of comfort and support in heavy sorrow. It may be that when the sorrow does not press so heavily, the Bible cannot speak so wonderfully in that particular way of which I am writing, and it is right to read it theologically also.

But yet it should always be read with a view to some practical result ; and so often there is not a special, though many general, points which may make our reading at once practical. Then comes the real trial, and then comes the wondrous power of God's Word to help and strengthen. Now it helps me to know where I am, to learn how others manage to see where they are.

All that you say about self-consciousness, &c. can't I understand it ! Ah ! when I saw the guileless pure spirit of those two dear fellows ever brightening more and more for now two years. I had respected

them as much as I loved them. I used to think, 'Yes, we must become such as they, we too must seek and pray for the mind of a little child.'

And surely the contemplation of God is the best cure. How admirable Jeremy Taylor is on those points! Oh! that he had not overlaid it all with such superabundant ornamentation of style and rhetoric. But it is the manner of the age. Many persons I suppose get over it, perhaps like it; but I long for the same thoughts, the same tenderness and truthfulness, and faithful searching words with a clear, simple, not unimaginative diction. Yet his book is a great heritage.

Newman has a sermon on Contemplation or Meditation, I forget which; and my copy is on board. But I do hope that by praying for humility, with contemplation of God's majesty and love and our Saviour's humility and meekness, some improvement may be mercifully vouchsafed to me.

To dwell on His humiliation, His patience, that He should seek for heavenly aids, accept the ministration of an angel strengthening Him, how full of mystery and awe! and yet written for us! And yet we are proud and self-justified and vain-glorious!

The Archbishop of York, in 'Aids to Faith,' on the Death of Christ, has some most solemn and deep remarks on the Lord's Agony. I don't know that it could ever be quite consistent with reverence to speak on what is there suggested. Yet if I could hear Mr. Keble or Dr. Pusey (say) prayerfully talking together on that great mystery, I should feel that it might be very profitable. But he must be a very humble man who should dare to speak on it. Yet read it, Fan, it cannot harm you; it is very awful, it is fully meant that He was sinless, without spot,

undefiled through all. It makes the mystery of sin, and of what it cost to redeem our souls, more awful than ever.

And then, surely to the contemplation of God and the necessary contrast of our own weakness and misery, we add the thought of our approaching death, we anticipate the hours, the days, it may be the weeks and months, even the years of weariness, pain, sleeplessness, thirst, distaste for food, murmuring thoughts, evil spirits haunting us, impatient longings after rest for which we are not yet prepared, the thousand trials, discomforts, sadnesses of sickness—yes, it must come in some shape; and is it to come as a friend or an enemy to snatch us from what we love and enjoy, or to open the gates of Paradise?

I humbly thank God that, while I dare not be sure that I am not mistaken, and suppose that if ready to go I should be taken, the thought of death at a distance is the thought of rest and peace, of more blessed communion with God's saints, holy angels and the Lord. Yet I dare not feel that if death was close at hand, it might not be far otherwise. How often the 'Christian Year,' and all true divinity helps us here! Why indulge in such speculations? Seek to prepare for death by dying daily. Oh! that blessed text: Be not distracted, worry not yourselves about the morrow, for the morrow shall, &c. How it does carry one through the day! Bear everything as sent from God for your good, by way of chastisement or of proving you. Pusey's sermon on Patience, Newman's on a Particular Providence, guarding so wisely against abuse as against neglect of the doctrine. How much to comfort and guide one! and then, most of all, the continual use of the Prayer-book. Do you often use the Prayer at the end of the Evening Service for

Charles the Martyr? Leave out from 'great deep . . . teach us to number'—and substitute 'pride' for 'splendour.' Leave out 'according to . . . blessed martyr.' In the Primate's cast, it is a prayer full of meaning, and it may have a meaning for us all.

Once more, the love of approbation is right and good, but then it must be the love of the approbation of God and of good men. Here, as everywhere, we abuse His gift; and it is a false teaching which bids us suppress the human instinct which God implanted in us, but a true leading which bids us direct and use it to its appointed and legitimate use. On this general subject, read if you have not read them, and you can't read them too often, Butler's Sermons; you know, the great Butler. I think you will easily get an analysis of them, such as Mill's 'Analysis of Pearson on the Creed,' which will help you, if you want it. Analyse them for yourself, if you like, and send me out your analysis to look at. There is any amount of *fundamental* teaching there and the *imprimatur* of thousands of good men to assure us of it.

I think, as I have written to Joan, that if I were with you, after the first few days my chiefest delight would be in reading and talking over our reading of good books. Edwin and Fisher were beginning to understand thoughtful books; and how I did delight in reading with them, interspersing a little Pitcairn remark here and there! Ah! never more! never more! But they don't want books now. All is clear now: they live where there is no night, in the Glory of God and of the Lamb, resting in Paradise, anticipating the full consummation of the Life of the Resurrection. Thanks be to God, and it may not be long—but I must not indulge such thoughts.

Sept. 30th.—The mail goes out to-morrow. So, old

Fan, you are again in Germany, at Aix, at Dresden! Oh! how I should like to be with you there. You are not strong enough to enjoy thoroughly the scenery, but it is a charming place, and you will have the picture galleries.

I feel better, but at times this sad affliction weighs me down much, and business of all kinds seems almost to multiply. Yet there are many many comforts, and kindest sympathy.

Your loving Brother,
J. C. P.

Just at this time heavy sorrow fell upon Bishop Hobhouse of Nelson; and the little council of friends at Auckland decided that Bishop Patteson should go at once to do his best to assist and comfort him, and bring him back to Auckland. There was a quiet time of wholesome rest at Nelson; and the effects appeared in numerous letters, and in the thinking out of many matters on paper to his sisters. October 27 is the date of these reflections :—

'No doubt the study of the characters, and of the misapprehension of the characters, of good and great men helps one to understand a great deal of what one reads in the Bible.

'How difficult these questions are that are now being discussed—Inspiration, Interpretation, &c.

'It seems that the meaning of the words used in the discussion is not defined. Certainly these words are used in more than one sense. People should ask themselves, "When I speak of the inspiration of the Bible, what do I mean?"

'It is worth while to write out one's thoughts in short essays on such important matters, that one may learn to think and speak correctly about them.

I can't help thinking that a defective sense of the object for which various parts of the Bible were written has much to do with these misconceptions; *e. g.* because the Gospel of St. John is unquestionably of more importance (in one sense) than the Book of Job (for example), *therefore* it is inferred that the Book of Job is not equally inspired with the Gospel of St. John.

'Because the New Testament is in one sense more valuable to us than the Old Testament, *therefore* there is again a lower degree of inspiration in the latter than in the former.

'It is true we could better afford to lose the Book of Job than the Gospel of St. John, or the Old Testament than the New. But how does all this touch the question? Again, people point out the use of popular language (sun rising and setting, &c.), point out or think they can point out errors in history, geography, geology, physical science generally. Some (quoting *e. g.* the extermination of the Canaanites) think they can discover actually immoral teaching and immoral acts viewed with approbation, and all in God's Word.

'Nothing of this seems to me to touch the question really.

'With what object has God given us the Bible as a whole, and each part of the Bible? This is the real question; the true answer to which probably explains all difficulties.

'The Bible sanctions slavery, says the American.

" " polygamy, " Mormon.

'It does nothing of the kind. It recognises such practices in a rude uncivilised race, living with a low standard of morality. And it deals with them, but only to modify, repress, and finally to abolish them.

The answer to all such objectors is, If you are content to regard yourselves in *all other respects* as precisely in the same state socially and civilly as the Jews in the time of Moses, *then* you may with more show of reason claim the same judgment to be passed on you as on them.

'But you are not, and can't be in that state. Can you again substitute cities of refuge and the right of the father for the recognised system of law and all the machinery of modern and Christian social life? And the Bible never at any time recognised, much less sanctioned, the American type of slavery.

'What did God give us the Bible for? Because it is inspired by God for doing the work that He means it to do. And what is this work? I don't pretend to answer this in a sheet of note paper. But I think that this is the way to deal with the question.

'As for various readings, &c., that is simply the province of the learned in MSS. It does not affect me, if I find that the majority of MSS. oblige us to read, not "God was manifest in the flesh," but "Who" was manifest in the flesh, and the true meaning of the Greek is not "God was in Christ, reconciling"——but "God was in Christ reconciling (= reconciling in Christ) the world unto Himself." Those are points for scholars. The truth once supposed to be established by those texts has any number of texts to support it. This part of the question is very easily disposed of.

'I am not sure that I can put on paper thus hastily what I should like to talk about with you. It seems to me dangerous to commit oneself to statements such as those of Burgon, for example, dangerous to peril, or to present the question so as

to most men to seem to peril, the truth of the Bible upon the supposed *absolute* statement of *absolute* truth of every word on every class of subject.

'There is a difficult preliminary question to be settled, *e.g.*, May not a truth be stated relatively to the intellectual and moral condition of those to whom it is stated so as indeed to be consistent with truth, yet (*if their condition be not regarded*) capable of being misconceived as if it were true? Take the education of children. They are not taught at first the very highest principles upon which all moral conduct should proceed. They could not possibly comprehend them. The duty of obedience to parents must in their mind precede the knowledge of duty to God. The one is not inconsistent with the other. But throughout life we must recognise a distinction between a perfectly and an imperfectly conceived and practised truth. It is the old question of 'accommodation' in some respects.

'*Obj.* There are some erroneous statements in the Bible.

'*Ans.* Possibly, but not in the department of moral and religious truth, only errors of historical, or geographical, or geological statement.

'But who is to discriminate? Must we accept a verifying faculty? Surely we may say it is an error apparent to us *now*, but in the then state of scientific knowledge, not capable of being otherwise stated: any other way of presenting the statement would have been unintelligible; and we are supposed in the Bible to be able to perceive that it is so, and to make allowances for it in our transfer of the language and lesson to our own times and circumstances.

'Shall we say that the Bible is inspired so as to secure any part of it from any statement which can

do otherwise than serve the cause of moral truth, and from any liability to anything whatsoever which can in any way interfere with the consequence to us of the Revelation of God?

'I see the extreme danger of *defining* words and phrases too rigidly.

'I doubt whether I should have signed the Oxford Declaration: I can't express an opinion. I should not have done so in any case without very much consideration; and I incline to think that it is not a wise proceeding. Oh! how I should value dear Father's judgment upon it!

'My doubt is this: Do the words of the Declaration, or can any words really make sure of dealing with the real points at issue? People think that to say the Bible "not only contains, but *is* the Word of God" meets the case. But that expression "*is* the Word of God" evidently requires explanation. Try and write out what you suppose such an expression necessarily to mean: Bishop Colenso will accept it, putting his own interpretation upon it.

'I am not unaware of the necessity of dogma. Few people out here insist so much upon it in their sermons. I am giving now lectures on the Creed, which are, I hope, sufficiently clear on those points.

'But to multiply definitions, which after all do not prevent the continuance of discussions, is at least useless.

'I don't say that I can frame a sentence which expresses intelligibly to others my thoughts on the matter. Much less do I think myself able to express the thoughts of the Church. That would be silly indeed. But I find that men of most rigid mind betray continually in conversation a habit of thought inconsistent with many a meaning that might be put

upon the *letter* of the Oxford Declaration, though they agree probably with the meaning that the framers meant to express by it. The history of the Canon is to my mind the best way of dealing with the matter.

'Westcott's book, and his 'Catena on Inspiration' in the Appendix, seem to me able, and very much to the point.

'Again, I hope for much good out of all this in this respect: People must come more and more to see that the Bible needs the Church as its expositor. There has been and is an idolatry which is but a reverence for the letter of the Bible, as if the mere looking on the type of the English version was enough to instruct an unlearned and (what is of far more consequence) a presumptuous person in all religious knowledge.

'I perpetually ask people what did the first Christians do, who had no New Testament at all? —a fact which is practically lost sight of by the so-called Evangelicals and Bible Society men. The devil quoted Scripture to tempt our Lord. What wonder that men should be tempted to misuse the Bible! It is quite capable, like any gift of God, of being misused. And some there will be always, and they clergymen too, who will misuse it. Perhaps there is not the exact balance and relative value of each portion of the faith fairly presented to the people in one tenth of the churches in England.

'Notoriously periodical suppressions and exaltations of various phases of religious truth occur. Who can say that he declared the "whole counsel of God," taught Christ's faith in integrity, without (it may be unconsciously) colouring some portions with his own preconceived notions, to say nothing of his

ignorance and but partial grasp of the revelation of God.

'And why, then, are we to be so disquieted because some presbyters and one Bishop misuse and misinterpret the Bible? This phase of error will all have passed away fifty or a hundred years hence. And what will have really, humanly speaking, preserved simple souls from error and kept the Church steadfast in the faith? Surely, the quietness and confidence, the fervent prayers, the holy lives of the true courageous patient sons and daughters of the Church. I can't fancy that our dear Father, much as he would have sorrowed over this, as over all the manifestations of unChristian spirit, would have been "troubled above measure." I don't think such a man as Mr. Keble is likely to be so now, though more likely (perhaps) in his case than in dear Father's. Such men know that God's truth will prevail. They struggle against error; they do what they are bound to do to expose and guard others against it, and then they leave all issues calmly in God's hands, and find peace and comfort in prayer and in communion with Him in Christ by the Spirit.

'How I have been running on; I dare say much of all this is very open to misconception, and I am quite aware that I can't say all that I mean and think, and have omitted very much. But the truth is, that I have had no other mind, except the minds of men in a few books, to rub against. We really have no time, the Primate and I, for such discussions. There are always pressing questions to be discussed.'

A long letter to his old Oxford friend, Mr. Roundell, was written a few days later :—

Spring Grove, Nelson : October 31, 1864.

My dear Roundell,—I was suddenly called away from my place near Auckland to the poor Bishop of Nelson. I forgot to bring with me your letter, which I found on my return from my last voyage. I greatly enjoyed reading it. How usefully your time is employed! The great question of bringing a sound education to bear upon the mass of our people in England needs good heads and hearts. I am heartily glad that you are taking an active part in it. It will always interest me very much to hear from you what you think of the religious and social condition of the people you meet with. These are, indeed, eventful times. What an aspect the world presents, wars and rumours of wars, and the terrible accompaniment and consequences, the fierce passions, the national demoralization. You are beginning in England to see some of the true bearings of this miserable New Zealand war. It would only distress you if I were to reveal some of the less known machinations of the war ministry and party. There was no occasion for the war at all. The Waitara business is now acknowledged by those who brought it on to have been an error, and what an error!

Gorst's book is good, excepting in the account of the Waitara and Taranaki quarrel. He was not in New Zealand at the time, and was misinformed. But all this late disturbance he was personally acquainted with. I know him well enough to feel pretty sure that he is capable of taking a fair dispassionate view. He knows a good deal of the working, of the common working of human nature, and is free from the conventional nonsense that is talked and actually believed about savages, &c.

For one thing I am specially thankful to you, viz. for kindly making my name known to Dr. Vaughan. I have long known and valued his works, and indeed thanked God for the blessing that his influence must be extending far and wide. I scarcely know a man so qualified and so using his qualifications to do good in our day. All his antecedents enable him to say what many men could not say without being regarded with some suspicion. And then he unites so many valuable gifts—scholarship, divinity, and educational powers, the experience gained in working such a parish as Doncaster. His 'Commentary on the Romans' seem to me almost a perfect specimen of the assistance that ordinary students of the Greek Testament require. I know how useful it would have been to me. I know a good many of his sermons; and am now reading, as I find time, his 'Lectures on the Revelation,' which, with his 'Lecture on the Philippians,' he was good enough to send me. It is a great delight to me to feel that I have now some personal connection with such a man. I hardly like to trouble him with a letter, for I can only write very hastily as I write to you. Will you kindly let him know how much I value his present, and take pleasure in the thought of being entitled now to claim some acquaintance with him. I shall write to him by-and-by if I can, for I should so much value an occasional line from him, and no doubt should find so much that would be useful and suggestive to me in any remarks of his that I shall be tempted at the risk of intruding upon his time to do so. Perhaps few people are so circumstanced as to understand as well as I do the real comfort and help of a letter from a really valued correspondent. And, then, it is a real blessing to be even here holding converse with

those whom, by God's mercy, one looks forward to knowing fully hereafter.

I have had a heavy trial since I last wrote to you. Two very *very* dear young friends of mine, Norfolk Islanders, of twenty-one and eighteen years old, dear to me as children of my own, though too old to be children, too young to be brothers, have been taken from me.

For myself it has been a season of much discipline, and I hope it has done me good. It was hard to feel thankful that I was left. But God, in great mercy, took those who were indeed most ready to go. And there is a passage in Dr. Vaughan's 'Lectures on the Revelation,' vol. i. p. 120, which, I am thankful to say, I am able almost to anticipate. It is a sore temptation to wish to have done with this weary world. All the more do truthful, manly, generous thoughts help one to resist such unworthy cowardice, such meanness, such disposition to shirk work. It has been a relief to me to write this, though I am not man enough even now to do it without feeling my cheeks wet, and you won't mind reading it.

Ever your affectionate Friend,

J. C. PATTESON, Bishop.

The effect on work is only so far as the loss of two most useful, most promising assistants is concerned. We have much on the whole to encourage us, though we are not without trials, in defection of old scholars, &c. &c.

November 3rd.—The home letter goes on like a conversation with his sister, only that there were months between question and answer :—

Oh! how I think with such ever-increasing love of dear Fisher and Edwin! How I praised God for them on All Saints' Day. But I don't expect to recover spring and elasticity yet awhile. I don't think I shall ever feel so young again. Really it is curious that the number of white hairs is notably increased in these few weeks (though it is silly to talk about it. Don't mention it!), and I feel very tired and indolent. No wonder I seem to 'go softly.' But I am unusually happy down in the depths, only the surface troubled. I hope that it is not fancy only that makes the shortness and uncertainty of this life a ground of comfort and joy. Perhaps it is, indeed I think it is, very much a mere cowardly indolent shirking of work.

Did I say I thought I might some day write a book? It will be *some day* indeed. It seems funny enough to think of such a thing. The fact is, it is much easier to me to speak than to write. I think I could learn with a good deal of leisure and trouble to write intelligibly, but not without it. I am so diffusive and wanting in close condensed habits of thought. How often I go off in a multitude of words, and really say nothing worthy to be remembered.

How I should enjoy, indeed, a day or two at Hursley with Mr. and Mrs. Keble. A line from him now and then, if he can find time, would be a great delight to me; but I know that he thinks and prays, and that is indeed a great happiness.

Oh, the blessing of such thoughts as All Saints' Day brings!—and now more dear than ever, every day brings!—'Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and every spirit made perfect in the faith of Christ,' as an old Greek Liturgy says. And the Collects in the Burial Service! How full, how simple and

soothing, how full of calm, holy, tender, blessed hopes and anticipations!

So you think the large Adelaide photograph *very sad.* I really don't remember it; I fancy I thought it a very fair likeness. But you know that I have a heavy lumpy dull look, except when talking—indeed, then too for aught I know—and this may be mistaken for a sad look when it is only a dull stupid one. You can't get a nice picture out of an ugly face, so it's no use trying, but you are not looking for that kind of thing. You want to see how far the face is any index of the character and life and work. I don't think it odd that I should look care-worn. I have enough to make me so! And yet if I were with you now, brightened up by being with you, you would say, 'How well he looks!' And you would think I had any amount of work in me, as you saw me riding or walking or holding services. And then I had to a very considerable extent got over that silly shyness, which was a great trial and drawback to me of old, and sadly prevented me from enjoying the society of people (at Oxford especially) which would have done me much good. But without all these bodily defects, I should have been even more vain, and so I can see the blessing and mercy now, though how many times I have indulged murmuring rebellious thoughts!

Perhaps I shall live ten or twenty years, and look back and say, 'I recollect how in '64 I really almost thought I should not last long.' But don't fancy that I am morbidly cherishing such fancies. Only I like you all to know me as I am changing in feeling from time to time. There is quite enough to account for it all.

A few days later he returned to Auckland, and thence wrote to me a letter on the pros and cons of a move from New Zealand. The sight of ships and the town he had ceased to think of great importance, and older scholars had ceased to care for it, and there was much at that time to recommend Curtis Island to his mind. The want of bread-fruit was the chief disadvantage he then saw in it, but he still looked to keeping up Kohimarama for a good many years to come. I cannot describe how tender and considerate he was of feelings he thought I might possibly have of disappointment that St. Andrew's was not a successful experiment as far as health was concerned, evidently fearing that I had set my hopes on that individual venture, and that my feelings might be hurt if it had to be deserted.

The next letters are a good deal occupied with the troubles incident to the judgment upon 'Essays and Reviews.' He took a view, as has been seen, such as might be expected of the delicate refining metaphysical mind, thinking out points for itself, and weighing the possible value of every word, and differed from those who were in the midst of the contest, and felt some form of resistance and protest needful. He was strongly averse to agitation on the subject, and at the same time grieved to find himself for the first time, to his own knowledge, not accepting the policy of those whom he so much respected :—

> Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey [he says] must have good reason for what they say and do. They must see some danger impending which I cannot see. I can hardly think that the advantages which we unfettered Churches enjoy can have made even me separate off the principle from its accidental concomitants more clearly than such men—it is vain

and silly to think that. But I really can't see what there is to frighten people at this particular juncture. In a very few years all this will have worked out some useful result. But don't let people be impatient, so as to anticipate the time for action. Is not Convocation gaining power yearly? If the Lower House were to become a real representative of the clergy, it would have even greater weight than it now possesses. And gradually the Church will speak more and more clearly. At present mischief is done by forcing on questions prematurely. The study of the Bible, questions of interpretation, &c., are confessedly in an unsettled state. However much we may lament this, yet it is so, and consequently this is not the time for pressing people to sign declarations about it. People don't know exactly what they or others mean by the terms used. I, *e.g.*, believe the Bible to be the Word of God. I can use these words with an easy conscience. But if I am expected to mean by the use of such words all that some mean by them, and to fence about my use of such words by long explanations of what I do and what I do not mean by them, I had rather not sign at all. And then dear Mr. Keble thinks, I am afraid, that my hesitation in signing the Oxford Declaration is faithlessness to one's trust.

This same letter is also full of his views on Dr. Pusey's letter on the Judgment; but as these are more carefully detailed in the ensuing, it is given in preference:—

St. Stephen's Day, 1864.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—It is very kind of you to write to me. I assure you that your letters are much valued by us all. The Primate and Sir William Martin, to say nothing of other friends, are only too

glad to hear what I tell them of your opinion as to the state of feeling in England on Church questions, and as to the increase of religious life in the country generally.

I suppose that we in the Colonies can take a calmer view of what is now agitating the Church at home, than I see some of the men whom most I venerate are able to do. I must say it, with all sorrow and a very deep consciousness of my being very probably in the wrong, that I do greatly regret that Dr. Pusey should have thought it necessary to write that Preface to R. Palmer and Sir H. Cairns's opinion. It is so very—I don't like to say the word that was in my thoughts. I can't bear to think it of one whom from my heart I do honour and venerate. But I could not read it all. I wish I had never seen it at all. I fully believe that he must have been quite satisfied that he ought so to write. I know full well that it is not for such as I am to venture to criticise him. But to us the tone which, in one or two of the October numbers, the 'Guardian' takes in its articles is more satisfactory. We are hardly in a position (are we?) to find such great faults with this tribunal, we who have been till quite of late years acquiescing silently in it? I like the line Bishop Ellicott takes: It is not the highest tribunal of the Church, but one Bethell that has decided, and decided what?—not a point of doctrine, not an interpretation of Scripture (the Lower Court most distinctly disclaimed any intention of doing so), but that nothing brought in evidence before the Court so distinctly brings Mr. Wilson or Williams under the condemnation of the Court as to justify it in ejecting them from a freehold property of which the Court recognises their occupation, not *quâ* clerks, but *quâ* citizens. It is surely

not necessary to the maintenance of truth of doctrine, that the power to enforce penalties for infringing that truth of doctrine should be at every moment actively exercised.

I confess it seems that the re-statement by Convocation, by Diocesan Synods, by the Church in any legitimate way, of the truth—not by way of censuring a particular book or a particular man—is the real point to urge. Whether such re-statement of the truth result or not in the condemnation and expulsion of a particular heretical clergyman, seems but a small matter. It is a pity that the Archbishops and Bishop of London, by attending the Judicial Committee, should give it the appearance of being an Ecclesiastical Court to decide and lay down the Church's law on questions of doctrine. I wish they would resign all connection with the Judicial Committee. It may be a very good institution, for all that I know, to ensure the legal status of every citizen, lay or clerical, being properly maintained. Only don't let people suppose that it is a Court to dictate to the Church what Christian ministers are to teach, or what Christian people are to believe. It says simply, 'We don't find that we can legally deprive A. B. of his position as a beneficed clerk, by reason of anything said or written by him which has come before the Court.'

The difficulty doesn't arise at all in the case of unbeneficed clerks. It is clear that it is the duty of the law officers to protect every citizen in the lawful enjoyment of his property. This Court holds that A. B. may lawfully enjoy the particular property—in his case Church preferment—which he holds. I think the 'Guardian' right in saying, 'The Church has the remedy in its own hands.' Let Bishops refuse insti-

tution, not according to private notions of their own, but upon some arrangement concluded among them all; let the Church speak out in Synods and in Convocation, temperately and firmly. The State can't resist that kind of pressure, excited contemporaneously with the increase of earnestness, spiritual life, &c., in the Church at large.

And yet, while I write this, I feel that I am foolishly missing the real points which cause all this exceeding agitation at home. I remember how clearly my dear Father saw his way on all the points raised some years ago about the Supremacy, the Gorham case, &c. Judge Coleridge writes to me by this mail, seeing his way clearly enough now; but not able to satisfy the 'clerical mind' of Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey. I wish I could induce the Primate to write to Mr. Keble. He is not disturbed by all this, and a few words from him, I tell him, would have great weight. But he is so humble, that he doesn't believe it. I suppose the real dread is, that the Church has no security against the introduction and propagation of heretical opinions; that the highest ecclesiastical tribunal sanctions the maintenance of such opinions. But is this so? Two specified men are on a specified occasion, not condemned for any opinions brought before the cognisance of a Court which notoriously is not accepted as a competent Court to deal at all with questions of doctrine; which does not profess to deal with doctrine in the abstract, and disclaims all knowledge and study of theology. It simply states what is the legal construction of particular passages in a particular document on a particular occasion. And if the Chancellor of the day happens to be a very unworthy representative of that high official, he may, as Bethell did, add some

gratuitous, extra-judicial remarks, which of course do a great deal of harm, and mislead and pain many persons who don't understand the real scope and authority of the decision.

Surely dear Mr. Keble's motto to the 'Christian Year' is the best advice that can be given. All this uneasiness is almost an indication of some doubt as to the real strength of our position. Let men indeed protest, if they please, quietly, respectfully; keeping well within the limits of prudence and due obedience to constituted authority. Let us take especial care, being in the right, not to put ourselves (even on a minor point) in the wrong.

I hope you do not think that I should thus write to you, unless I supposed that I was (very feebly) reproducing some of the thoughts that the Bishop of New Zealand holds on these matters. I know that I may have misrepresented him somewhat; but in the main this is something at all events of the results of one or two long talks with him. I write in a great hurry and very carelessly, as I fear. I may at some future time get the Primate to put his thoughts upon paper; but he is very busy at all times. Many thanks again for your letters. Pray remember me most kindly to my old friend, G. Ridding.

I remain, my dear Dr. Moberly,

Very truly yours,

J. C. PATTESON, Bishop.

I hope I have already thanked you for your very acceptable present of your books. I am very glad indeed to have them; and they don't lie idle on the shelves of my little cabin.

Thus it is evident that Bishop Patteson's heart was wholly in the cause of the truth. The only difference in his mind from those about whom he was writing, was

as to the *manner* of its maintenance, and the immediate danger of error going uncondemned—a point on which his remote life perhaps hardly enabled him to judge.

All these long letters and more, which were either in the same tone, or too domestic to be published, prove the leisure caused by having an unusually small collection of pupils, and happily all in fair health; but with Christmas came a new idea, or rather an old one renewed. Instead of only going to Norfolk Island, on sufferance from the Pitcairn Committee, and by commission from the Bishop of Tasmania, a regular request was made, by Sir John Young, the Governor of Australia, that the Pitcairners might be taken under his supervision, so that, as far as Government was concerned, the opposition was withdrawn which had hindered his original establishment there, though still Curtis Island remained in the ascendancy in the schemes of this summer. The ensuing is a reply to Sir John Coleridge's letter, written after hearing of the attack at Santa Cruz :—

Kohimarama: March 3, 1865.

My dearest Uncle,—Many many thanks for your letter, so full of comfort and advice. I need not tell you that the last budget of letters revived again most vividly not only the actual scene at Santa Cruz, but all the searchings of heart that followed it. I believe that we are all agreed on the main point. Enough ground has been opened for the present. Codrington was right in saying that the object of late has been to fill up gaps. But some of the most hazardous places to visit lie nearest to the south, *e.g.* some of the New Hebrides, &c., south of the Banks Islands. My notion is, that I ought to be content even to pass by (alas!) some places where I had

some hold when I had reason to feel great distrust of the generally kind intentions of the people (that is a dark sentence, but you know my meaning). In short, there are very few places where I can feel, humanly speaking, secure against this kind of thing. It is always in the power of even one mischievous fellow to do mischief. And if the feeling of the majority might be in my favour, yet there being no way of expressing public opinion, no one cares to take an active part in preventing mischief. It is not worth his while to get into a squabble and risk his own life.

But I shall be (D.V.) very cautious. I dare say I was becoming presumptuous : one among the many faults that are so discernible. It is, dear Uncle, hard to see a wild heathen party on the beach, and not try to get at them. It seems so sad to leave them. But I know that I ought to be prudent, even for my own sake (for I quite suppose that, humanly speaking, my life is of consequence for a few years more), and I can hardly bear the thought of bringing the boat's crew, dear good volunteers, into danger. Young Atkin, the only son of my neighbour, behaved admirably at Santa Cruz, and is very staunch. But his parents have but him and one daughter, and I am bound to be careful indeed. But don't think me careless, if we get into another scrape. There is scarcely one island where I can fully depend upon immunity from all risk. There was no need to talk so much about it all before.

As to Curtis Island, I need not say that I have no wish indeed to take Australian work in hand. I made it most clear, as I thought, that the object of a site on Curtis Island was the Melanesian and not the Australian Mission. I offered only to incorporate Aus-

tralian blacks, *if proper specimens could be obtained*, into our school, regarding in fact East Australia as another Melanesian island. This would only have involved the learning a language or two, and might have been of some use. I did not make any pledge. But I confess that I think some such plan as this the only feasible one. I don't see that the attempts at mission work are made on the most hopeful plan. But I have written to the Brisbane authorities, urging them to appropriate large reserves for the natives. I tell them that it is useless for them to give me a few acres and think they are doing a mission work, if they civilize the native races off their own lands. In short, I almost despair of doing anything for blacks living on the same land with whites. Even here in New Zealand, the distrust now shown *to us all*, to our religion even, is the result in very great measure of the insolent, covetous behaviour exhibited by the great majority of the white people to the Maori. Who stops in Australia to think whether the land which he wants for his sheep is the hunting ground of native people or not?

I confess that while I can't bear to despair and leave these poor souls uncared for, I can't propose any scheme but one, and who will work that? If, indeed, one or two men could be found to go and live with a tribe, moving as they move and really identifying himself with their interests! But where are such men, and where is a tribe not already exasperated by injurious treatment?

It was the statement for our mode of action which commended itself so much to people in Australia, that they urged me to try and do something. But I answered as I have now written; and when at one meeting in Sydney I was asked whether I would

take Australians into my school, I said, 'Yes, if I can get the genuine wild man, uncontaminated by contact with the white man.' I can't, in justice to our Melanesian scholars, take the poor wretched black whose intercourse with white men has rendered him a far more hopeless subject to deal with than the downright ferocious yet not ungenerous savage. 'If,' was the answer, 'you can get them, I will pay for them.'

Indeed, dear Uncle, I don't want more but less work on my hand: yet as I look around, I see (as far as I can judge) so great a want of that prudence and knowledge and calm foresight that the Primate has shown so remarkably, that I declare I do think his plan is almost the only reasonable one for dealing with black races. Alas! you can't put hearty love for strangers into men's hearts by paying them salaries.

I think that in two or three years I may, if I live, have some preparatory branch school at Curtis Island. If it should clearly succeed, then I think in time the migration from New Zealand might take place. I do not think two schools in two different countries would answer. We want the old scholars to help us in working the school: we can't do without them, and the old scholars can't be trained without the younger ones, the material on whom their teaching and training faculties must be exercised.

You all know how deeply I feel about dear Mr. Keble!

Thank God, we have as yet no dysentery. I baptized last week a lad dying of consumption. There are many blessings, as all clergymen know, in having death scenes so constantly about one; and

the having to do everything for these dear fellows makes one love them so. . . . .

Your affectionate and dutiful Nephew,

J. C. P.

The above sentence refers to the paralytic attack Mr. Keble had on November 30, 1864. Nevertheless, almost at that very time, he was writing thus :—

Penzance : March 7, 1865.

My dear and more than dear Bishop,—It would be vain for me to write to you, if I pretended to do more than just express my heart's wish that I could say something of the doings and sufferings which now for years past we of course associate with your name, so as to encourage and support you in your present manifold distress. But (especially for reasons known only to myself) I must leave that altogether to Him who helps His own to do and suffer. One thing only I would say, that to us at our *great* distance it looks as if the *sanguis martyrum* were being to you as the *semen Ecclesiæ*, and you know how such things were hailed in the time of St. Cyprian. May it please God before long to give you some visible earnest of this sure blessing! but I suppose that if it tarry, it may be the greater when it comes. Our troubles as a Church, though of a different kind, are not small. The great point with me is, lest, if in our anxiety to keep things together, we should be sinfully conniving at what is done against the faith, and so bringing a judgment upon ourselves. I do not for a moment think that by anything which has yet been done or permitted our *being* as a Church is compromised, (though things look alarmingly as if it might be before long) but I fear that her *well-being* is more and more being damaged by our entire and

conscious surrender of the *disciplinary* part of our trust, and that if we are apathetic in such things we may forfeit our charter. There is no doubt, I fear, that personal unbelief is spreading; but I trust that a deeper faith is spreading also: it is (at Oxford, *e.g.*) Pusey and Moberly, &c., against the Rationalists and other tempters. As to the question of the Bible *being* (not only containing) the Word, I had no scruples in signing that Declaration. One thought which helped me was, the use made in the New Testament of the Old, which is such as to show that we are not competent judges as to what passages convey deep moral or religious meanings or no. Another, that in every instance where one had the means of ascertaining, so far as I have known, the Bible difficulty has come right: therefore, it is reasonable to conclude that so it would be in all the rest, if we knew the right reading and the right interpretation of the words. And as to what are called the Divine and Human Elements, I have seemed to help myself with the thought that the Divine adoption (if so be) of the human words warrants their truthfulness, as a man's signature makes a letter his own; but whether this is relevant, I doubt. My wife and I are both on the sick list, and I must now only add that we never forget you.

Ever yours,

J. K.

Nothing has hitherto been said of this term at St. Andrew's: so here is an extract from a letter to one of the cousinhood, who had proposed a plan which has since been carried out extensively and with good effect:—

The difficulty about scholars appropriated to certain places or parishes is this: I cannot be sure of the

same persons remaining with me. Some sickness in an island, some panic, some death of a relative, some war, or some inability on my part from bad weather or accident to visit an island, may at any time lose me a scholar. Perhaps he may be the very one that has been appropriated to someone, and what am I to say then?

This year we have but thirty-eight Melanesians, we ought to have sixty. But after dear Edwin and Fisher's wounds, I could not delay, but hurried southwards, passing by islands with old scholars ready to come away. This was sad work, but what could I do?

I will gladly assign, to the best of my power, scholars whom I think likely to remain with me to various places or persons; but pray make them understand that *their* scholar may not always be forthcoming. Anyhow, their alms would go to the support of *some* Melanesian, who would be their scholar as it were for the time being.

You would perhaps feel interested in knowing that the Gospel of St. Luke has been printed in the Mota language, to a great extent by our scholars, and that George Sarawia is printing now the Acts, composing it, and doing press-work and all. Young Wogale (about thirteen) prints very fairly, and sent off 250 copies of a prayer, which the Bishop of Nelson wanted for distribution, of which everything was done by him entirely. They both began to learn about last November.

When morning school is over at 10 A.M., all hands, 'dons' and all, are expected to give their time to the Mission till 12.45. Mr. Pritt is general overlooker (which does not mean doing nothing himself) of domestic work, kitchen, garden, farm,

dairy, &c. You know that we have no servants. Mr. Palmer prints and teaches printing. Atkin works at whatever may be going on, and has a large share of work to get ready for me, and to read with me: Greek Testament, 12 to 12.45, Greek and Latin, from 2 to 3. So all the lads are busy at out-door work from 10 to 12.45; and I assure you, under Mr. Pritt's management, we begin to achieve considerable results in our farm and garden work. We are already economising our expenditure greatly by keeping our own cows, for which we grow food (a good deal artificial), and baking our own bread. We sell some of our butter, and have a grand supply of milk for our scholars, perhaps the very best kind of food for them.

If we can manage to carry on a winter school here with some ten or twelve of the lads left under Mr. Pritt's charge, while I go off with the rest, I really think that the industrial department may become something considerable. It is an essential part of the system, for we must begin with teaching habits of order, punctuality, &c., in respect of those things with which they have already some acquaintance. No Melanesian can understand why he is to sit spelling away at a black board; and he is not like a child of four or five years old, he must be taught through his power of reasoning and perceiving the meaning of things. Secondly, We can gradually invest the more advanced scholars with responsible duties. There are the head cooks in the various weeks, the heads of departments in garden work, &c. &c. As these lads and men are being trained (we hope) to teach others, and as we want them to teach industry, decency, cleanliness, punctuality, to be, and to teach others to be honest, and careful, and

thoughtful, so we find all these lessons are learnt more in the industrial work than in the mere book work, though that is not neglected. Indeed school, in the restricted sense of the word, is going on for four or four and a half hours a day.

The main difficulty remains, of retaining our hold upon boys. Oh! that I could live permanently in twenty islands at once! But I can't do so even in one; and all the letter writing and accounts, and, worst of all, the necessity for being trustee for matters not a bit connected with Melanesia, because there is no one else, interferes sadly with my time. I think I could work away with the languages, &c., and really do something with these fellows, but I never get a chance. I never have two days together which I can spend exclusively at Melanesian work. And I ought to have nothing whatever to distract me. Twenty languages calling for arrangement and comparison causes confusion enough!

These interruptions made the Kohimarama life trying. 'As for correspondence,' says the birthday despatch to Fanny, 'why this mail my letters to Victoria alone are twelve, let alone Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Tasmania, New Zealand, and England. Then three sermons a week, occasional services, reading up for a most difficult session of General Synod, with really innumerable interruptions from persons of all kinds. Sometimes I do feel tempted to long for Curtis Island merely to get away from New Zealand! I feel as if I should never do anything here. Everything is in arrears. I turn out of a morning and really don't know what to take up first. Then, just as I am in the middle of a letter (as yesterday) down comes some donkey to take up a quarter of an hour (lucky if not an hour)

with idle nonsense; then in the afternoon an invasion of visitors, which is worst of all. That fatal invention of "calling"! However, I never call on anyone, and it is understood now, and people don't expect it. I have not even been to Government House for more than a year!

'There, a good explosion does one good! But why must idle people interfere with busy men? I used to make it up by sitting up and getting up very early indeed; but somehow I feel fit for nothing but sleeping and eating now.'

There was only one other death this summer, that of the consumptive boy, who was baptized *in extremis*.

After an absence of three weeks at the General Synod at Christchurch, the Bishop took up such of his party as were to return, and sailed home, leaving those whom he thought able to brave the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Pritt, on one of the first days of June. The first visit was one to the bereaved family at Norfolk Island, whence a brief note to his brother on the 9th begins:—

Nothing can be more comforting to me than the loving patient spirit of these dear people. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Nobbs and all the brothers and sisters so good and so full of kindness to me. It was very trying when I first met them yesterday. They came and kissed me, and then, poor things, fairly gave way, and then I began to talk quietly about Edwin and Fisher, and they became calm, and we knelt and prayed together. . . . The Commodore (Sir William Wiseman) in the offing, on the way, I conclude, from Sydney to the Eastern Islands, I can arrange with him about our proposed meeting; but I rather wish he had not come just now, as I have fourteen candidates for Confirmation, and they may be rather dis-

turbed by the great event of the Commodore's visit. On Sunday we shall have, I hope, very happy services—Holy Communion, Trinity Sunday, St. Barnabas Day, Confirmation, all together.

Nengonè was visited again, and Wadrokala with his wife and child gladly joined the Mission party after their long stay, and then the 'Southern Cross' worked up her way to Mota, making a visit to Star Island, to land Wopere, whose twin brother had remained in New Zealand. When this was explained to his father, he said, 'All right; that is your son, this is mine.'

'No,' said the Bishop; 'when I come again I shall want you to give me this one too.'

'Here is another; is he too small?' replied the father.

The boy who had died was from hence; but the people did not seem at all staggered, saying he had before been very ill, and would equally have died at home; and they volunteered a present of cocoa-nuts as the boat put off.

After landing the Bishop at Mota, the others crossed to Port Patteson, where they found Fisher Young's grave carefully tended, kept clear of weeds, and with a fence round it. After establishing Mr. Palmer at the station at Mota, the Bishop re-embarked for Santa Maria, where, at the north-east—Cock Sparrow Point, as some one had appropriately called it—the boat was always shot at; but at a village called Lakona, the people were friendly, and five scholars had come from thence, so the Bishop ventured on landing for the night, and a very unpleasant night it was—the barrack hut was thronged with natives, and when the heat was insufferable and he tried to leave it, two of his former scholars advised him strongly to remain within.

It was bad weather too, and there was some difficulty in fetching him off, and he was thankful that the wet had hindered more than 300 or 400 natives from collecting; there was no possibility of speaking to them quietly, for the sight of the boat suggested trading, and they flocked round as he was fetched off, half a dozen swimming out and begging to go to New Zealand. He took three old scholars and one new one, and sent the others off with fish-hooks, telling them that if they would not behave at Lakona as he liked, he would not do as they liked. However, no arrows were shot.

Then while the 'Southern Cross' with Mr. Tilly and Mr. Atkin, went on to land the Solomon scholars, the work at Mota was resumed in full force. It seems well worth while to dwell on the successive steps in the conversion of this place, and the following letter shows the state of things in the season of 1865.

Mota: July 4, 1865.

My dearest Sisters and Brother,—I must write a joint letter for all, with little notes if I have anything more special for anyone of you. I wish you could see this place. The old hut is queer enough certainly, quite open on one side, and nearly so on another, but it is weather-tight in the middle, and forms to sit on and a table or two like a kitchen table, on which I read and write by day, and sleep by night. Last night we killed five lizards; they get on the roof and drop down and bite pretty severely, so seeing these running all about, we made a raid upon them, poor things. The great banyan tree is as grand as ever, a magnificent tree, a forest in itself, and the view of the sea under its great branches, and of the islands of Matlavo and Valua, is beautiful.

At daylight I turn off my table and dress, *not*

elaborately—a flannel shirt, old trousers and shoes ; then a yam or two is roasted on the embers, and the coffee made, and (fancy the luxury here in Mota !) delicious goat's milk with it. Then the morning passes in reading, writing, and somewhat desultory talking with people, but you can't expect punctuality and great attention. Then at one, a bit of biscuit and cheese (as long as the latter lasts). Mr. Palmer made some bread yesterday. Then generally a walk to meet people at different villages, and talk to them, trying to get them to ask me questions, and I try to question them. Then at 6 P.M., a tea-ation, viz., yam and coffee, and perhaps a crab or two, or a bit of bacon, or some good thing or other. But I forgot! this morning, we ate a bit of our first full-grown and fully ripe Mota pine-apple (I brought some two years ago) as large and fine as any specimens I remember in hot-houses. If you mention all these luxuries, we shall have no more subscriptions, but you may add that there is as yet no other pine-apple, though our oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, &c., are coming on. Anyone living here permanently might make a beautiful place indeed, but it becomes sadly overgrown in our absence, and many things we plant are destroyed by pigs, &c.

Then after tea—a large party always witnessing that ceremony—there is an hour or so spent in speaking again to the people, and then I read a little with Wadrokala and Carry. Then Mr. Palmer and I read a chapter of Vaughan on the Revelation, then prayers, and so to bed. It seems as if little was done—certain talks with people, sometimes many, sometimes few; yet, on the whole, I hope an increased acquaintance with our teaching. You can well understand that the consciousness of sin and the

need of a Redeemer may be talked about, but cannot be stated so as to make one feel that one has stated it in the most judicious and attractive manner. Of course it is *the* work of God's Spirit to work this conviction in the heart. But it is very hard so to speak of it as to give (if you can understand me) the heathen man a fair chance of accepting what you say. Forgetfulness of God; ingratitude to the Giver of life, health, food; ignorance of the Creator and the world to come, of the Resurrection and Life Everlasting, are all so many proofs to us of a fallen and depraved state. But the heathen man recognises some outward acts as more or less wrong; there he stops. 'Yes, we don't fight now, nor quarrel, nor steal so much as we used to do. We are all right now.'

'Are you? I never taught you to think so. You tell me that you believe that the Son of God came down from heaven. What did He come for? What is the meaning of what you say that He died for us?'

It is the continual prayer and effort of the Christian minister everywhere, that God would deepen in his own heart the sense of sin, and create it in the mind of the heathen. And then the imperfect medium of a language very far from thoroughly known! It is by continual prayer, the intercession of Christ, the power of the Spirit (we well know) that the work must be carried on. How one does understand it! The darkness seems so thick, the present visible world so wholly engross the thoughts, and yet, you see, there are many signs of progress even here, in changed habits to some extent, in the case of our scholars, real grounds of hope for the future. One seems to be doing nothing, yet surely if no change be wrought, what right have we to expect it. It is not

that I look for results, but that I seek to be taught how to teach better. The Collect for the First Sunday after Epiphany is wonderful.

It requires a considerable effort to continually try to present to oneself the state of the heathen mind, to select illustrations, &c., suitable to his case. And then his language has never been used by him to set forth these new ideas; there are no words which convey the ideas of repentance, sin, heartfelt confession, faith, &c. How can there be, when these ideas don't exist? Yet somehow the language by degrees is made the exponent of such ideas, just as all religious ideas are expressed in English by words now used in their second intention, which once meant very different and less elevated ideas.

I find everywhere the greatest willingness to listen. Everywhere I take my pick of boys, and now for any length of time. That is the result of eleven scholars remaining now in New Zealand. Everyone seems to wish to come. I think I shall take away five or six young girls to be taught at Kohimarama, to become by and by wives for scholars. Else the Christian lad will have to live with a heathen girl. But all this, if carried out properly, would need a large number of scholars from only one island. At Curtis Island, indeed (should it answer and supply plenty of food), we might hope to have a school some day of 300 or 400, and then thirty or forty from each island could be educated at once; but it can't be so in New Zealand. And a good school on an island before a certain number are trained to teach could not, I think, be managed successfully. I feel that I must concentrate more than hitherto. I must ascertain—I have to some extent ascertained—the central spots upon which I must chiefly work. This is not an

easy thing, nevertheless, to find out, and it has taken years. Then using them as centres, I must also find out how far already the dialect of that spot may extend, how far the people of the place have connections, visiting acquaintances, &c. elsewhere, and so use the influence of that place to its fullest extent. Many islands would thus fall under one centre, and thus I think we may work. My mind is so continually, day and night, I may say, working on these points, that I dare say I fill up my letters with nothing else. But writing on these points helps me to see my way.

On July 7, an expedition to Aroa seems to have overtired Bishop Patteson, and a slight attack of fever and ague came on. One of his aunts had provided him with a cork bed, where, after he had exerted himself to talk to his many visitors, he lay 'not uncomfortably.' He was not equal to going to a feast where he hoped to have met a large concourse, and after a day of illness, was taken back to Mota in the bottom of the boat; but in another week more revived, and went on with his journal, moralising on the books he had been reading while laid up.

I looked quite through Bishop Mackenzie's life. What a beautiful story it is! what a truthful, simple, earnest character, and that persuasiveness that only real humility and self-forgetfulness and thoughtfulness can give. Then his early desire to be useful, his Cambridge life, the clear way in which he was being led on all through. It is very beautiful as an illustration of the best kind of help that God bestows on His children. Here was one so evidently moulded and fashioned by Him, and that willingly, for so it must be, and his life was just as it should be, almost

as perfect perhaps as a life can be. What if his work failed on the Shirè? First, his work has not failed to begin with, for aught we know; and secondly his example is stimulating work everywhere. I shall indeed value his Thomas à Kempis.

I read, by the by, on Wednesday for the second time Cazenove's essay on Universalism,[1] a reprint with additions from the 'Christian Remembrancer.' I dare say you have read it. It is well worth reading; not metaphysical enough of course to satisfy his opponents, but very useful at such a time as this. It is of course the utterly inadequate, the false conception of sin, that underlies these errors; and when one looks into one's heart and sees how difficult it is to conceive rightly of sin, such sad departures from the truth ought to make one humble.

On the 19th this passage concludes a letter to his brother:—

Our reading necessarily lies in such different directions that I don't suppose we have many books in common to write of to each other. I read very little indeed except books on theology, and critical books on the Bible and on languages. Of course I am following with more and more interest the theological questions of the day. I quite see that much good may (D.V.) result from the spirit of enquiry. It is recklessly and irreverently conducted by many. But no one can deny that great misconceptions prevail as to the Bible —the object, I mean, with which it was given, the true use of much of it, the necessity of considering the circumstances (political, social, &c.,) of the people to

[1] A copy sent home from the Zambesi stained with the water of the Shirè, and sent to the Bishop by Miss Mackenzie.

whom at different periods of their national life portions of it were given.

The proportion and analogy of the Divine revelation are often overlooked. A passage applicable to the old state of rude Jewish society is transferred *totidem verbis, and in the same application*, to the needs of Christian men; whereas the principle is, indeed, the same, because God is ever the same, and the spiritual needs of man, and the constitution of man's nature the same, but the application of the principle must needs vary.

It requires constant prayer and guidance from above to bring out of one's treasure things new and old. And it is most difficult, because men rashly solve the difficulty by introducing the notion of a 'verifying faculty' in each man, by which he is supposed to be competent to discriminate between what is of universal and what is of partial value in the Bible.

All these questions have naturally an exceeding interest for me, and I read with eagerness all such books as I can get hold of which bear on such matters.

The movement is not one which ought to be, if it could be, suppressed. There is an element of good in it; and on this the true Churchman ought to fasten, thankfully recognizing and welcoming it, and drawing the true inference. We can't suppose that men in the 19th century will view the questions as they did in the 16th or 17th. No one century exactly resembles another. We must not seek simply to reproduce what to any of us may appear to be a golden age of theological literature and thought. Men must be dealt with as they are. The great historical facts, the great leading principles, are

always the same. It is in the application of them to man's really present existing wants that the whole difficulty consists. You will not suspect me of sympathising unduly with the so-called modern school; and I am not ignorant of the various modern philosophies and the tendency of such books as those of John Stuart Mill. All that I mean is, that if a man sees that you take no pains to understand him, nor give him any credit for being in earnest, you cannot expect to have any influence over him.

The ship returned with tidings that the more important scholars would be ready to come back after a short holiday with their friends, and the Bishop embarked again on the 29th. At Mai he landed, and slept ashore, when little Peterè, the son of the young man whose death had so nearly been revenged on the Bishop, a boy of eight years old, did the honours as became a young chief, and announced, 'I am going to New Zealand with you.' No one made any attempt to prevent him; but the old scholars did not show themselves helpful, and only one of them, besides three more new ones, came away. The natives were personally friendly, but there was no sign of fighting being lessened among them.

At Whitsuntide there was a brisk trade in yams, but no scholars were brought away; the parents would not part with any young enough to be likely to be satisfactory pupils, nor would the one last year's scholar come. Here intelligence was received that a two-masted ship had been at Leper's Island, a quarrel had taken place and some natives had been shot. It was therefore decided that it would not be safe to land, but as the vessel sailed along the coast, numerous canoes came

out, bringing boars' tusks for sale. Three boys who had been taken on a cruise of six weeks the year before, eagerly came on board, and thirty or forty more. All the parents were averse to letting them go, and only two ended by being brought away: Itolé, a young gentleman of fourteen or so, slim and slight, with a waist like a wasp, owing to a cincture worn night and day, and his hair in ringlets, white with coral-lime; his friend a little older, a tall, neat-limbed fellow, not dark and with little of the negro in his features.

A letter to me was written during this cruise from which I give an extract:—

It was a great delight to me to receive a letter from Mr. Keble, by the February mail from England. How kind of him to write to me; and his words are such a help and encouragement.

I dare say I shall see Merivale's Lectures soon. Nothing can well be so wonderful, as a proof of God's hand controlling and arranging all the course of history to those who need it, as a subject for adoration and praise, to those who need not such proof, than the vast preparation made for the coming of Christ and the spreading of the Gospel. To popularise this is the right way, and bring it home to the thought of many who have not time nor inclination for much reading must be a good work. I suppose that all good Church histories deal with that part of the subject; it is natural for the mere philosopher to do so.

And think how the early Alexandrian teachers used the religious yearnings of the East to draw men to the recognition of their wants, supplied and satisfied only in Christianity. Often it is the *point-d'appui* that the Missionary must seek for. There is

an element of faith in superstition; we must fasten on that, and not rudely destroy the superstition, lest with it we destroy the principle of faith in things and beings unseen. I often think, that to shake a man's faith in his old belief, however wrong it may be, before one can substitute something true and right, is, to say the least, a dangerous experiment. But positive truth wins its way without controversy, while error has no positive existence, and there is a craving for truth deep down in the heathen heart.

Do you remember that grand passage of Hooker, where he says that he cannot stand to oppose all the sophisms of Romanism, only that he will place against it a structure of truth, before which, as Dagon before the Ark, error will be dashed in fragments?

In our work (and so I suppose in a Sunday school) one must think out each step, anticipate each probable result, before one states anything. It is of course full of the highest interest. Can't you fancy a party of twenty or thirty dark naked fellows, when (having learnt to talk freely to them) I question them about their breakfast and cocoa-nut trees, their yams and taro and bananas, &c., 'Who gave them to you? Can you make them grow? Why, you like me and thank me because I give you a few hatchets, and you have never thought of thanking *Him* all these long years.'

'It is true, but we didn't think.'

'But will you think if I tell you about Him?'

'He gave them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons.'

How it takes one back to the old thoughts, the true philosophy of religion. Sometimes I lie awake and think 'if Jowett and others could see these things!'

And yet, if it is not presumptuous in me to say so, I do think that this work needs men who can think out *principle* and supply any thoughtful scholar or enquirer with some good reason for urging this or that change in the manners and observances of the people. Often as I think of it, I feel how greatly the Church needs schools for missionaries, to be prepared not only in Greek and Latin and manual work, but in the mode of regarding heathenism. It is not a moment's work to habitually ask oneself, 'Why feel indignant? How can he or she know better?' It is not always easy to be patient and to remember the position which the heathen man occupies and the point of view from which he must needs regard everything brought before him.

Thank you for Maclear's book.[1] It is a clear statement of the leading facts that one wishes to know, a valuable addition to our library. You know, no doubt, a book which I like much, Neander's 'Light in Dark Places.'

I shall remember about Miss Mackenzie's memoir of that good Mrs. Robertson. I wonder that men are not found to help Mr. Robertson. Here, as you know, the climate (as in Central Africa) is our difficulty. I think sometimes I make too much of it, but really I don't see how a man is to stand many months of it. But I can't help thinking and hoping that if that difficulty did not exist I could see my way to saying, 'Now, a missionary is wanted for these four or five or six islands, one for each, and a younger man as fellow-helper to that missionary,' and they would be forthcoming.

Yet doubtless I don't estimate fairly the difficulties and hardships as they appear to the man who has

[1] 'Missions of the Middle Ages.'

never left England, and is not used to knocking about. I should have felt the same years ago but for the thought of being with the Primate, at least I suppose so.

Well, I have written a very dull letter, but the place from which it comes will give it some interest. I really think that not Mota only, but the Banks Islands are in a hopeful state.

Next year (D.V.) Mr. Palmer will try the experiment of stopping here for eight or ten months. I almost dare to hope that a few years may make great changes. Yet it seems as if nothing were done in comparison with what remains to be done. B—— and Mary, I am thankful to say, come (all being well) to New Zealand to stay as long, as many years, as I think fit. I don't begin with enlarging upon their faults. They must be quite sure of my love to them being undiminished before they will be open and speak freely. But they say, 'We have been uneasy, and read your letter over and over again. We want to go, if you will let us.'

Besides this return, William Pasvorang, another last year's deserter, was anxious to be taken back. Sarah, Sarawia's wife, pronounced that as she was always ill at home, she would risk the New Zealand winter; two more married pairs came, and four little maidens to be bred up under Mrs. Pritt, girls from twelve to eight years old, of whom Sarah was quite able to take charge. There was the usual proportion of lads from various islands; but the most troublesome member of the community seems to have been Wadrokala's three years old daughter. 'I have daily to get Wadrokala and Carry to prevent their child from being a nuisance to everybody.' But this might have been a difficulty had she been white.

This large party had to be taken to the Solomon Isles to complete the party, sailing in company with the 'Curaçba,' the Commodore's ship, when the local knowledge and accurate surveying done by Mr. Tilly and Mr. Kerr proved very valuable, and Sir William Wiseman gave most kind and willing assistance.

Since his short interview with the Bishop off Norfolk Island, he had been cruising in the New Hebrides. There some of the frequent outrages of the traders had made the people savage and suspicious, and one of the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society living at Tanna had been threatened, driven away across the island, and his property destroyed. He had appealed for protection as a British subject, and Sir William Wiseman had no choice but to comply; so after warning had been sent to the tribe chiefly concerned to quit their village, it was shelled and burnt. No one seems to have been hurt, and it was hoped that this would teach the natives to respect their minister—whether to love his instruction was another question.

This would not have been worth mentioning had not a letter from on board the 'Curaçoa' spoken of chastising a village for attacking a Missionary. It went the round of the English papers, and some at once concluded that the Missionary could be no other than the Bishop. Articles were published with the usual disgusting allusions to the temptation presented by a plump missionary, and also observing with more justice that British subjects had no right to run into extraordinary peril and appeal to their flag for protection.

Every friend or relative of Bishop Patteson knew how preposterous the supposition was, and his brother took pains to contradict the rumour. As a matter of fact, as his letters soon proved, he was not only not in company with the 'Curaçoa' at the time, but had no

knowledge, either of the outrage or the chastisement, till Sir William Wiseman mentioned it to him when they were together at Sydney.

At Ysabel or Mahya, the party was made up to sixty, seven married couples and seven unmarried girls among them. The female population was stowed away at night in the after cabins, with 'arrangements quite satisfactory to them, as they were quite consistent with propriety, but which would somewhat startle unaccustomed folk.'

The 'Curaçoa' stood in the offing while Sta. Cruz was visited, or rather while the 'Southern Cross' approached, for the Bishop thought it better not to risk landing; but numerous canoes came off, and all the curiosities were bought which were offered in hopes of re-establishing a friendly relation. There was reason to think the people of this group more than usually attached to the soil, and very shy and distrustful, owing perhaps to the memories left by the Spaniards.

Thence the 'Southern Cross' sailed across for an inspection of Curtis Island and again with a favourable impression; but the Brisbane Parliament had just been prorogued, everyone was taking holiday, and the Bishop therefore gave up his visit to that place, and sent the vessel straight home to Auckland with her cargo of souls, while he returned to Sydney to carry on the same work as in the former year. Here one great delight and refreshment to him was a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mort at their beautiful home at Greenoaks. What a delight it must have been to find himself in a church built by his host himself! 'one of the most beautiful things I have seen, holds about 500 people; stained glass, carved stalls, stone work, &c.—perfect.' And the house, 'full of first-rate works of art, bronzes, carvings, &c.,' was pleasant to the eyes that had been so enthusiastic in Italy and Germany, and had so long fasted

from all beauty but that of Nature, in one special type. The friends there were such as to give life and spirit to all these external charms, and this was a very pleasant resting place in his life. To Sir John Coleridge he writes :—

I am having a real holiday. This place, Greenoaks, the really magnificent place of my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Mort, is lovely. The views of the harbour, with its land-locked bays, multitude of vessels, wooded heights, &c., is not to be surpassed ; and somehow I don't disrelish handsome rooms and furniture and pictures and statues and endless real works of art in really good taste.

One slips into these ways very readily. I must take care I am not spoilt. Everyone, from the governor downwards, lays himself out to make my visit pleasant. They work me hard on Sundays and week days, but it is a continual round of, I don't deny, to me, pleasurable occupation. Kindly people asked to meet me, and the conversation always turned to pleasant and useful subjects : Church government, principles of Mission work, &c. These colonies, unfortunate in many ways, are fortunate in having governors and others in high position who are good men, and the class of people among whom my time is spent might (*me judice*) hold its position among the best English society.

I am very intimate with some few families, drop in and set the young ladies down to play Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and it is a nice change, and refreshes me.

From Sydney the Bishop went to Adelaide and Melbourne, and these five weeks in Australia obtained about 800*l.* for the Mission ; the Bishop of Sydney had

hoped to raise more, but there had been two years of terrible drought and destruction of cattle, and money was not abundant. The plan of sending Australian blacks to be educated with the Melanesians was still entertained; but he had not much hope of this being useful to the tribes, though it might be to the individuals, and none of them ever were sent to him.

But what had a more important effect on the Mission was a conference between Sir William Wiseman and Sir John Young, the Governor of New South Wales, resulting in an offer from the latter of a grant of land on Norfolk Island for the Mission, for the sake of the benefit to the Pitcairners; at the same time the Commodore offered him a passage in the 'Curaçoa' back to Auckland, touching at Norfolk Island by the way. The plan was carried out, and brought him home in time for Christmas, to find all well and prosperous under Mr. Pritt at St. Andrews. His mind was nearly made up on the expedience of a change to a place which was likely to suit both English and tropical constitutions alike, and he hoped to make the experiment the ensuing winter with Mr. Palmer and a small body of scholars

CHAPTER X.

THE EPISCOPATE AT KOHIMARAMA.

1865-1866.

THE removal of his much-loved correspondent did not long withhold the outpouring of Bishop Patteson's heart to his family; but almost the first thought of his sisters, in the break-up of their old home at Feniton, was to go out to New Zealand and pay their brother a year's visit before settling themselves anywhere else.

The delight to him would have been immense, but for that very reason he weighed the discomforts that they must suffer against the compensation that his society would give them. The resolute side of his character was set against sacrificing the claims of duty to those of relationship, and he would not expose them to the trials of a long voyage only to place them in a cramped uncomfortable cottage, where he would only be able to give them fragments of his time, and they would be too far distant from the friends at Taurarua and Auckland to enjoy much of their society. Neither sister was in strong health, and the elder one was no fit subject for the hardships which she was willing to brave for his sake, and he felt too that to have them near and be able to bestow little time on them would be a great trial to himself.

He therefore dissuaded them from coming out, with such strong reasons that they acquiesced; but after his

letters were gone, he still retained a certain lurking hope that they might be disregarded; and though his judgment was convinced and never wavered, he was too transparent not to show the anticipations and yearnings that he experienced during the months that intervened before he could obtain their reply.

In the meantime his work was going on at the College, according to his own definition of education which was given about this time in a speech at St. John's: 'Education consists in teaching people to bear responsibilities, and laying the responsibilities on them as they are able to bear them.'

Meanwhile, he wrote as follows to Miss Mackenzie, on receiving the book she had promised to send him as a relic of her brother.

January 1, 1866.

My dear Miss Mackenzie,—I have this evening received your brother's Thomas à Kempis, and your letter. I valued the letter much, as a true faithful record of one whom may God grant that I may know hereafter, if, indeed, I may be enabled to follow him as he followed Christ. And as for the former, what can I say but I hope that the thought of your dear brother may help me to read that holy book in something of the spirit in which he read and meditated on it.

It seems to bring me very near to him in thought. Send me one of his autographs to paste into it. I don't like to cut out the one I have in the long letter to the Scottish Episcopal Church, which you kindly sent me.

I found, too, in one of Mr. Codrington's boxes, a small sextant for me, which, being packed with the Thomas à Kempis, I think may have been your brother's. Do you really mean this for me too? If

so, I shall value it scarcely less than the book. Indeed, I think that, divided as I am from all relations and home influences and affections, I cling all the more to such means as I may still enjoy of keeping up associations. I like to have my father's watch-chain in use, and to write on his old desk. I remember my inkstand in our drawing-room in London. So I value much these memorials of the first Missionary Bishop of the Church of England, in modern days at all events, and night by night as I read a few lines in his book, and think of him, it brings me, I hope, nearer in spirit to him and to others, who, like him, have done their duty well and now rest in Christ.

. . . . . .

We are pretty well now (Jan. 20), but one very promising lad sank last week in low fever; a good truthful lad he was, and as I baptized him at midnight shortly before he died, I felt the great blessing of being able with a very clear conscience to minister to him that holy sacrament; and so he passed away, to dwell, I trust, with his Lord.

What a revelation to that spirit in its escape from the body! But I must not write on. With many thanks once again for these highly-valued memorials of your brother,

I remain, my dear Miss Mackenzie,

Very truly yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

The sandal-wood referred to in the following letter was the brother's gift to a chutch, All Saints, Babbicombe, in which his sisters were deeply interested, and of which their little nephew laid the first stone.

St. Matthias' Day.

My dearest Sisters,—You are thinking of me to-day, I know, but you hardly know that in an hour or two I hope the Primate will ride down and baptize *nine* of our Melanesian scholars.

The last few weeks have been a happy, though of course an anxious time, and now to-day the great event of their lives is to take place. May God grant that the rest of their lives may be like this beginning!

We avoid all fuss. I don't like anyone being here but the Primate and Mrs. Selwyn, yet I think some dozen more may come, though I don't like it. I need not say that making a scene on such occasions is to my mind very objectionable. I could much prefer being quite alone. I have translated some appropriate Psalms, but the 2nd and 57th they hardly know as yet quite well; so our service will be Psalms 96, 97, 114; 1st lesson 2 Kings, v. 9—15, Magnificat; 2nd lesson Acts viii. 5–12, and the Baptismal Service. Henry Tagalana reads the first, and George Sarawia the second lesson. Then will come my quiet evening, as, I trust, a close of an eventful day. I have your English letters of December, with the news of Johnny laying the stone. I am thankful that that good work is begun. Sir John Young writes to me that I can have a gift of 100 acres at Norfolk Island, with permission to buy more. I think that, all being well, I shall certainly try it with a small party next summer, the main body of scholars being still brought to Kohimarama.

The sandal-wood is not yet gone! But, my dear Joan, the altar of sandal-wood! If it is to be solid and not veneered, why, 50*l.* would not buy it at Erromango. It sells in Sydney for about 70*l.* a

ton, and it is very heavy wood. However, I will send some of the largest planks I ever saw of the wood, and it is now well seasoned. It cost me 14*l.* merely to *work* it into a very simple lectern, so hard is the grain.

. . . . . .

What has become of the old Eton stamp of men? Have you any in England? I must not run the risk of the Mission being swamped, by well-intentioned, but untaught men. We must have *gentlemen* of white colour, or else I must rely wholly, as I always meant to do chiefly, on my black gentlemen; and many of them are thorough gentlemen in feeling and conduct, albeit they don't wear shoes.

It was a most impressive service. The dear Primate looking worn and somewhat aged, very full of feeling; the two most advanced, George and Henry, in their surplices, reading the Lessons; the nine candidates looking so reverent and grave, yet not without self-possession.

As he signed each one with the sign of the Cross, his left hand resting on the head of each, the history of the Mission rushed into my mind, the fruit of the little seed he sowed when, eight years ago, he thought it wisest not to go ashore at Mota, and now more than twenty Christians of the Banks Islands serve God with prayers night and day.

What would you have thought, if you could have been there? Our little chapel looked nice with the red hangings and sandal-wood lectern.

Then we had a quiet cup of tea, and the old and new baptized party had a quiet talk with me til 8.30, when I sent them away.

And then after an hour I was alone. That I should have been already five years a Bishop, and

how much to think of and grieve over, something too to be thankful for. Perhaps after, all, dear Edwin and Fisher stand out most clearly from all the many scenes and circumstances.

And now what is to come? This move to Norfolk Island? Or what? 'Something,' you say; 'perhaps in time showing the Governor that the Melanesians are not so very wild.' But it is another Governor; and so far from the Melanesians being wild, it is expressly on the ground that the example of the school will be beneficial that I am asked to go!

Why, not a Norfolk Islander, in respect of training lads and teaching things useful, is to be compared to George or Henry or Edwin Salalana or Fisher Pantatun. As for Benjamin Vasal, why he is a gardener and no mistake. I wish you could see our vegetables. He manages, from 9.30 to 12.30, the garden, and Mr. Pritt always giving general directions, does his work capitally. Then our printers, our dairy boys, our cooks—not that reading and writing are neglected! I think the Norfolk experiment must be tried. Sir John Young urges it, and I see that all the Melanesians greatly desire it.

Tell all who may care to know it about our St. Matthias' Day. I must give myself the pleasure of writing one line to Mr. Keble. I won't write many lest I weary him, dear good man. I like to look at his picture, and have stuck the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Keble which Charlotte Yonge sent me into the side of it. How I value his prayers and thoughts for us all!

Your loving brother,

J. C. P.

P.S.—No terms of full communion between the Home and the Colonial Church can be matter of Parliamentary legislation. It is the 'One Faith, One Lord,' that binds us together; and as for regulating the question of colonially ordained clergy ministering in English dioceses, you had better equalise your own Church law first for dealing with an Incumbent and a Curate.

Auckland: Tuesday in Holy Week.

My dear Uncle,—I have long owed you a letter, but I have not written because I have had an unusual time of distraction. Now, all my things being on board the 'Southern Cross,' I am detained by a foul wind. We can do nothing till it changes; and I am not sorry to have a few quiet hours, though the thought of a more than usually serious separation from the dear Primate and Mrs. Selwyn, Sir William and Lady Martin, hangs over my head rather gloomily. Still I am convinced, as far as I can be of such matters, that this move to Norfolk Island is good for the Mission on the whole. It has its drawbacks, as all plans have, but the balance is decidedly in favour of Norfolk Island as against New Zealand. I have given reasons at length for this opinion in letters to Joan and Fan, and also, I think, to Charlotte Yonge, who certainly deserves to know all my thoughts about it.

But I may shortly state some of them, in case you may not have heard them, because I should like this step to approve itself to your mind:

1. Norfolk Island is 600 miles nearer to Melanesian islands than Auckland, and not only nearer in actual distance, but the 600 miles from Norfolk Island to Auckland are the cold and boisterous miles that must

be passed at the extremities of the voyages with no intervening lands to call at and obtain a change for our large party on board.

2. The difficulty usually is to get westward when sailing from New Zealand, by the North Cape of New Zealand, because the prevalent winds are from the west. So that usually the passage to Norfolk Island is a long one.

3. New Zealand is much to the east of Norfolk Island, and to go from the Loyalty, New Hebrides, Banks, and Santa Cruz groups to New Zealand, it is necessary to make a long stretch out to the N.E. (the trades blowing from about S.E. by E.), standing down to S. on the other tack. But Norfolk Island is almost due S. of those groups.

4. I cannot come back from the islands during my winter voyage to New Zealand, it is too distant; the coast is dangerous in the winter season and the cold too great for a party of scholars first coming from the tropics. But I can go backwards and forwards through the islands and Norfolk Island during the five winter months. It is not wise to sail about in the summer, hurricanes being prevalent then.

5. As I can only make one return from the islands to New Zealand in the year, I can only have a school consisting of (say) sixty Melanesians brought in the very crowded vessel + (say) thirty left in New Zealand for the winter; and I dare not attempt to leave many, for so much care is needed in the cold season.

But in Norfolk Island I can have a school of any number, because I can make separate voyages thither from the Banks and Solomon Islands, &c., each time bringing a party of sixty, if I think fit,

6. The productions of Norfolk Island include the yam, taro (*Caladium esculentum*), sweet potato, sugar-cane, banana, almond, orange, pine-apple, coffee, maize. Only cocoa-nut and bread-fruit are wanting, that natives of Melanesia care much about.

7. There is no necessity for so violent a contrast as there must be in New Zealand between the life with us and in their homes in respect of dress, food, and houses.

Light clothing and an improved style of native house and more cleanly way of eating their food—not of cooking it, for they are cleanly already in that—may be adopted, and more easily perpetuated in their own homes than the heavy clothing necessary here, and the different style of houses and more English food.

This is very important, because with any abrupt change of the outer man, there is sometimes a more, very more natural abandonment of the inner thoughts and disposition and character. Just as men so often lose self-respect when they take to the bush life; or children who pray by their own little bedside alone, leave off praying in 'long chamber,' the outward circumstances being altered.

I have for years thought that we seek in our Missions a great deal too much to make *English* Christians of our converts. We consciously and unanimously assume English Christianity (as something distinct I mean from the doctrines of the Church of England), to be necessary; much as so many people assume the relation of Church and State in England to be the typical and normal condition of the Church, which should be everywhere reproduced. Evidently the heathen man is not treated fairly if

we encumber our message with unnecessary requirements.

The ancient Church had its 'selection of fundamentals'—a kind of simple and limited expansion of the Apostles' Creed for doctrine and Apostolic practice for discipline.

Notoriously the Eastern and Western mind misunderstood one another. The speculative East and the practical West could not be made to think after the same fashion. The Church of Christ has room for both.

Now any one can see what mistakes we have made in India. Few men think themselves into the state of the Eastern mind, feel the difficulties of the Asiatic, and divine the way in which Christianity should be presented to him.

We seek to denationalize these races, as far as I can see; whereas we ought surely to change as little as possible—only what is clearly incompatible with the simplest form of Christian teaching and practice.

I don't mean that we are to compromise truth, but to study the native character, and not present the truth in an unnecessarily unattractive form.

Don't we overlay it a good deal with human traditions, and still more often take it for granted that what suits us must be necessary for them, and *vice versâ*.

So many of our missionaries are not accustomed, not taught to think of these things. They grow up with certain modes of thought, hereditary notions, and they seek to reproduce these, no respect being had to the utterly dissimilar character and circumstances of the heathen.

I think much about all this. Sir William Martin and I have much talk about it; and the strong practical

mind of the Primate, I hope, would keep me straight if I was disposed to theorise, which I don't think is the case.

But Christianity is the religion for humanity at large. It takes in all shades and diversities of character, race, &c.

The substratum of it is, so to say, inordinate and co-extensive with the substratum of humanity—*all* men must receive *that*. Each set of men must also receive many things of secondary, yet of very great importance for them; but in this class there will be differences according to the characteristic differences of men throughout the world.

I can't explain myself fully; but, dear Uncle, I think there is something in what I am trying to say.

I want to see more discrimination, more sense of the due proportion, the relative importance of the various parts which make up the sum of extra teaching.

There is so great want of order in the methods so often adopted, want of arrangement, and proper sequence, and subordination of one to another.

The heathen man will assume some arbitrary dictate of a missionary to be of equal authority and importance with a moral command of God, unless you take care. Of course the missionary ought not to attempt to impose any arbitrary rule at all; but many missionaries do and usually justify such conduct on the ground of their 'exceptional position.'

But one must go much further. If I tell a man just beginning to listen, two or three points of Christian faith, or two or three rules of Christian life, without any orderly connection, I shall but puzzle him.

Take, *e.g.*, our English Sunday. I am far from wishing to change the greater part of the method of observing it *in England*.

I hope the Melanesian Christians may learn to keep holy the Lord's Day. But am I to begin my teaching of a wild Solomon Islander at that end; when he has not learned the evil of breaking habitually the sixth, seventh, and eighth Commandments?

I notice continually the tendency of the teaching of the very men who denounce 'forms' to produce formation.

It is nearest to the native mind; it generates hypocrisy and mere outward observance of certain rules, which, during the few years that the people remain docile on their first acceptance of the new teaching, they are content to submit to.

I see the great difficulty of making out all this. It necessitates the leaving so very much to the discretion of the pioneer. *Ergo* the missionary must not be the man who is not good enough for ordinary work in England, but the men whom England even does not produce in large numbers with some power of dealing with these questions.

It is much better and safer to have a regular well-known rule to act by; but I don't see how you *can* give me, *e.g.*, precise directions. It seems to me that you must use great care in selecting your man, and then trust him fully.

I hope it is not an excess of self-conceit and self-reliance which makes me pass by, rather lightly, I confess, some of the advice that very well-intentioned people occasionally volunteer to missionaries. I have had (D. G.) the Primate and Sir William Martin's men, who know what heathenism is, and the latter of whom has deeply studied the character of the various races of the world.

I mean that when someone said, 'Do you really

mean to place those savage Melanesians among the immaculate Pitcairners?' the natural answer seemed to me to be, 'I am not aware that you ever saw either a Pitcairner or a Melanesian.' I thought it rather impertinent. The truth is, that the great proportion of our Melanesian *scholars in our school*, i.e., not standing alone, but helped by the discipline of the school, are quite competent to set an example to the average Pitcairners. But this I mark only as an illustration of my meaning. Occasionally I hear of some book or sermon or speech in which sound views (as I venture to call them) are propounded on these points.

Codrington tells me that Kay, of Calcutta (Bishop's College), speaks thus of the Hindoos. I am very thankful to hear it.

I hear of you every mail, and from you I well know whenever you can write.

Now my letters will not be so regular, because we shall only get an occasional mail at Norfolk Island.

How often I think of you all.

My kind love to Aunt and Mary and John and Jane and the children, some hardly children now, and dear old Henry, whom I never forget.

Always your loving and grateful Nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

The Primate is well: he wears well, never intermitting his really wonderful exertions: he is indefatigable: few young men could do *half* his work, I mean the physical part of it, for who is there young or old who could do the rest? I write at his desk sitting on his chair, and that ought to make my letter worth the postage.

On March 28, are dated these remarks to his sisters, in the spirit of a true 'son of our dear Mother';—

Have you seen a most valuable letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury[1] to the Dean of Maritzburg, affirming the entire independence of the Colonial Churches in all matters civil and ecclesiastical?

People seem to think that we are contending for this, as if we did not value unity. We contend for it because we do value unity, and don't regard the State connection and State supremacy as a sound bond of union.

It is not the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but One Faith, One Lord, One Baptism, which is the true Bond.

See what Dr. Colenso writes as to his own statement of his own principle in his letter to the Bishop of Cape Town, a fearful statement! But he hits the Bishop of Cape Town hard when he asks him why he did not resign his patent. And that Dr. Colenso, with *his* notion of what the Church is and should be, should find some point to lay hold of against the Bishop of Cape Town's case by reminding him of the way in which, by trusting to his letters patent, he had weakened his case, is a real answer to Mr. B——'s question.

Don't let my arguments be put aside as if my regard for the Primate or Sir William Martin made me think our system perfect, and also disposed me to depreciate other systems. Make any allowance you please for what you may set down to my blindness and partiality, and then see whether the balance that remains does not establish what I have all along said. Every step in the controversy more and more manifests the wisdom that has guided this ecclesiastical province. But it won't be seen to be wisdom yet awhile.

[1] Archbishop Longley.

The Archbishop's letter is a manly straightforward one, and it will do immense good. It must open people's eyes. Only one expression I don't like. He should not have said that the Church in South Africa is competent to elect a Bishop of *Natal*. He should have said surely 'a Bishop,' not mooted the question of the territorial jurisdiction or the civil title. That is exactly where the confusion is introduced between the office and the status of a Bishop.

You will know by my last letters that we contemplate trying Norfolk Island; but I shall not be able to spend next summer there. Palmer and a small party must stop without me. I must be here for many reasons, Mr. Pritt can't be expected to carry on so long alone. Many matters must be squared up; but (D.V.) two or three years may see us all in that new home.

God bless you, my dear sisters. I think of this day eleven years. Next Sunday Easter Day, and if I live till then, I shall enter on my 39th year. 'Jogging up long,' as old Richard said to Uncle Frank.

The next letter was called forth by my sorrowful communication of the shattered state of both my dear friends; of whom one, at the very time that my Cousin wrote, was already gone to his rest, having been mercifully spared the loneliness and grief we had feared for him.

St. Andrew's: April 24, 1866.

My dear Cousin,—I write a line at once in reply to your letter of January 29, for I see that a great sorrow is hanging over you, is perhaps already fallen on you, and I would fain say my word of sympathy, possibly of comfort

One, perhaps, of the great blessings that a person in my position enjoys is that he must perforce see through the present gloom occasioned by loss of present companionship on to the joy beyond. I hear of the death of dear Uncle, and friends, and even of that loving and holy Father of mine, and somehow it seems all peace, and calmness, and joy. It would not be so were I in England, to actually experience the sense of loss, to see the vacant seat, and miss the well-known voice; but it is (as I see) a great and most blessed alleviation to the loss of their society here below. You feel that when those loving hearts at Hursley can no longer be a stay and comfort to you here, you will have a sense almost of desolation pressing on you. You must, we all have, many trials and some sorrows, and I suppose Hursley has always been to you a city of refuge and house of rest.

But I think the anticipation is harder than the reality. For *him*, but how can I speak of such as he is? Why should we feel anxiety? Surely he is just the man upon whom we should expect some special suffering, which is but some special mark of love and (may we not say in such a case?) of approbation. Some special aid to a very close conformity to the mind and character of Christ, to be sent in special love and mercy.

I always seem to think that in the case of good men, the suffering is the sure earnest of special nearness to God. It surely—if one may dare so to speak, and the case of Job warrants it, and the great passage 'Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you' (all)—is true that God is glorified in the endurance of sufferings which He lays upon the saints. And if dear Mr. Keble must suffer this last blow, as all through his life he has felt the care of the Churches

pressing sorely on him, and has even had to comfort the weary, and guide the wayward, and to endure disappointment, and to restrain the over zealous, and reprove the thoughtless, and bear in his bosom the infirmities of many people—why must we be unhappy about him, and why mourn for ourselves? God forbid! It is only one mark of the Cross stamped upon him, only one more draught of the cup of the lacking measures of the afflictions of Christ. But you must, more than I, know and feel all this; and it is only in attempting to put before your eyes your own thoughts that I have written this. For, indeed, I do sympathize with you, and I think how to me, who knew him so little yet yield to no one in deep reverence and love for him, his departure would be almost what the passing away of one of those who had seen the Lord must have been to those of old time; yet our time is not so very long now, and may be short, and we have had this blessed example for a long time, and there is on all accounts far more cause for joy than for sorrow.

I wish you would write a Church History. There are many good ones for grown-up people, though I do not know one *very* good one. I suppose, indeed, it is only by reading what the best men have said and written upon each period of history that one can really master any given set of events; and I should much like to hear what you think of the best books that we have. Bright's you have, including the times of the Great Councils.

I have already, I take it for granted, thanked you for Maclear's book on Missions. It is not only good in itself, but supplies a real want. . . .

You must not think me unkind to Miss Mackenzie, because I have written to Fan to say that my letters

and anecdotes are not to be fishes to swim in her 'Net.' It may be unwise in me to write all that kind of thing, but it does such an infinity of harm by its reflex action upon us all who are engaged in this work. And I *can't* write brotherly letters, if they are to be treated as public property. I could not trust my own brother to make extracts from my letters. *No one* in England can be a judge of the mischief that the letters occasion printed contrary to my wish by friends. We in the Mission think them so infinitely absurd, one-sided, exaggerated, &c., though we don't mean to make them so when we write them.

We are all well, thank God, except a good fellow called Walter Hotaswol, from Matlavo (Saddle Island), who is in a decline. He has had two bad hæmorrhages; but he is patient, simple-minded, quite content to die, and not doubting at all his Father's love, and his Saviour's merits, so I cannot grieve for him, though he was the one, humanly speaking, to have led the way in his home.

B., alas! is very unsatisfactory. I fear that it is bad for others that he should be here. Faults that they know to be faults he commits; and they wonder, not knowing how I long to give him every chance of improving, why I permit him to stay. I am very anxious about him.

You know that I sympathize with all your anxieties about Church matters. Parliamentary legislation would be the greatest evil of all. All your troubles only show that synodical action, and I believe with the laity in the Synod, is the only cure for these troubles.

God bless you, my dear Cousin,

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

The letter written to the sisters by the same mail goes a good deal more into the questions that led to the Ritual Commission. The slapdash, violent writing of some of those who carried matters farthest leads to this remark :—

I saw what was simply a school-boy's letter, really silly. What is goodness but a combination of qualities of which humility and charity certainly are two? And there is a fallacy in saying 'these men are good,' when it is thereby meant mischievous practices and words are to be held excusable.

But it must be a moral, not a physico-legal compulsion which will do any good. Meanwhile these men use a very wrong, almost unchristian argument: 'The others have full license in the other direction, why fetter *nous autres*?' Now the error on one side can't justify the error on the other; but what I chiefly mean is, that this is the argument of standing on one's (so called) rights, and overlooks the duty of forbearance, and conquering through self-denial and meekness.

If Christ had stood on His rights!

Do you remember the glorious passage in 'Measure for Measure.' (I quote from memory) :—

> How would you be,
> If He who is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are?

I can't stand that so often witnessed assertion of right; and, indeed, are we not all needing St. Paul's 'Charity thinketh no evil'?

I have just read for the first time about two-thirds of Newman's 'Apologia.' There must be some natural defect in me, for I cannot see any cause or combination of causes one-tenth sufficient to produce such a result. Really a man must have got into a

morbid state when the history of the Monophysite heresy could have sent him to modern Rome, but he says Rome was where it is, which really *is* rather an assumption. I admire the wonderful perspicuity of his style. I sympathise as ever in the difficulties of his position. I fully believe him to have done much good, and to have wished to do nothing but good; but you see I never came under his personal guidance, and his candle goes out altogether by the side of dear Mr. Keble's clear steady flame. Yet I don't deny that the book interested me, and made me try, more than I have done for years, to think myself into the position of those Oxford reformers.

I hear from Miss Yonge that Mrs. Keble is very ill—dying. But, as I wrote to her, why should such things grieve us? He will soon rejoin her, and so it is all peace and comfort. He was seventy-five, I think, last St. Mark's Day, and I began a letter to him, but it was not fair to him to give him the trouble of reading it, and I tore it up. He knows without it how I do love and revere him, and I cannot pluck up courage to ask for some little book which he has used, that there may be a sort of odour of sanctity about it, just as Bishop Mackenzie's Thomas à Kempis, with him on the Zambesi, is on my table now.

It is impossible to read these lines, without turning to those written by him, for whom we were not grieving, but mourning, at home:—

> These are the tones to brace and cheer
> The lonely watcher of the fold,
> When nights are dark and foeman near,
> When visions fade and hearts grow cold.
>
> How timely then a comrade's song
> Comes floating on the mountain air,
> And bids thee yet be bold and strong:
> Fancy may die, but faith is there.

Before going forth with this 'lonely watcher' upon his voyage, the description of this season's work with his scholars must be given from a Report which he brought himself to write for the Eton Association. After saying how his efforts were directed to the forming a number of native clergy in time to work among their own people, he continues:—When uncivilised races come into contact with civilised men, they must either be condemned to a hopeless position of inferiority, or they must be raised out of their state of ignorance and vice by appealing to those powers within them which God intended them to use, and the use of which will place them by His blessing in the possession of whatever good things may be denoted by the words Religion and Civilization.

Either we may say to our Melanesian scholars, 'You can't expect to be like us: you must not suppose that you can ever cease to be dependent on us, you must be content always to do as you are told by us, to be like children, as in malice so in knowledge; you can never be *missionaries*, you may become assistant teachers to English missionaries whom you must implicitly obey, you must do work which it would not be our place to do, you must occupy all the lower and meaner offices of our society;'—or, if we do not *say* this (and, indeed, no one would be likely to *say* it), yet we may show by our treatment of our scholars that we think and mean it.

Or we may say what was, *e.g.*, said to a class of nineteen scholars who were reading Acts ix.

'Did our Lord tell Saul all that he was to do?'

'No.'

'What! not even when He appeared to him in that wonderful way from Heaven?'

'No.'

'What did the Lord say to him?'

'That he was to go into Damascus, and there it would be told him what he was to do.'

'What means did the Lord use to tell Saul what he was to do?'

'He sent a man to tell him.'

'Who was he?'

'Ananias.'

'Do we know much about him?'

'No, only that he was sent with a message to Saul to tell him the Lord's will concerning him and to baptize him.'

'What means did the Lord employ to make His will known to Saul?'

'He sent a disciple to tell him.'

'Did He tell him Himself immediately?'

'No, he sent a man to tell him.'

'Mention another instance of God's working in the same way, recorded in the Acts?'

'The case of Cornelius, who was told by the angel to send for Peter.'

'The angel then was not sent to tell Cornelius the way of salvation?'

'No, God sent Peter to do that.'

'JESUS Christ began to do the same thing when He was on earth, did He not, even while He was Himself teaching and working miracles?'

'Yes; He sent the twelve Apostles and the seventy disciples.'

'But what is the greatest instance of all, the greatest proof to us that God chooses to declare His will through man to man?'

'God sent His own Son to become man.

'Could He not have converted the whole world

in a moment to the obedience of faith by some other way?'

'Yes.'

'But what did He in His wisdom choose to do?'

'He sent His Son to be born of the Virgin Mary, to become man, and to walk on this earth as a real man, and to teach men, and to die for men.'

'What does JESUS Christ call us men?'

'His brethren.'

'Who is our Mediator?'

'The *Man* Christ JESUS.'

'What means does God employ to make His will known to us?'

'He uses men to teach men.'

'Can they do this by themselves?'

'No, but God makes them able.'

'How have *you* heard the Gospel?'

'Because God sent you to us.'

'And now, listen. How are all your people still in ignorance to hear it? What have I often told you about that?'

Whereupon the scholars looked shy, and some said softly, 'We must teach them.'

'Yes, indeed you must!'

And so the lesson ended with questioning them on the great duty and privilege of prayer for God's Holy Spirit to give them both the will and the power to do the work to which God is calling them.'

So we constantly tell them 'God has already been very merciful to you, in that He has called you out of darkness into His marvellous light. He has enabled you to receive the knowledge of His will, and to understand your relations to Him. He has taught you to believe in Him, to pray to Him, to hope for salvation through the merits of His Son's

death and resurrection. He has made you feel something of the power of His love, and has taught you the duty of loving Him and serving your brother. He calls upon you now to rouse yourself to a sense of your true position, to use the gifts which He has given you to His glory and the good of your brethren. Don't suppose that you are unable to do this. You are unable to do it, as you were unable to believe and love Him by yourselves, but He gives you strength for this very purpose that you may be able to do it. You can do it through Christ, who strengtheneth you. Our fathers were not more able to teach their people once than you to teach your people now!'

We make no distinction whatever between English and Melanesian members of the Mission as such. No Melanesian is excluded from any office of trust. No classification is made of higher and lower kinds of work, of work befitting a white man and work befitting a black man. English and Melanesian scholars or teachers work together in the school, printing office, dairy, kitchen, farm. The senior clergyman of the Mission labours most of all with his own hands at the work which is sometimes described as menial work; and it is contrary to the fundamental principle of the Mission that anyone should connect with the idea of white man the right to fag a black boy.

Young men and lads come to us and say, 'Let me do that. I can't write the languages, or do many things you or Mr. Pritt or Mr. Palmer do, so let me scrub your floor, or brush your shoes, or fetch some water.' And of course we let them do so, for the doing it is accompanied by no feeling of degradation in their minds; they have seen us always doing these things, and, not requiring them to do

them as if it were the natural work for them because they are black and not proper for us because we are white.

Last night, a young man, sitting by the fire, said to the Bishop, 'They want you to stop with them in my land.'

'I wish with all my heart I could.'

'Yes, I know, you must go to so many places.'

'But, they are different in your land now.'

'Oh! yes, they don't fight now as they used to do; they don't go about armed now.'

'Well, that is a thing to be thankful for. What is the reason of it, do you think?'

'Why they know about you, and see you now and then, and Henry Tagalana talked to them, and I talked a little to them, and they asked me about our ways here, and they want to learn.'

'Well, there are now five of you from your island, and you must try hard to learn, that you may teach them, for remember *you* must do it, if God spares your life.'

During the year 1865 a great advance was made in the industrial department of our work. About seventeen acres of land were taken in hand and worked by Mr. Pritt, with the Melanesian lads. We have our own dairy of thirteen cows, and besides supplying the whole Mission party, numbering in all seventy-seven persons, with abundance of milk, we sell considerable quantities of butter. We grow of course our own potatoes and vegetables, and maize, &c. for our cows. The farm and dairy work affords another opportunity for teaching our young people to acquire habits of industry.

Cooking, farm, gardening, dairy-work, setting out

the table, &c., were all honourable occupations, and of great importance in teaching punctuality and regularity, and the various arts and decencies of life to the youths, who, were in time, to implant good habits in their native homes. Their natural docility made them peculiarly easy to manage and train while in hand; the real difficulty was, that their life was so entirely different from their home, that there was no guessing how deep the training went, and on every voyage, some fishes slipped through the meshes of the net, though some returned again, and others never dropped from their Bishop's hands. But he was becoming anxious to spare some of his scholars the trial of a return to native life, and as the season had been healthy, he ventured on leaving twenty-seven pupils at St. Andrew's with Mr. and Mrs. Pritt, among them George and Sarah Sarawia, and little Mary.

Her husband B—— he thought it best to keep under his own eye. The man was full of intelligence, and showed so much religious feeling that it was impossible to give him up, though evil passions had so strong a hold on him at times, that the Bishop had to think how St. Paul himself had to plead with the Corinthians.

After Trinity Sunday, 27th of May, the 'Southern Cross' sailed; and the outward voyage gave leisure for the following letter to Prof. Max Müller, explaining why he could not make his knowledge of language of more benefit to philology, while thus absorbed in practical work:—

'Southern Cross,' off Norfolk Island: June 6, 1866.

My dear Friend,—I am about to tire your patience heavily. For I must find you some reasons for doing so little in making known these Melanesian dialects, and that will be wearisome to you to read; and,

secondly, I cannot put down clearly and consecutively what I want to say. I have so very little time for thinking out, and working at any one subject continuously, that my whole habit of mind becomes, I fear, inaccurate and desultory. I have so very many and so very different occupations, and so much anxiety and so many interruptions, as the 'friction' that attends the working of a new and somewhat untried machine.

You know that we are few in number; indeed (Codrington being absent), I have but two clergymen with me, and two young men who may be ordained by-and-by. Besides, had I the twenty troublesome men, whom you wish to banish into these regions, what use would they or any men be, until they had learnt their work? And it must fall to me to teach them, and that takes again much of my time, so that, as a matter of fact, there are many things that I must do, even when all is going on smoothly; and should sickness come, then of course my days and nights are spent in nursing poor lads, to whom no one else can talk, cheering up poor fellows seized with sudden nervous terror, giving food to those who will take it from no one else, &c.

Then the whole management of the Mission must fall upon me; though I am most thankful to say, that for some time Mr. Pritt has relieved me from the charge of all domestic and industrial works. He does everything of that kind and does it admirably, so that our institution really is a well ordered industrial school, in which kitchen work, dairy work, farm work, printing, clothes making and mending, &c., are all carried on, without the necessity of having any foreign importation of servants, who would be sure to do harm, both by their ideas as to

perquisites, (= stealing in the minds of our Melanesians), and by introducing the idea of paid labour; whereas now we all work together, and no one counts any work degrading, and still less does any one *quà* white consider himself entitled to fag a Melanesian.

Mr. Tilly, R.N., has also quite relieved me from my duties as skipper, and I have no trouble about marine stores, shipping seamen, navigating the vessel, now. I cannot be too thankful for this; it saves me time, anxiety, and worry; yet much remains that I must do, which is not connected with peculiar work directly.

I can't refuse the Bishop of New Zealand, when he presses me (for want of a better man) to be trustee of properties and to engage in managing the few educational institutions we have. I can't refuse to take some share in English clerical work while on shore; indeed, in 1865, my good friend Archdeacon Lloyd being ill, I took his parish (one and a half hour distant from Kohimarama), the most important parish in Auckland for some three months; not slacking my Melanesian work, though I could only avoid going back by hard application, and could make no progress. Then I must attend our General Synod; and all these questions concerning the colonial churches take some time to master, and yet I must know what is going on.

Then I must carry on all the correspondence of the Mission. I am always writing letters. Every 5*l.* from any part of New Zealand or Australia I must acknowledge; and everyone wants information, anecdotes, &c., which it vexes my soul to have to supply, but who else can do it? Then I keep all the accounts, very complicated, as you would say

if you saw my big ledger. And I don't like to be altogether behindhand in the knowledge of theological questions, and people sometimes write to me, and their letters need to be answered carefully. Besides, take my actual time spent in teaching. Shall I give you a day at Kohimarama?

I get in the full summer months an hour for reading by being dressed at 5.30 A.M. At 5.30 I see the lads washing, &c., 7 A.M. breakfast all together in hall, 7.30 chapel, 8–9.30 school, 9.30–12.30 industrial work. During this time I have generally half an hour with Mr. Pritt about business matters, and proof sheets are brought me, yet I get a little time for preparing lessons. 12.45 short service in chapel, 1 dinner, 2–3 Greek Testament with English young men, 3–4 classics with ditto, 5 tea, 6.30 evening chapel, 7–8.30 evening school with divers classes in rotation or with candidates for Baptism or Confirmation, 8.30–9 special instruction to more advanced scholars, only a few, 9–10 school with two other English lay assistants. Add to all this, visitors interrupting me from 4–5, correspondence, accounts, trustee business, sermons, nursing sick boys, and all the many daily unexpected little troubles that must be smoothed down, and questions enquired into, and boys' conduct investigated, and what becomes of linguistics? So much for my excuse for my small progress in languages! Don't think all this egotistical; it is necessary to make you understand my position.

If I *had* spare time, leisure for working at any special work, perhaps eleven years of this kind of life have unfitted me for steady sustained thought. And you know well, I bring but slender natural qualifications to the task. A tolerably true ear and

good memory for words, and now something of the instinctive insight into new tongues, but that is chiefly from continual practice.

But when I attempt to systematise, I find endless ramifications of cognate dialects rushing through my brain, by their very multitude overwhelming me, and though *I* see the affinities and can make practical use of them, I don't know how to state them on paper, where to begin, how to put another person in my position.

Again, for observation of the rapid changes in these dialects, I have not much opportunity. For no one in Melanesia can be my informant. It is not easy where so many dialects must be known for practical purposes, for the introductory part of Mission work, to talk to some wild naked old fellow, and to make him understand what I am anxious to ascertain. It is a matter that has no interest for him, he never thought of it, he doesn't know my meaning, what have we in common? How can I rouse him from his utter indifference, even if I know his language so well as to talk easily, not to a scholar of my own, but to an elderly man, with none but native ideas in his head?

All that I can do is to learn many dialects of a given archipelago, present their *existing* varieties, and so work back to the original language. This, to some extent, has been done in the Banks group, and in the eastern part of the Solomon Isles. But directly I get so far as this, I am recalled to the practical necessity of using the knowledge of the several dialects rather to make known God's truth to the heathen than to inform literati of the process of dialectic variation. Don't mistake me, my dear friend, or suspect me of silly sentimentalism. But

you can easily understand what it is to feel 'God has given to me only of all Christian men the power of speaking to this or that nation, and, moreover, that is the work He has sent me to do.' Often, I don't deny, I should like the other better. It is very pleasant to shirk my evening class, *e.g.*, and spend the time with Sir William Martin, discussing some point of Melanesian philosophy. But, then, my dear lads have lost two hours of Christian instruction, and that won't do.

I don't need to be urged to do more in working out their languages. I am quite aware of the duty of doing all that I can in that way, and I wish to do it; but there are only twenty-four hours in the day and night together! I feel that it is a part of my special work, for each grammar and dictionary that I can write opens out the language to some other than myself. But I am now apologising rather for my fragmentary way of writing what I do write by saying that what I find enough, with my help given in school to enable one of my party to learn a dialect, I am almost obliged to regard as a measure of the time that I ought to spend on it.

Another thing, I have no outline provided for me, which I can fill up. My own clear impression is that, to attempt to follow the analogy of our complicated Greek and Latin grammars would not only involve certain failure, but would mislead people altogether. I don't want to be hunting after a Melanesian *paulò-post-futurum*. I had rather say, 'All men *quà* men think, and have a power of expressing their thoughts. They have wants and express them. They use many different forms of speech in making that statement, if we look superficially at the matter, not so if we look *into* it,' and so on. Then,

discarding the ordinary arrangement of grammars, explain the mode of thought, the peculiar method of thinking upon matters of common interest, in the mind of the Melanesian, as exhibited in his language. An Englishman says: 'When I get there, it will be night.' But a Pacific Islander, says, 'I am there, it is night.' The one says, 'Go on, it will soon be dark.' The other, 'Go on, it has become already night.' Anyone sees that the one possesses the power of realising the future as present or past; the other, *now*, whatever it may have been once, does not exercise such power. A companion calls me at 5.30 A.M., with the words, '*Eke! me gong veta*,' Hullo, it is night already. He means, 'Why, we ought to be off, we shall never reach the end of our journey before dark.' But how neatly and prettily he expresses his thought! I assure you civilised languages for common conversational purposes needed by travellers, &c., are clumsy contrivances! Of course you know all this a hundred times better than I do. I only illustrate my idea of a grammar as a means of teaching others the form of the mould in which the Melanesian's mind is cast. I think I ought to go farther, and seek for certain categories, under which thought may be classified (so to say), and beginning with the very simplest work on to the more complicated powers.

But I haven't the head to do this; and suppose that I did make such a framework, how am I to fill it in so as to be intelligible to outsiders? For practical purposes, I give numerals, personal, possessive, and demonstrative pronouns, the mode of qualifying nouns, *e.g.*, some languages interpose a monosyllable between the substantive and adjective, others do not. The words used (as it is called) as

prepositions and adverbs, the mode of changing a neuter verb into a transitive or causative verb, usually by a word prefixed, which means do or make, *e.g.*, die, do-die, do-to-the-death, him.

Then I teach orally how the intonation, accentuation, pause in the utterance, gesticulation, supply the place of stops, marks of interrogation, &c.

Then giving certain nouns, verbs, &c., make my English pupils construct sentences; then give them a vocabulary and genuine native stories, *not* translations at all, least of all of religious books, which contain very few native ideas, but stories of sharks, cocoa-nuts, canoes, fights, &c. This is the apparatus. This gives but litttle idea of a Melanesian dialect to you. I know it, and am anxious to do more.

This last season I have had some three or four months, during which I determined that I must refuse to take so much English work, &c. I sat and growled in my den, and of course rather vexed people, and perhaps, for which I should be most heartily grieved, my dear friend and leader, the Bishop of New Zealand. But I stuck to my work. I wrote about a dozen papers of phrases in as many dialects, to show the mode of expressing in those dialects what we express by adverbs and prepositions, &c. This is, of course, the difficult part of a language for a stranger to find out. I also printed three, and have three more nearly finished in MS., vocabularies of about 600 words with a true native sehdia on each word. The mere writing, (for much was written twice over) took a long time. And there is this gained by these vocabularies for practical purposes: these are (with more exceptions, it is true, than I intended) the words which crop up most readily in a Melanesian mind. Much time I

have wasted, and would fain save others from wasting, in trying to form a Melanesian mind into a given direction into which it ought, as I supposed, to have travelled, but which nevertheless it refused to follow. Now ten years' experience has, of course, taught me a good deal of the minds of these races; and when I catch a new fellow, as wild as a hawk, and set to work at a new language, it is a great gain to have even partially worked out the problem, 'What words shall I try to get from this fellow?' Now I go straight to my mark, or rather I am enabling, I hope, my young friends with me to do so, for of course, I have learnt to do so myself, more or less, for some time past. Many words may surprise you, and many alterations I should make in any revision. I *know* a vast number of words not used in these vocabularies, in some languages I dare say five times the number, but I had a special reason for writing only these. The rest must come, if I live, by-and-by.

Of course these languages are very poor in respect of words belonging to civilised and literary and religious life, but exceedingly rich in all that pertains to the needs and habits of men circumstanced as they are. I draw naturally this inference, 'Don't be in any hurry to translate, and don't attempt to use words as (assumed) equivalents of abstract ideas. Don't devise modes of expression unknown to the language as at present in use. They can't understand, and therefore don't use words to express definitions. But, as everywhere, our Lord gives us the model. A certain lawyer asked Him for a definition of his neighbour, but He gave no definition, only He spoke a simple and touching parable. So teach, not a technical word, but an actual thing.

Why do I write all this to you? It is wasting your time. But I prose on.—(A sheet follows on the structure of the languages, which will be found in the Appendix).

I cannot go into matters of another kind. I know too little of them. But I am troubled at finding Stanley helping Mill by his approbation. It may be a cool thing to say that Mill is a sophist; but I know scarcely a book more thoroughly disagreeable to me than his book on Liberty; and when I saw Stanley quote it in a pamphlet of his, that although I could not at all agree with 'the Bible and its form and substance,' I was troubled.

Mill seems to be the idol of the day. To me so much is mere assumption, lacking proof. I can't make out how it is that he remains so long unanswered. Surely you don't all agree with him. But I know *very* little of such matters.

As for the whole question of the theological parties of the day, I should much like to hear questions talked out by you all, and I might say a word perhaps here and there. Are we again, in this age of the world, to have the task once more of making the Selection of Fundamentals, of defining the limits within which man may not, and without which they may speculate? But I can't write down my thoughts, such as they are.

My firm persuasion is, that for us Colonial Churches Synods prevent and heal troubles. Bishop Gray has done several things that I am sorry for, and by his way of treating the lay element in the Church has naturally alienated many laymen from him; but it is mere nonsense for Bishop Colenso to talk of ecclesiastical domination. I never read a more thoroughly *ad captandum* letter than his to Bishop Gray, and

his present position is indeed extraordinary. He takes his stand on the most barefaced Erastianism. What is the Church in his eyes?—a Divine institution? A living organism indwelt in by the Spirit of Christ? Has it no inherent power? Does it depend on Courts which can take cognizance only of the visible? If so, where was it in primitive days?

Our Synods give every protection against any narrowing of the field of legitimate enquiry. The layman has his veto as much as the Bishop, and as much as the clergy.

Many men who don't sympathise with Bishop Colenso help him on against Bishop Gray, thinking that he has been unfairly treated by Bishop Gray. I don't think he has been *wisely* treated. But I must honestly say that I was very sorry indeed that Deans Milman and Stanley subscribed to the Colenso Fund—very sorry. You and I can understand their motives, and we know that they acted conscientiously and with regard to what they held to be their duty, but even I who know something of them venture to think that they were greatly mistaken; and what is the effect of their doing so upon those who don't know them, and can't discriminate between a chivalrous determination to express their sense of a man's being hardly treated and a real agreement in his opinions.

I can't imagine that they suppose that Bishop Colenso's works and words are really compatible with his office as a clergyman of the Church of England. If they wish to strain the limits of the Church so as to include him *as an authorised teacher in it*, I have no more to say. That would grieve me indeed. What are simple-minded men to believe, if one who con-

tinually substitutes unfounded assertion for historical facts is to be regarded as an authorised guide and interpreter? And, indeed, I am not wholly ignorant of these matters, and don't use the words 'historical facts' in a wild random way.

Well, I have inflicted a volume on you. We are almost becalmed after a weary fortnight of heavy weather, in which we have been knocked about in every direction in our tight little 90-ton schooner. And my head is hardly steady yet, so excuse a long letter, or rather long chatty set of desultory remarks, from

Your old affectionate Friend,

J. C. PATTESON.

A little scene from Mr. Atkin's journal shows how he had learnt to talk to natives. He went ashore with the Bishop and some others at Sesaki for yams :—

It has been by far the pleasantest day of the kind that I have seen here. The people are beginning to understand that they can do no better than trade fairly with us, and to-day they on the whole behaved very well. A very big fellow had been ringing all the changes between commanding and entreating me to give him a hatchet (I was holding the trade bag). When he found it was no use, he said, 'I was a bad man, and never gave anything.' I said 'Yes, I was.' He said the Bishop were very good man, they gave liberally. He had better go and ask the Bishop for something, for *he* was a good man, though I was not.

As before, the vessel coasted along Leper's Island, waiting for canoes to come out to her. They came in numbers, and the boat was lowered to take home the two boys. No sooner had the boat grounded than the

whole population rushed down, and, Mr. Atkin says, 'nearly suffocated us with cocoa-nuts, taro, yams, jugs, ornaments, and a bow and arrows, all which they declared were not to be sold, but were presents. Holi had some difficulty in getting himself and the property he had acquired at Kohimarama through the surf without getting wet. The Bishop also landed; and after standing on the beach some time with a crowd round him, came back to fetch some hatchets for them, but Holi followed him and advised him to push off at once, for they were going to fight. Those in the boat did indeed see two men at a distance fitting arrows to their bow strings, but none were actually shot off, and the impression there was that it was a duel, and the people seemed surprised at the sudden departure.'

After landing Mr. Palmer at Mota, the vessel went on to the Solomon Isles, reaching Bauro on the 27th;—

'At about 8.30 in the evening, the boat was lowered, and the party pulled towards the village, which was the home of Taroniara, in a fine clear moonlit night, by the fires which people had lit for the people on shore, and directed by Taroniara himself to the opening in the reef. They landed in the midst of a group of dark figures; some standing in a brook, some by the side under a large spreading tree, round a fire fed by dry cocoa-nut leaves; and in the background were tall cocoa-nuts with their gracefully drooping plumes; and the moon behind shining through them made the shade seem darker and deeper as the flashing crests of the surf, breaking on the reef, made the heaving sea beyond look murkier. It was a sight worth going a long way to see,' quoth Mr. Atkin's journal.

The next night was, however, still more curious. The

Bishop relented so far towards 'the Net,' as to write an account of it on purpose for it. Ysabel Island is, like almost all the rest, divided among many small communities of warlike habits. And some years previously the people of Mahaga, the place with which he was best acquainted, had laid an ambush for those of Hogirano, killed a good many, and cutting off their heads had placed them in a row upon stones, and danced round them in a victorious suit of white-coral lime. However, a more powerful tribe, not long after, came down upon Mahaga and fearfully avenged the massacre of Hogirano. All were slain who could not escape into the bush; and when the few survivors, after days and nights of hunger, ventured back, they found the dwellings burnt, the fruit trees cut down, the yam and taro grounds devastated, and more than a hundred headless bodies of their kindred lying scattered about.

This outrage had led to the erection of places of refuge in the tops of trees; and Bishop Patteson, who had three Mahagan scholars, went ashore, with the hope of passing the night in one of these wonderful places, where the people always slept, though by day they lived in the ordinary open bamboo huts.

After landing in a mangrove swamp, and wading through deep mud, he found that the Mahaga people had removed from their old site, and had built a strong fortification near the sea, and close above, so as to be reached by ladders resting on the wall, were six large tree houses.

It had been raining heavily for a day or two, and the paths were so deep in mud that the bed of a water-course was found preferable to them. The bush had been cleared for some distance before the steep rocky mound where the village stood, surrounded by a high wall of stones, in which one narrow entrance was left,

approached by a fallen trunk of a tree lying over a hollow. The huts were made of bamboo canes, and the floors, raised above the ground, were nearly covered with mats and a kind of basket work.

The tree houses, six in number, were upon the tops of trees of great height, 50 feet round at the base, and all branches cleared off till near the summit, where two or three grew out at right angles, something after the manner of an Italian stone pine :—

From the top of the wall the ladder that led to one of these houses was 60 feet long, but it was not quite upright, and the tree was growing at some little distance from the bottom of the rock, and the distance by a plumb line from the floor of the verandah to the ground on the lower side of the tree was 94 feet. The floor of the house, which is made first, was 23 feet long and about 11 broad; a narrow verandah is left at each end, and the inside length of the house is 18 feet, the breadth 10 feet, the height to the ridge pole, 6 feet. The floor was of bamboo matted, the roof and sides of palm-leaf thatch. The ladders were remarkable contrivances: a pole in the centre, from 4 to 6 inches in diameter, to which were lashed by vines cross pieces of wood, about two feet long. To steady these and hold on by were double shrouds of supple-jacks. The rungs of the ladder were at unequal distances, 42 upon the 50 feet ladder.

The Bishop and Pasvorang, who had gone ashore together, beheld men, women and children, running up and down these ladders, and walking about the bare branches, trusting entirely to their feet and not touching with their hands. The Bishop, in his wet slippery shoes, did not think it right to run the risk of an accident, and though Pasvorang, who was as much at home as a

sailor among the ropes of the 'Southern Cross,' made the ascent, he came down, saying, 'I was so afraid, my legs shook. Don't you go, going aloft is nothing to it;' but the people could not understand any dread; and when the Bishop said, 'I can't go up there. I am neither bird nor bat, and I have no wings if I fall,' they thought him joking. At the same time he saw a woman with a load on her back, quietly walking up a ladder to another tree, not indeed so lofty as that Pasvorang had tried, but as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and without attempting to catch hold with her hands.

> At night,' says the Bishop, 'as I lay ignominiously on the ground in a hut, I heard the songs of the women aloft as voices from the clouds, while the loud croaking of the frogs, the shrill noise of countless cicadas, the scream of cockatoos and parrots, the cries of birds of many kinds, and the not unreasonable fear of scorpions, all combined to keep me awake. Solemn thoughts pass through the mind at such times, and from time to time I spoke to the people who were sleeping in the hut with me. It rained heavily in the night, and I was not sorry to find myself at 7 A.M. on board the schooner.'

The next day was spent in doing the honours of the ship, a crowd on board all day; and on July 2 the Bishop landed again with Mr. Atkin, and mounted up to this wonderful nest, where all these measurements were made. It proved much more agreeable to look at from below than to inhabit 'the low steaming bamboo

> huts—the crowds, the dirt, the squalling of babies —you can't sit or stand, or touch anything that is not grimy and sooty and muddy. It is silly to let these things really affect one, only that it now seems

rather to knock me up. After such a day and night I am very tired, come back to our little ship as to a palace, wash and sit down on a clean, if not a soft stool, and am free for a little while from continual noise and the necessity of making talk in an imperfectly known language.

'It is really curious to see how in some ways our civilized mode of life unfits one for living among these races. It is not to be denied that the want of such occupations as we are employed in is a large cause of their troubles. What are they to do during the long hours of night, and on wet, pouring days? They can't read, they can't see in their huts to do any work, making baskets, &c. They must lie about, talking scandal and acquiring listless indolent habits. Then comes a wild re-action. The younger people like excitement as much as our young men like hunting, fishing, shooting, &c. How can they get this? Why, they must quarrel and fight, and so they pass their time. It does seem almost impossible to do much for people so circumstanced; yet it was much the same in Mota and elsewhere, where things are altered for the better.'

It was bad and trying weather, and it was well to have only two old Banks Islanders on board, besides three Ysabel lads. The Bishop had plenty of time for writing; and for the first time in his life 'pronounced himself forward with that Report which was always on his mind.' He goes on: 'I read a good deal, but I don't say that my mind is very active all the time, and I have some schooling. Yet it is not easy to do very much mental work. I think that I feel the heat more than I used to do, but that may be only my fancy.

'You meantime are, I hope, enjoying fine summer weather. Certainly it must be a charming place that you have, close to that grand Church and grand scenery. I think my idea of a cosy home is rather that of a cottage in the Isle of Wight, or better still, a house near such a Cathedral as Wells, in one of the cottages close to the clear streams that wind through and about the Cathedral precincts. But I can form no real notions about such things. Only I am pretty sure that there is little happiness without real hard work. I do long sometimes for a glorious Cathedral service, for the old chants, anthems, not for "functions" and "processions," &c. I have read Freeman's pamphlet on "Ritual" with interest; he really knows what he writes about, and has one great object and a worthy one, the restoration of the universal practice of weekly communion as *the special* Sunday service. That all our *preachifying* is a wide departure from the very idea of worship is self-evident, when it is made more than a necessary part of the religious observance of the Lord's Day, and catechizing is worth far more than preaching (in the technical sense of the word).'

A first visit was paid to Savo; where numerous canoes came out to meet them, one a kind of state galley, with the stem and stern twelve feet high, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and ornamented with white shells (most likely the *ovum* or poached egg), and containing the chief men of the island. The people spoke the Ysabel language, and the place seemed promising.

Some little time was spent in beating up to Bauro; where the Bishop again landed at Taroniara's village, and slept in his hut, which was as disagreeable as all such places were:—'Such a night always disturbs me

for a time, throws everything out of regular working order; but it always pays, the people like it, and it shows a confidence in them which helps us on.

'I was disappointed though in the morning, when Taroniara declined to come with me to this place.

'"My people say, Why do you go away,"—the old stupid way of getting out of an engagement.' However, two others came to 'this place,' which was a hut in the village of Wango, which the Bishop had hired for ten days for the rent of a hatchet.

A very sufficient rent too, you would say, if you could see the place. I can only stand upright under the ridge pole, the whole of the oblong is made of bamboo, with a good roof that kept out a heavy shower last night. There is a fresh stream of water within 15 yards, where I bathed at 9 P.M. yesterday; and as I managed to get rid of strangers by 8.30, it was not so difficult to manage a shift into a clean and dry sleeping shirt, and then, lying down on Aunt William's cork-bed (my old travelling companion), I slept very fairly.

People about the hut at earliest dawn; and the day seems long, the sustained effort of talking, the heat, the crowd and the many little things that should not but do operate as an annoyance, all tire one very much. But I hope that by degrees I may get opportunities of talking about the matter that I come to talk about. Just now the trading with the vessel, which is detained here by the weather, and surprise at my half-dozen books, &c., prevent any attention being paid to anything else.

7 P.M.—The vessel went off at 10.30 A.M. I felt for a little while rather forlorn, and a little sinking at the heart. You see I confess it all, how silly! Can't

I after so many years bear to be left in one sense alone? I read a little of you know what Book, and then found the feeling pass entirely away.

But more than that, the extreme friendliness of the people, the real kindness was pleasant to me. One man brought his child, 'The child of us two, Bishop.' Another man, 'These cocoa-nut trees are the property of us two, remember.' A third, 'When you want yams, don't you buy them, tell me.'

But far better still. Many times already to-day have I spoken to the people; they have so far listened that they say 'Take this boy, and this boy, and this boy. We see now why you don't want big men, we see now that you can't stop here long, that for you wish for lads whom you may teach, we see that you want them for a long time. Keep these lads two years.'

Yes, two or three or four. By-and-by you will understand more and more my reason.

Then came the talks that you too may experience when dealing with some neglected child in London, or it may be in the country; but which, under the cocoa-nut tree, with dark naked men, have a special impressiveness. It was the old lesson, of the Eternal and Universal Father, who has not left Himself without witness in that He gives us all rain from heaven, &c., and of our ingratitude, and His love; of His coming down to point out the way of life, and of His Death, and Rising again; of another world, Resurrection, and Judgment. All interrupted, now and then, by exclamations of surprise, laughter, or by someone beginning to talk about something that jarred sadly on one's ear, and yet was but natural. But I do hope that a week may pass not unprofitably. In one sense, I shall no doubt be glad when it is over; but

I think that it may, by God's great goodness, be a preparation for something more to come.

Last night my little hired hut being crowded as usual, they all cried out at once '*Numu*' (earthquake). I should not the least have known that anything had occurred. I said I thought it was a pig pushing against the bamboo wall of the hut. They say that they have no serious shocks, but very many slight ones. Crocodiles they have too, but, they say, none in this stream.

July 22nd.—Sunday, 10.45 A.M. I have been quietly by myself in the forest close by, saying my short Sunday service: dear Mamma's Psalm cvii., St. John x. How appropriate the Psalms, and Lessons, and Epistles, and Gospels always are.

'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also must I bring, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd.' And for, literally, hundreds of miles round me there is not a Christian save those on board, and Didimang and Gārĭrĭ, who are indeed baptized, but alas! are living little, if at all, better than heathen lives. And on that Sunday, in the intervals, many reflections were written down, spreading far from the cocoa-nuts and the simple natives.

Surely men may see that infidelity, Mormonism, and shameless profligacy, and a general laxity of manners are at least as characteristic of our days as any of the great advances in scientific pursuits. I don't see that men are better men or humbler Christians because they know something of geology beyond what their fathers knew. Here is all the educated world worshipping John Stuart Mill as an idol: Stanley quoting in his sermon as objectionable a passage of Mill as could well be written.

I know little of such things; but what is it in the

eyes of men who can and do read Hooker and Butler and Sanderson and Jackson, that they should accept Mill and others as guides, except that the assumed period of our generation (intellectually) is accepted by all alike?

Simple truthfulness, honesty, straightforwardness, multitudes unknown to the world possess them. But our leading public bodies and the general tone of politicians, do they exhibit them? However, I know so little about it all that I have no business to write thus. I think it is probably, too, a somewhat exaggerated view that I take. Anyhow, I don't think hardly, as far as I know, of any particular person or persons.

I don't think that it would be possible or desirable to reproduce exactly that mode of thought on some religious questions, that way of regarding the Bible (I am speaking of the critical and exegetical, not of the devotional study of it), which satisfied the good men of the former generation. Changes do take place in the way of regarding the deepest questions, and men must not ignore the character of the age they live in.

A book such as 'Ecce Homo' could not perhaps have been produced thirty-five or forty years ago, and would certainly have shocked people if it had been written then. Why doesn't it shock us now? I think the 'Guardian' review of it on the whole good. I have read the book hastily, for I wanted to leave it with the Judge and Primate. But there is much that is useful for men of this day. The class of minds, or rather the difficulties experienced by men with which it deals, did not exist in any marked form a few years ago. Our dear Father would have disliked the book, happy in not seeing the want of it.

[A letter was written to me from this hut, telling some of what has gone before.] You know that I look upon the training up of native scholars as the real hope of something being done. But it is during the immediate stage that men of the right sort would be so valuable.

It is in my want of managing and organising an English staff far more than in my direct dealings with Melanesians that I am conscious of my great deficiencies, unfitness, in short, for the leader's place. Think if Bishop Mackenzie had been in my place and I had been his Missionary chaplain! Perhaps I should have been discontented then, though I can *talk* the leader's talk, &c., at Sydney or Melbourne meetings fairly, but there is little in that.

It is 9 P.M., the pleasantest time, in one sense, of my twenty-four hours, for there are only two people with me in the hut.

My arrangements are somewhat simple; but I am very comfortable. Delicious bathes I have in the stream: yams and fish are no bad fare; and I have some biscuit and essence of coffee, and a few books, and am perfectly well. The mode of life has become almost natural to me. I am on capital terms with the people, and even the babies are no longer afraid of me. Old and young, men and women, boys and girls about me of course all day; and small presents of yams, fish, bananas, almonds, show the friendliness of the people when properly treated. But the bunches of skulls remain slung up in the large canoe houses, and they can be wild enough when they are excited.

[The home diary continues, on the 26th]:—I am expecting the schooner, and shall be glad to get off if it arrive to-day, for it is very fine. I don't think

I could do any good by staying a few days more, so I might as well be on my way to Santa Cruz. If I were here for good, of course I should be busy about many things that it would be useless to attempt now, *e.g.*, what good would it be to induce half-a-dozen boys to learn 'a,' when I should be gone before they could learn 'b'? So I content myself with making friends with the people, observing their ways, and talking to them as I can. It *is* hot, now at 8.30 A.M. What will it be at 2 P.M.? But I may perhaps be able to say something to cheer me up. One of the trials of this kind of thing is that one seems to be doing nothing. Simply I am here! Hardly in one hour out of the twenty-four am I *sure* to be speaking of religion. Yet the being here is something, the gaining the confidence and goodwill of the people. Then comes the thought, who is to carry this on? And yet I dare not ask men to come, for I am certain they would after all my pains find something different from what they expect. My death would very likely bring out some better men for the work, with energy and constructive power and executive genius, all of which, guided by Divine Wisdom, seem to be so much wanted! But just now, I don't see what would become of a large part of the work if I died. I am leaving books somewhat more in order; but it is one thing to have a book to help one in acquiring a language, quite another to speak it freely and to be personally known to the people who speak it.

11*th Sunday after Trinity.*—Off Anudha Island, 4 P.M. Thermometer 88° in the empty cabin, everyone being on deck. Well, dear old Joan and Fan, refreshed by—what do you think? O feast of Guildhall and Bristol mayors! Who would dream of turtle soup on board the 'Southern Cross' in these

unknown seas? Tell it not to Missionary Societies! Let no platform orator divulge the great secret of the luxurious self-indulgent life of the Missionary Bishop! What nuts for the 'Pall Mall Gazette'! How would all subscriptions cease, and denunciations be launched upon my devoted head, because good Mr. Tilly bought, at San Cristoval, for the price of one tenpenny hatchet, a little turtle, a veritable turtle, with green fat and all the rest of it, upon which we have made to-day a most regal feast indeed.

But seriously. There has been much to make me hopeful and something to disappoint me, since I last wrote.

The two days at Santa Cruz were hopeful—[Mr. Atkin says that the natives came on board with readiness and stole with equal readiness]—but this was all in a friendly way; and a small island, named Piteni, was visited, and judged likely to prove a means of reaching the larger isle.

The disappointment is not here mentioned, unless it was the missing some of the Ysabel scholars, and bringing away only three; but this mattered the less, as the Banks Island party, which, as forming a nucleus, was far more important, was now considerable. Sixty-two scholars were the present freight. Nine little girls, between eight and twelve, mostly betrothed to old pupils, but alas! not the unstable B—— who had gone ashore with permission at Mota, and there was met and enticed away by the girl for whom he had before deserted Mary; and one other baptized youth also refused to come back.

At Malanta, a new village called Saa was visited. The 'harbour' was a wall of coral, with the surf breaking upon it, but a large canoe showed the only

accessible place, and this was exposed to the whole swell of the Pacific.

'The natives,' writes Mr. Atkin, 'held the boat in water up to their knees, but the seas that broke thirty yards outside washed over their shoulders and sometimes their heads. We might have taken away half the people of the village, and had no trouble in getting two nice-looking little boys. About 320 miles from Norfolk Island, one of these little boys, Watè, playing, fell overboard: we were going ten knots at the time, right before the wind; it was a quarter of an hour before we picked him up, as it took five minutes to stop the vessel and ten to get to him. Watè seemed all the better for his ducking.'

This little Watè became Mr. Atkin's especial child, his godson and devoted follower.

Savo was comparatively a new place, and traffic was resorted to, clubs, shields, and pigs being bought for hatchets; and one little boy was made over to the party, but he ran away, whereupon the father sent back the hatchet that had been given him, evidently considering that this had been the price of the child.

On October 2, Norfolk Island was reached, and there, a wooden house having been conveyed thither by H. M. S. 'Falcon,' Mr. Palmer and fifteen scholars were placed to spend the winter. The Pitcairners welcomed the Mission, but were displeased at the Government assuming a right to dispose of the land which they had fancied entirely their own.

One of the letters written separate from the journal during this voyage gives a commission for photographs from the best devotional prints, for the benefit chiefly of his young colonial staff:—'I have not the heart to

send for my 'Lionardo da Vinci,' (he says), that much valued engraving, purchased at Florence, and he wishes for no modern ones, save Ary Scheffer's 'Christus Consolator,' mentioning a few of his special favourites to be procured if possible. For the Melanesians, pictures of ships, fishes, and if possible tropical vegetation, was all the art yet needed, and beads, red and blue, but dull ones; none not exactly like the samples would be of any use. 'It is no good sending out any "fancy" articles such as you would give English children. "Toys for savages" are all the fancies of those who manufacture such toys for sale. Of course, any manufacturer who wishes to give presents of knives, tools, hatchets, &c., would do a great benefit, but then the knives must be really strong and sharp.'

I have concluded the letters of the island voyage, before giving those written on the homeward transit from Norfolk Island, whither the 'Falcon' had conveyed the letters telling of the departure of both Mr. and Mrs. Keble. The first written under this impulse was of course to Sir John Coleridge, the oldest friend:—

At Sea, near Norfolk Island: October 3, 1866.

My dear dear Uncle,—How can I thank you enough for telling me so much of dear saintly Mr. Keble and his wife? He has been, for my dear father's and mother's sakes, very loving to me, and actually wrote me two short letters, one after his seizure, which I treasure. How I had grown to reverence and love him more and more you can easily believe; and yesterday at Norfolk Island, whither some letters had been sent, I read with a very full heart of the peaceful close of such a holy life. And I do love to think too of you and him, if I may speak

freely of such as you; and the weight attached to all you say and do (you two I mean) in your several occupations seems at all events one hopeful sign among not a few gloomy ones. I suppose you and Mr. Keble little estimate the influence which even a casual word or sentence of yours exercises upon a man of my age, predisposed (it is true) to hearken with attention and reverence. . . .

Is it possible that fifty years hence any similar event, should there be such, which should so 'stir the heart of the country,' (as you say about Mr. Keble's death) might stimulate people to raise large sums for the endowment of a Church about to be, or already separated from the State? I can't avoid feeling as if God may be permitting the extension of the Colonial Churches, partly and in a secondary sense that so the ground may be travelled over on a small scale before the Church at home may be thrown in like manner upon its own resources. The alliance is a very precarious one surely, and depends upon the solemn adherence to a fiction. It is extraordinary that some Colonial Bishops should seek to reproduce the state of things which is of course peculiar to England, the produce of certain historical events, and which can have no resemblance whatever to the circumstances of our Colonies.

The mail closes just after our arrival; and I am very busy at first coming on shore with such a party. Good-bye for the present, my dear dear Uncle,

Your loving and grateful Nephew,

J. C. P.

To me the condolence was :—

October 6, 1866.

And so, my dear Cousin, the blow has fallen upon you, and dear Mr. and Mrs. Keble have passed away to their eternal rest. I found letters at Norfolk Island on October 2, not my April letters, which will tell me most about him, but my May budget.

How very touching the account is which my Uncle John sends me of dear Mrs. Keble, so thankful that he was taken first, so desirous to go, yet so content to stay! And how merciful it has all been. Such a calm holy close to the saintly life. May God bless and support all you who feel the bereavement! Even I feel that I would fain look for one more letter from him, but we have his 'Christian Year,' and other books. Is it not wonderful that all the wisdom and love and beauty of the 'Christian Year,' to say nothing of the exquisite and matured poetry, should have been given to him so early in life? Why, as I gather, the book was finished in the year 1825, though not published till 1827. He wrote it when he was only 33 years old and for 45 years he lived after he was capable of such a work. Surely such a union of extreme learning, wisdom, and scholarship, with humility and purity of heart and life has very very seldom been found. Everyone wishes to say something to everyone else of one so dear to all, and no one can say what each and all feel. We ought indeed to be thankful, who not only have in common with all men his books, but the memory of what he was personally to us.

The change must needs be a great one to you. I *do* feel much for you indeed. But you will bear it bravely; and many duties and the will and power to discharge them occupy the mind, and the elasticity comes back again after a time. I know nothing of

the Keble family, not even how they were related to him, so that my interest in Hursley is connected with him only. Yet it will always be a hallowed spot in the memory of English Churchmen. You will hear the various rumours as to who is to write his life, &c. Let me know what is worth knowing about it.

Kohimarama. Anchored on October 8, after an absence of exactly six weeks; all well on board and ashore.

Thanks be to God for so many mercies. The mail is gone, and alas! all my letters and newspapers were sent off a few days since in the 'Brisk' to Norfolk Island. We passed each other. They did not expect me back so soon, so I have no *late* news, and have no time to read newspapers.

May God bless you, my dear Cousin,

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

In spite of this deep veneration for Mr. Keble and for his teachings, Bishop Patteson did not, as will be seen in the ensuing letter, embrace to the full the doctrine which had been maintained in 'Eucharistic Adoration,' and which he rightly perceived to lie at the root of the whole Ritualistic question. His conclusions had been formed upon the teachings of the elder Anglican divines, and his predilections for the externals of worship, upon the most reverent and beautiful forms to which he had been accustomed before he left home, and the results are apparent in the letter to his sister which accompanied the two given above:—

And so, dear Fan, that dear holy man is taken to his everlasting reward. And his good wife is mercifully spared the long sorrow of living here without him. How blessed a close to a saintly life! And yet even

to me the loss is a great one, for his little notes were treasures to me. Yet now they are together waiting in peace and joy for the great consummation.

You will have a beautiful Church, and soon you will have a new Bishop. I hope and trust that you may go on quietly and reverently without any of this Ritualism, which I know you dislike as much as I do. Most seriously I *could* write about what I believe to be so great and fundamental an error. But I don't know enough, and say nothing to anybody but Joan and Jem; but are dear Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey right in their views about Eucharistic Adoration and the Objective Presence such as they speak of? I rejoice, oh so greatly, that Mr. Keble wrote against the attendance of non-communicants as implying a semi-sacramental worship. Freeman is clean against it. Hooker, I need not tell you, holds distinctly the Presence of Christ, not in the elements, but in the faithful recipient. Yet where is Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament taught more nobly, more faithfully, than in those chapters of his Fifth Book, wherein he arrives at that conclusion?

'But this Ritualism is connected with the Adoration of the Sacrament.' The 'Guardian' inserts statements of functions, speaking of the Mass, &c. &c. Of course Bishops and others with opinions stronger than their intellects, and with an incapacity for believing any but their own views to be free from error, seize upon the exaggerations of the High Church party as a cat's paw to pull down, denounce, and vilify the whole system of which these harmful exponents are in the main supporters. What but an early weekly communion could be desired beyond what our dear Uncle gave us at Thorverton? and that he would thankfully have given, had he lived a few years more to see the

fruit of his teaching in the increasing desire for frequent communion.

I see that the St. George's-in-the-East disgraceful tumults are being practised in Dublin. It is all wrong, Fan. Functions don't promote the Catholic spirit of the Church, nor aid the Eastern and Western Churches to regard us as Catholic. Oh! how we need to pray for the spirit of wisdom, and understanding, and counsel, and knowledge! And even if these things are right, why must men be so impatient? Fifty years hence it may be that to resist some such movement might be evidently 'to fight against God.' But that a vestment, or incense, or genuflexions, albeit once in use, are of the essence of Christianity, no one ventures to say.

'They are natural accompaniments of the Sacrifice of the Altar.' I don't approve of the term as used by you, for I know what you mean to imply by it, and I deny the fact. There is a symbolism about the vestments, I admit, possibly of some value to about one in every thousand of our Church people, but not in such vestments as men now are using, which to 999 in every 1,000 symbolize only Rome. The next is Mediævalism: and if the Church of England accepts Mediæval rather than Primitive usage, I for one don't know how she is to answer the Romanists.

Perhaps it should be mentioned, that, after Mr. Keble's death, the Bishop had hardly any English correspondents who looked on these subjects in full sympathy with the central doctrine, to which he has referred; and I had neither the power—nor if I had it, the presumption to debate the matter, or put the point of view fully and correctly, and thus he gathered his impressions from public statements and arguments,

rather than from the innermost side; and the one thing that his solitary way of life did prevent him from realizing, was that rapid progression of minds, which made the eleven years of his absence from England very like the fifty of which he spoke.

On the question of the free action of the Colonial Churches, he was, as it were, an expert; and he expressed his opinion decisively thus on October 22 :—

I dare say, dear Fan, that I write positively, too much so, about Colonial Church questions, (*a*) because I have no time to do more than put down *results* of trains of thoughts, (*b*) because really it does seem to me so very clear that there is some fallacy running all through the *English* view, viz., an idea, that identity with the peculiar legal position of the Church in England is a desirable and a possible thing. The position of the Church as a legal body associated with the State, is peculiar to England: it is the result of certain historical events which have taken place in England. You can't reproduce it in the Colonies. The words of the Privy Council are quite conclusive, and our Primate anticipated them for years, so they exactly suited us, and supplied exactly what we wanted.

But I don't want hasty steps to be taken: only the attempt to preserve the unity of the mother and daughter Churches through the Privy Council and Ecclesiastical system of the Church in England rather than through the really Catholic means, is a serious error.

However, I have no time to write, nor even to think, much on such points: only, is it not rather sad to see the self-complacent way in which many men speak of the position of the Church in England,

as if it were the very perfection of all that could be desired?

Is it undutiful, is it departing from the position of a true Churchman, to say that the practice of primitive antiquity is to be our guide? What were all the Churches of the East and West but voluntary associations? Who ever denied the completeness of an ecclesiastical province administering Church discipline under its Metropolitan? (See Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon,' *passim.*)

I have seen no papers yet, but I don't like the Queen's mandate being read at the consecration of the new Bishops. I hope it is not supposed to be really effective in giving coercive jurisdiction to a Colonial Bishop in bringing him within the action of the English Ecclesiastical Court.

I don't anticipate a difficulty from any preponderating influence of the clerical element. What you say of the clergy not being the best judges in questions brought before law courts is true; but read over the Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill, and you will see that there has been every care taken to make the constitution of the Court (not that it is, in the English legal sense, a Court at all) satisfactory.

Objection: All the various Churches will enunciate differing statements about doctrine, &c.

Answer: Why is it to be assumed that Churches using the same Prayer-book, Articles, and Ordinal, should enunciate different statements of doctrine? But if they did, as on some points they might slightly or greatly differ, so it was of old, and you pay rather heavily for an apparent uniformity when you sacrifice the living organic power of the Church to obtain it.

I feel sure that men have got some strange con-

fusion in their heads between the real vital principle of union, by which the branches of the English Church ought to be held together, and the peculiar machinery which obtains in England, and in England only.

The answer is sufficient (is it not?) when one points to the Episcopal Church of America.

What signs have you there of any want of union with the Church of England, and why should we, as New Zealand Churchmen, send appeals to Canterbury any more than American Churchmen? (I am of course able to see that something else than the union of the English and American Churches may be desirable.) But their union is an existing fact. Ask yourselves, how is that union preserved? What is the bond? Why does it symbolize with England, not with Rome or Geneva? It has Episcopacy. So has Rome. The Sacraments, the Word, the Creed, and all according to the Reformed Branch of the Church of Christ in England. I suppose it is easy to see what constitutes the bond of union, and that questions of Supremacy, Privy Council, &c., have nothing to do with it. Now if only you can shift your *Stand-punkt*, from that of the member of the Church in England, as it exists in its peculiar relation to the State, to that of the member of Christ's Church in primitive times, and then see also that the reformation of abuses which had corrupted the truth, did not of necessity involve any departure from primitive rules, organisation and government, nor, at all events, entail upon all who were thus reformed or became, as years went on, descendants from a Church so reformed, whatever peculiar characteristics the peculiar national history of the people in the particular country of England

brought with it, then I suppose the question becomes somewhat more clear. . . .

I will try to put down some day my thoughts in an orderly temperate way, not in abrupt sharp sentences; but I am so distracted by many things that I fear I shall never regain the power of thinking or writing consecutively or briefly.

Can you get me a collection—(such things are sure to be found *now* at the publishers')—of dear Mr. Keble's works. I have 'The Christian Year,' 'Lyra Innocentium,' the Sermons with the well-known Preface on the present position of English Churchmen in 1847; but I have lost my copy of the 'Eucharistic Adoration,' and have none or scarce any of his occasional sermons, &c.

I can't write on so very sacred a subject as the Holy Communion without much more thought; but I don't *think* our dear Father would have accepted some of Mr. Keble's views; and many of his expressions in the 'Lyra,' not in the 'Christian Year,' are to me very startling.

'Startling,' but not diminishing love or reverence. After an All Saints' Communion, the following letter was written :—

All Saints' Day, 1866.

My dear Cousin,—You know why I write to you on this day. The Communion of Saints becomes ever a more and more real thing to us as holy and saintly servants of God pass beyond the veil, as also we learn to know and love more and more our dear fellow-labourers and fellow-pilgrims still among us in the flesh.

Such a day as this brings, thanks be to God, many calm, peaceful memories with it. Of how many we

may both think humbly and thankfully whose trials and sorrows are over for ever, whose earthly work is done, who dwell now in Paradise and see His Face, and calmly wait for the great consummation. To you the sense of personal loss must be now—it will always be—mixed up with the true spirit of thankfulness and joy; but remember, that as they greatly helped you, so you in no slight measure have received from God power to help others, a trust which I verily believe you are faithfully discharging, and that the brightness of the Christian life must be not lost sight of in our dealings with others, would we really seek to set forth the attractiveness of religion.

I don't mean that I miss this element in any of your writings; rather, I am thankful to you because you teach so well how happiness and joy are the portion of the Christian in the midst of so much that the world counts sorrow and loss. But I think that depression of mind rapidly communicates itself, and you must be aware that you are through your books stamping your mind on many people.

Do you mind my saying all this to you? only I would fain say anything that at such a time may, if only for a minute, help to keep the bright side before you. The spirit of patience did seem so to rest upon him and his dear saintly wife. The motto of the Christian Year seemed to be inwoven into his life and character. I suppose he so well knew the insignificance of what to us mortals in our own generation seems so great, that he had learned to view eternal truths in the light of Him who is eternal. He fought manfully for the true eternal issues, and everything else fell into its subordinate

place. Is not one continually struck with his keen sense of the proportion of things? He wastes no time nor strength in the accidents of religion; much that he liked and valued he never taught as essential, or even mentioned, lest it might interfere with essentials.

Oh! that his calm wise judgment, his spiritual discernment, may be poured out on many earnest men who I can't help thinking lack that instinct which divinely guided the early Church in the 'selection of fundamentals.' We must all grieve to see earnest, zealous men almost injuring the good cause, and placing its best and wisest champions in an unnecessarily difficult position, because they do not see what I suppose Mr. Keble did see so very clearly.

I know that these questions present themselves somewhat differently to those situated severally as you and we are. But it is, I suppose, by freely interchanging amongst ourselves thoughts that the general balance is best preserved. Pray, when you have time, write freely to me on such matters if you think it may be of use to do so. The Church *everywhere* ought to guard, and teach, and practise what is essential. In non-essentials I suppose the rule is clear. I will eat no meat, &c.

And now good bye, my dear Cousin; and may God ever bless and comfort you.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

The whole question of the Eucharistic doctrine filled the Bishop's mind greatly. He works out one line of thought in a letter to his sister dated December 5th, resting on his favourite old English divines:—

Apropos of what you say of the sacrificial aspect, men and women remaining but not to participate.

(*a.*) It is directly opposed to primitive practice.

(*b.*) It is founded on a confusion of the different kinds of sacrifice among the Jews.

The sin offering was made to prepare access to God.

The offerer did not eat of this.

The burnt offering to mark the dedication to Him. (Cf. our Post-Communion Prayer.)

The meat offering, the peace offering, was the offering of thanksgiving, the Eucharistic offering.

It is surely the peace offering which is our Eucharistic Sacrifice. The offerer ate of this.

I can't go into it now. But it is not the *sacrifice*, but that sacred joyous *feast on a sacrifice*, that is the *idea* of the Eucharist. This you know is Cudworth's view and Waterland's.

The child of God pardoned by the expiatory and propitiatory sacrifice of Christ, and through faith in His blood is admitted to his Father's table. He brings his offering, the bread and wine, which the priest takes and sanctifies, and of which priest and people partake.

The offerer does not offer a sin offering but a peace offering. He feasts on the sacrifice.

But people don't read Leviticus now-a-days, I suppose, except to find materials for founding sceptical disquisitions.

The one word sacrifice is used as if it were a matter of indifference *what* and *what kind* of sacrifice was intended.

This, as you probably know, is the view of Cudworth, whom Waterland followed; and dear father

once wrote to me that he almost entirely agreed with Waterland.

I don't know enough to enter into the whole subject now.

The letter which contains this argument mentions with regret the return of Sir William and Lady Martin after a visit of some weeks at St. Andrews. 'I do not know when I have had such a holiday' is his comment upon it; and as it was the last ever paid to Kohimarama, this chapter shall conclude with Lady Martin's picture of the pleasant days there.

One more visit we paid to our dear friend in November 1866, a few months before he left Kohimarama for Norfolk Island. He invited my dear husband specially for the purpose of working together at Hebrew, with the aid of the lights they thought our languages throw on its grammatical structure.

The Bishop was very happy and bright. He was in his new house, a great improvement upon the stuffy quarters in the *quad*. His sitting-room was large and lofty and had French windows which opened on a little verandah facing the sea.

The Mission party were most co-operative, and would not let the Bishop come into school during the three weeks of our stay, so he had a working holiday which he thoroughly enjoyed. The weather was lovely, the boys were all well, and there was no drawback to the happiness of that time. At seven the chapel bell rang and we walked across with him to the pretty little chapel. The prayers and hymn were in Mota, the latter a translation by the Bishop of the hymn 'Now that the daylight fills the sky.' The boys all responded heartily and were reverent

in demeanour. After breakfast the two wise men worked steadily till nearly one. We were not allowed to dine in Hall as the weather was very warm, and we inveigled the Bishop to stay out and be our host.

A quaint little procession of demure-looking little maidens brought our dinner over. They were grave and full of responsibility till some word from 'Bisop' would light up their faces with shy smiles.

What pleasant walks we had together before evening chapel under the wooded cliffs or through the green fields. Mr. Pritt had by this time brought the Mission farm into excellently working order by the aid of the elder lads alone. Abundance of good milk and butter (the latter getting a ready sale in town) and of vegetables. His gifts too in school-keeping were invaluable.

I wish I could recall some of the conversations with our dear friend. A favourite topic was concerning the best modes of bringing the doctrines of the Christian religion clearly and fully within the comprehension of the converts. Some of their papers written after being taught by him showed that they did apprehend them in a thoughtful intelligent way.

At half-past six we had a short service, again in Mota, in chapel, and then we rarely saw our dear friend till nine. He would not neglect any of his night classes. At half-past nine the English workers gathered together in the Bishop's room for prayers and for a little friendly chat. Curiously enough, the conversation I most distinctly remember was one with him as we rode up one Saturday to Kohimarama to St. John's College. I got him to describe the game of tennis, and he warmed up and told me of games he had played at.

How that cheery talk came to mind as I drove down the same road last year just after fine weather had come! It was the same season, and the hedges on each side of the narrow lane were fragrant as then with may and sweet briar.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. BARNABAS COLLEGE, NORFOLK ISLAND.
1867–1869.

A NEW phase of Coleridge Patteson's life was beginning with the year 1867, when he was in full preparation for the last of his many changes of home, namely, that to Norfolk Island, isolating him finally from those who had become almost as near kindred to him, and devoting him even more exclusively to his one great work. No doubt the separation from ordinary society was a relief, and the freedom from calls to irregular clerical duty at Auckland was an immense gain; but the lack of the close intercourse with the inner circle of his friends was often felt, and was enhanced by the lack of postal communication with Norfolk Island, so that, instead of security of home tidings by every mail, letters and parcels could only be transmitted by chance vessels touching at that inaccessible island, where there was no harbour for even the 'Southern Cross' to lie.

But the welfare of the Mission, and the possible benefit to the Pitcairners outweighed everything. It is with some difficulty that the subject of this latter people is approached. They have long been the romance of all interested in Missionary effort, and precious has been the belief that so innocent and pious a community existed on the face of the earth. And it

is quite true that when they are viewed as the offspring of English mutineers and heathen Tahitians, trained by a repentant old sailor, they are wonderful in many respects; and their attractive manners and manifest piety are sure to strike their occasional visitors, who have seldom stayed long enough to penetrate below the surface.

But it has been their great disadvantage never to have had a much higher standard of religion, morals, civilisation, or industry set before them, than they had been able to evolve for themselves; and it is a law of nature that what is not progressive must be retrograde. The gentle Tahitian nature has entirely mastered the English turbulence, so that there is genuine absence of violence, there is no dishonesty; and drunkenness was then impossible; there is also a general habit of religious observance, but not including self-restraint as a duty, while the reaction of all the enthusiastic admiration expressed for this interesting people has engendered a self-complacency that makes them the harder to deal with. Parental authority seems to be entirely wanting among them, the young people grow up unrestrained; and the standard of morality and purity seems to be pretty much what it is in a neglected English parish, but, as before said, without the drunkenness and lawlessness, and with a universal custom of Church-going, and a great desire not to expose their faults to the eyes of strangers. The fertile soil, to people of so few wants, and with no trade, prevents the necessity of exertion, and the *dolce far niente* prevails universally. The Government buildings have fallen into entire ruin, and the breed of cattle has been allowed to become worthless for want of care. The dwellings are uncleanly, and the people so undisciplined that only their native gentleness would make their present self-government

possible; and it is a great problem how to deal with them.

The English party who were to take up their abode on Norfolk Island consisted of the Bishop, the Rev. Mr. Palmer who was there already, Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke. The Rev. R. Codrington was on his way from England with Mr. Bice, a young student from St. Augustine's, Canterbury; but Mr. and Mrs. Pritt had received an appointment at the Waikato, and left the Mission. The next letter to myself tells something of the plans:—

January 29, 1867.

My dear Cousin,—I enclose a note to Miss Mackenzie, thanking her for her book about Mrs. Robertson. It does one good to read about such a couple. I almost feel as if I should like to write a line to the good man. There was the real genuine love for the people, the secret of course of all missionary success, the consideration for them, the power of sympathy, of seeing with the eyes of others, and putting oneself into their position. Many a time have I thought: 'Yes, that's all right, that's the true spirit, that's the real thing.'

Oh! that men could be trained to act in that way. It seems as if mere common sense would enable societies and men to see that it must be so. And yet how sadly we mismanage men, and misuse opportunities.

Men should be made to understand that they cannot receive training for this special Mission work except on the spot; at the institution, the aim should be to give them a thorough grounding in Greek and Latin, the elements of Divinity, leaving out all talk about experiences, and all that can minister to spiritual pride, and delude men into the

idea that the desire (as they suppose) to be missionaries implies that they are one whit better than the baker and shoemaker next door.

The German system is very different. The Moravians don't handle their young candidates after this fashion.

Now Mr. Robertson and his good wife refresh one by the reality and simplicity of their life, the simple-mindedness, the absence of all cant and formalism. I mean the formal observance of a certain set of views about the Sabbath, about going to parties, about reading books, &c., the formal utterance of an accepted phraseology.

Would that there were hundreds such! Would that his and her example might stir the hearts of many young people, women as well as men! Well, I like all that helps me to know him and her in the book, and am much obliged to Miss Mackenzie for it.

We have had a trying month, unusually damp close weather, and influenza has been prevalent. Many boys had it, one little fellow died. He was very delirious at last, and as he lay day and night on my bed we had often to hold him. But one night he was calm and sensible, and with Henry Tagalana's help I obtained from him such a simple answer or two to our questions that I felt justified in baptizing him. He was about ten years old, I suppose, one of our youngest.

Last Saturday, at 12.45 A.M., he passed away into what light, and place, and knowledge, and calm rest in his Saviour's bosom! we humbly trust. God be praised for all his mercies! It was touching, indeed, to hear Henry speaking to his little friend. He spoke so as to make me feel very hopeful about his

work as a teacher being blessed, his whole heart on his lips and in his voice and manner and expression of face.

But, my dear Cousin, often I think that I need more than ever your prayers that I may have the blessing for which we pray in our Collect for the First Sunday after Epiphany: grace to use the present opportunities aright. My time may be short; we are very few in number: *now* the young English and Melanesian teachers ought to be completely trained, that so, by God's blessing, the work may not come to nought. Codrington's coming ought to be a great gain in this way. A right-minded man of age and experience may well be regarded as invaluable indeed. I so often feel that I am distracted by multitudinous occupations, and can't think and act out my method of dealing with the elder ones, so as to use them aright. So many things distract—social, domestic, industrial matters and general superintendence, and my time is of course always given to any one who wants it.

The change to Norfolk Island, too, brings many anxious thoughts and cares, and the state of the people there will be an additional cause of anxiety. I think that we shall move *en masse* in April or May, making two or three trips in the schooner. Palmer has sixteen now with him there. I shall perhaps leave ten more for the winter school, and then go on to the islands, and return (D.V.) in October, not to New Zealand, but to Norfolk Island; though, as it is the year of the meeting of the General Synod, *i.e.* February 1868, I shall have to be in New Zealand during that summer. You shall have full information of all my and our movements, as soon as I know myself precisely the plan.

And now, good-bye, my dear Cousin; and may God ever bless and keep you. I think much of you, and of how you must miss dear Mr. Keble.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. P.

(Enclosed.) January 6, 1867.

Dear Miss Mackenzie,—I have just looked (not as yet *read*) through your Memorials of Mrs. Robertson. Thank you for sending me the book, and thus making me (for the first time) well acquainted with these excellent people and with some passages in your and your brother's history.

It does one good to read of such a man and such a woman. How I seem to know them; and if a true love for their brown and black-skinned children and friends can, as nothing else more surely can, unite hearts in one, then I think that he and I must be in some degree one, which I pray may indeed be the case. To be really one in heart and work with him would be a blessing and happiness indeed.

You told me in one of your last letters that Mr. Robertson had the great sorrow of seeing one of his old pupils and friends turned away from the faith. That is a trial indeed. But here in New Zealand there are also many cases of men falling away in an unexpected manner, and yet I think no case so painful as this.

1st. I think that the tender love and care of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson is so *very* seldom equalled, often indeed scarcely attempted, that very few converts from heathenism have (so to say) the chance these Umlazi converts had.

2nd. The history of the conduct of some of the Englishmen in New Zealand, and specially during

the last few years, has been so wholly inconsistent with the profession of Christianity, that it has proved an unusually great stumbling-block to the natives. They say 'Your Book very good, but you don't believe it.' They felt that they were being unjustly deprived of their rights, their lands, and all that they held dear on earth. Anything that could be used as a political engine to call forth the energies of the people in resistance to the Englishman was eagerly adopted. Thank God! the accounts even during the last few days from several quarters are more hopeful! Now, as far as I know, no such great pressure from without took place in this case. But I don't know how this may be. Anyhow, may God of His mercy turn his heart back again!

[The end is cut off for the autograph.]

January 2, 1867.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—I have a most valuable letter of yours to answer, a letter in which you write so touchingly of dear Mr. and Mrs. Keble; in which you comment on 'Ecce Homo' in words which express exactly my feeling, and on Ritualism again after a manner which makes us all thankful; *us*, I say, for your letter has been read to and by many, viz., the Bishops of New Zealand and Wellington and Sir William Martin, &c. It is *very* kind of you to write to me, and we all greatly value all that you say. Indeed, no one of us here has a correspondent who can tell us as you can the real bearing of these questions, what leading men in the Church think of them, &c. I need not attempt to say what I think about 'Ecce Homo'; you have said it much better. That the book is needed is clear enough, sad enough perhaps that it should be needed. And yet the

present state of things is better than indifference; and when people's minds are actively employed upon religious matters, there must be some extravagances and errors, and then such books as this have their office and work to do. There is much that is very noble in the book; much to distress one, too. It seems as if the writer felt, 'If I use the customary phraseology, people for whom I write won't read it; they will say that I belong to the regular orthodox school, &c.,' and so had purposely used startling and unpleasant language. But I confidently expect good from the book. I have not seen Bishop Ellicott's review of it; but if what I am told is correct, I am rather sorry that he wrote it. Though what right have I to say so of such a man?

I am troubled at Dr. Pusey's allowing himself to be diverted from his great work, his Commentary, by other matters. These present controversies will die out, even without the hard blows that he deals them, but his Commentary! when can the Church hope to have a man to supply what is lacking in his Commentary if he leaves it unfinished? What he has written on the Minor Prophets will never die, and I feel strongly that he has a very special vocation to finish it. Can you recommend any thoroughly good work (besides Wordsworth) on the Epistle to the Hebrews? Tholuck wrote on it, did he not? But I thought there might be some hope of Bishop Ellicott going on, even in the midst of his episcopal work, with his Commentaries. I rejoice that he is a Bishop; but I sadly want his help in other books, now that he has accustomed me to follow his guidance in so many Epistles.

I have seen in the paper that you have resigned the Head Mastership and taken a Fellowship, and

that Ridding succeeds you. This is news indeed. I cannot help hoping that you may soon have an even wider sphere of usefulness opened to you, though indeed a Winchester Fellowship is a retreat that sounds delicious. Under the shadow of that glorious Cathedral, helping to rule your grand old College, with your son-in-law in your place, I rejoice to think of you, and of the good you will do. If you are left there (which I much doubt), you will write us books, sermons, &c. I should like to be with you, and ask you questions about many things, and see Hursley and Otterbourne, places which I never saw. And yet, while I say this, I know full well that I should be uneasy if I was absent for a month from Melanesians; and, of course, I never dream of such a thing.

Miss Rennell, whom no doubt you knew, and whom I used to call my aunt, has passed away from this world, I hear. How well I remember, as a little boy, stopping at the Deanery. I remember the old Dean, and the Cathedral, and how, playing in the garden within the buttresses of the old grey choir, I stopped in my play with awe and wonder to hear the solemn chant within, and felt as if I were under His shadow. I know no such associations as those of Winchester Cathedral; but I saw it but once, and for a minute only, in after years.

I hardly can find time to enter upon those questions affecting the Church so closely upon which I should so much like to talk with you. I mean especially the Colonial Church question, and the mode of establishing some disciplinary system in England. I can well see how we in New Zealand should deal with such difficulties as are presented by Ritualism, *e.g.*; but in England the Church seems

powerless. An Act of Parliament may define certain practices to be illegal by a piece of patchwork legislation, then the Ritualists discover some particular practice to have been overlooked in the Act, and in defiance of the Bishops and common-sense of the Church take advantage of such omission. What kind of government is that for Christian men! Whereas Bishop, Clergy, and Laity meeting together and taking brotherly counsel in Synod may really reach principles of conduct, and exercise mutual forbearance, &c., for the peace and welfare of the Church. Of course, when (as in New Zealand) the Churchmen are bound by their mutual consent to accept the decisions of Synods, there can be no difficulty. In England you can't now have Diocesan Synods, the dioceses are too large. Eight hundred clergy and 1,000 lay representatives could hardly meet with much advantage. But this is only another proof that dioceses ought to be very greatly multiplied.

I see no reason whatever why we should desire any connection with you *quà* establishment; and *quà* Church we are of course connected by the strongest ties, by the one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism, &c., as specifically taught in the Book of Common Prayer. But an unestablished Church can't be connected with an established Church in that which belongs to its accidental character as an establishment. We really occupy very much the position of the really ancient Churches. Our ecclesiastical Province is complete, metropolitan and suffragans. Laymen of old were not, I suppose, educated men for the most part, nor men of business, nor did the state of the Church require them to take their places as Synodsmen, while they were content to learn of the Bishop in Council. But I am not at all sure that the *principle*

of lay representation cannot be made out even in the earliest times. Anyhow, we must have it now. I confess I believe it to be right as well as expedient. Our laymen are being educated for their duties as Churchmen in a remarkable degree. The system works well here; and I see no reason to doubt that it may continue to work smoothly, though of course there are always some ill-informed and disputatious men who will try to disturb order.

I don't see how or why we should require Colonial Bishops to hold (as it were) under the Archbishop of Canterbury. The suffragans of York, Armagh, Dublin, do not. Why should the suffragans of New Zealand, Canada, &c?

I don't see what meaning the word 'supremacy' has as applied to us. The Crown does not nominate Bishops: *vide* Canada. The Crown does not appoint Ecclesiastical Courts in the Colonies: the Colonial Legislatures won't allow it.

We have no desire to send appeals to Lord Westbury and Co. And this, I suppose, was *the* main meaning of the Supremacy. Who was to be supreme, —the Pope or the King? And Jurisdiction—Courts —are the mark of sovereignty. But we accept the Supremacy, define it in this way, as Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., accept it. I don't see in what other sense we *can* accept it.

As for unity of doctrine and discipline being secured by the Colonial Churches identifying themselves with the English Ecclesiastical Courts, take, for the first, the men accused of heresy in modern times, and you don't get much idea of unity: Hampden, Gorham, Denison, Williams, Wilson, Colenso; and for discipline, take the case of beneficed and unbeneficed clergymen. The so-called *Curate* has

indeed a month to appeal to the Archbishop, from a purely arbitrary act of his Diocesan (witness the Bishop of Manchester's treatment of Mr. Nihill). The *incumbent*, being a freeholder, is even able to defy his Bishop. The State protects him as a citizen holding property. It is useless to ask us to accept a cumbrous, wholly anomalous system, unlike anything else, I suppose, in Christendom. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that God is perhaps preparing for the great crisis in England by bringing on these changes, supplying precedents for the authorities at home in the great change that must come. Ireland will soon be disestablished. Already people will see what I mean when the title is no longer the Church of England and Ireland. But the independence, and yet the mutual interdependence, of ecclesiastical Provinces is surely well established. Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon' proves it *passim*. We are not likely to promulgate new decrees; we may indeed require a man (*e.g.*, such as Colenso) to resign his cure of souls when in the Privy Council he is maintained in his position by some legal contrivance. But I don't see that people need be very uneasy on that score. If once it is clearly understood that we have the same position, the same liberty, and the same absence of obligation to the State that the Wesleyans and other sects are well known to have, then I think we shall be seen to occupy a natural and satisfactory position out here. . . .

Bishop Ellicott I see has read and approves our Constitution. But I wish he had not gone on to talk as he did about endowments. We really don't worry ourselves about endowments, that comparatively small matter, and yet we are not visionaries. But we see that *men do give* when they are treated

properly, that the offertory *does* support the clergymen, &c. I will answer for it that our collections in the diocese of New Zealand exceed those of the same number of Churchmen anywhere, who are at all similarly circumstanced. Well, this is a long story, and I must apologise for writing so tediously. My very kind regards and congratulations to Ridding. If you must retire, I could not wish the school a better man.

Affectionately yours,
J. C. PATTESON.

Sunday, February 10, 1867.

My dear old Fan,—No time to write at length. We are pretty well, but coughs and colds abound, and I am a little anxious about one nice lad, Lelenga, but he is not very seriously ill.

I have of course occasional difficulties, as who has not? Irregularities, not (D. G.) of very serious nature, yet calling for reproof; a certain proportion of the boys, and a large proportion of the girls careless, and of course, like boys and girls such as you know of in Devonshire, not free from mischief.

Indeed, it is a matter for great thankfulness that, as far as we know, no immorality has taken place with fifteen girls in the school. We take of course all precautions, rooms are carefully locked at night. Still really evil-minded young persons could doubtless get into mischief, if they were determined to do so. Only to-day I spoke severely, not on this point, but on account of some proof of want of real modesty and purity of feeling. But how can I be surprised at that?

All schoolmaster's work is anxious work. It is even more so than the ordinary clergyman's work, because you are parent and schoolmaster at once.

You may suppose that as the time approaches for

Codrington and Bice to arrive, and for our move to Norfolk Island, I am somewhat anxious, and have very much to do. Indeed, the Norfolk Island people do sadly want help.

Your affectionate Brother,

J. C. P.

P.S. You may tell your lads at night school, if you think it well, that no Melanesian I ever had here would be so ungentlemanly as to throw stones or make a row when a lady was present.

St. Matthias' Day, 1867.

My dearest Joan and Fan,—The beginning of the seventh year of my Bishop's life! How quickly the time has gone, and a good deal seems to have taken place, and yet (though some experience has been gained) but little sense have I of real improvement in my own self, of 'pressing onwards,' and daily struggles against faults. But for some persons it is dangerous to talk of such things, and I am such a person. It would tend to make me unreal, and my words would be unreal, and soon my thoughts and life would become unreal too. I am conscious of very, very much that is very wrong, and would astonish many of even those who know me best, but I must use this consciousness, and not talk about it any more.

I am in harness again for English work. How can I refuse? I am writing now between two English services.

Indeed, no adequate provision is made here for married clergymen with families; 300*l.* a year is starvation at present prices. Men can't live on it;

and who can work vigorously with the thought ever present to him, 'When I die, what of my wife and family?' What is to be done?

I solve the difficulty in Melanesian work by saying, 'Use Melanesians.' I tell people plainly, 'I don't want white men.' Bice, I hope, may do; I feel by no means sure, because I think it very doubtful in the case of *any* man, but I have not seen him yet. The 'Mary Shepherd' is making a long passage. Our English staff:—Bishop, Rev. R. Codrington, Rev. J. Palmer, J. Atkin, C. H. Brooke, Bice, Hall, Alfred Nobbs.

Atkin and Brooke may be ordained (D.V.) next Christmas. Then come the Melanesians, and they must do the work unless some man of acquirements, position, &c., comes forward. I have no intention of taking any more from England, Australia, or New Zealand. I sum it all up thus: They cost about ten times as much as the Melanesian (literally), and but a very small proportion do the work as well.

I was amused at some things in your December letters. How things do unintentionally get exaggerated! I went up into the tree-house by a very good ladder of bamboos and supple-jacks, quite as easily as one goes up the rigging of a ship, and my ten days at Bauro were spent among a people whose language I know, and where my life was as safe and everyone was as disposed to be friendly as if I had been in your house at Weston. But, of course, it is all 'missionary hardships and trials.' I don't mean that you talk in this way.

Our first instalment of scholars with Messrs. Atkin and Brooke will go off (D.V.) about March 21.

Then my house is taken down; the boys who now live in it having been sent off: and on the schooner's return, about April 15, another set of things, books, houses, &c. Probably a third trip will be necessary, and then, about May 5 or 6, I hope to go. It will be somewhat trying at the end. But I bargain for all this, which of course constitutes my hardest and most trying business. The special Mission work, as most people would regard it, is as nothing in comparison. Good-bye, and God bless you.

Your loving Brother,

J. C. P.

On March 5, Mr. Codrington safely arrived, bringing with him Mr. Bice. The boon to the Bishop was immense, both in relief from care and in the companionship, for which he had henceforth to depend entirely on his own staff. The machinery of the routine had been so well set in order by Mr. Pritt that it could be continued without him; and though there was no English woman to superintend the girls, it was hoped that Sarah Sarawia had been prepared by Mrs. Pritt to be an efficient matron.

Kohimarama: March 23, 1867.

My dear Cousin,—Our last New Zealand season, for it may be our last, draws near its close. On Monday, only two days hence, the 'Southern Cross' sails (weather permitting) with our first instalment. Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke, with their classes of thirteen Mahaga, Amudha, and Savo scholars, and fifteen Malanta, Guadalcanar, Ulana, and San Cristoval scholars, George Sarawia also, and his wife, and Walter Hotaswol, who again has been spitting blood, form the first party. Mr. Palmer has got his house up, and they must stow themselves away in it, three

whites and forty-five blacks, the best way they can. The vessel takes besides 14,000 feet of timber, 6,000 shingles for roofing, and boxes of books, &c. &c. without end.

I hope she may be here again to take me and the remaining goods, live and inanimate, in about eighteen or twenty days. I can't tell whether I am more likely to spend my Easter in New Zealand or Norfolk Island.

I see that in many ways the place is good for us. The first expense is heavy. I have spent about 1,000*l.* already, sinking some of my private money in the fencing, building, &c., but very soon the cost of all the commissariat, exclusive of the stores for the voyage, and a little English food for the whites, will be provided. Palmer has abundance of sweet potatoes which have been planted in ground prepared by our lads since last October. The yam crop is coming on well: fish are always abundant.

I think that in twelve months time we ought to provide ourselves with almost everything in the island. The ship and the clergymen's stipends and certain extras will always need subscriptions, but we ought at once to feed ourselves, and soon to export wool, potatoes, corn (maize I mean), &c.

I never forget about the idea of the chapel. At present the Norfolk Island Chapel will be only a wing of my house: which will consist of two rooms for myself, a spare room for a sick lad or two, and a large dormitory which, if need be, can be turned into a hospital, and the other end a wing in the chapel, 42 × 18 feet, quite large enough for eighty or more people. The entrance from without, and again a private door from my sitting room. All is very simple in the plan. It seems almost selfish

having it thus as a part of my dwelling house; but it will be such a comfort, so convenient for Confirmation and Baptism and Holy Communion classes, and so nice for me. Some ladies in Melbourne give a velvet Altar cloth, Lady S. in Sydney gives all the white linen: our Communion plate you know is very handsome. Some day Joan must send me a solid block of Devonshire serpentine for my Font, such a one as there is at Alfington, or Butterfield might now devise even a better.

But I *think*, though I have not thought enough yet, that in the diocese of Norfolk Island, and in the islands, the running stream of living water and the Catechumens 'going down' into it, is the right mode of administering the holy sacrament. The Lectern and the small Prayer-desk are of sandal-wood from Erromango.

It will be far more like a Church than anything the Pitcairners have ever seen. The Church in Norfolk Island is an extraordinary and most hideous and unecclesiastical building. Perhaps next Christmas—but much may take place before then—I may ordain Palmer Priest, Atkin and Brooke Deacons, and there may be a goodly attendance of Melanesian communicants and candidates for Baptism. If so, what a day of hope to look forward to! And then I think I see the day of dear George Sarawia's Ordination drawing nigh, if God grant him health and perseverance. He is indeed, and so are others younger than he, all that I could desire.

So, my dear Cousin, see what blessings I have, how small our trials are. They may yet come, but it is now just twelve years, exactly twelve years on Monday, since I saw my Father's and Sisters' faces, and how little have those years been marked with

sorrows. My lot is cast in a good land indeed. I read and hear of others, such as that noble Central African band, and I wonder how men go through it all. It comes to me as from a distance, not as to one who has experienced such things. We know nothing of war, or famine, or deadly fever; and we seem now to have a settled plan of work, one of the greatest comforts of all; but while I write thus brightly, I don't forget that a little thing (humanly speaking) may cause great reverses, delays and failures.

March 30th.—It is difficult without much more time at command to write on the Ritualist question. I believe that the best men among them are actuated by the desire for unity of which you speak.[1] To me it seems that such unity is not to be secured by vestments, incense, &c., and an approximation to ceremonial (and I fear, in some cases, in doctrine) to Mediævalism, which is a departure in so many points from antiquity.

For example, the Ritualists discourage, or treat lightly, the Anglo-Continental Society. I don't belong to it, for I don't know enough about it; but its principles seem to me to be right. What is wanted, is to acquaint the East and West with what the Church of England really holds, and the grounds upon which she holds it. Nineteen out of every twenty foreigners are not aware that there is any

[1] This is what he is answering:—'I know that the chief prayer (Mr. Keble's, in his last illness) was for Unity. I believe that was his greatest longing of all, though his desire to avoid giving offence held him back more than many others from outward approximations. I think this is the root of the Ritualist question. I do sympathise in the longing to be one with the East and the rest of the West so much that I do not think one's own Conservative associations with old habits ought to stand in the way.' I think he supposed me to refer more to mere externals than in thought at least I could have done.

choice between Romanism and Infidelity. They—the few of them that are in earnest—judge from the rampant Protestantism of sects and denominations abroad, from the Erastianism of Prussia and the Socinianism of Geneva, and the many-headed monster of Schism in America. They don't know what we believe. Wordsworth's 'Tour' in Italy helps one to see that it is so. But it is notorious for an Eastern or Western Bishop to be told that copes and incense were used in some churches in England contrary to the expressed wish of all the Bishops, contrary to the mind of Convocation, not in accordance with any law of the Church, but because some individuals acting without authority chose to think that so an approximation to unity may be effected; this will hardly do much good. He wants to know (if he be an earnest man) what the whole Church of England in her formularies, sanctioned by authority of the Church, does really profess and teach.

I, living in an organised Church, and taught therein to recognise authority and not to encourage individual caprice, naturally ask, 'Upon what authority does Mr. A. or Mr. B. introduce these things?' He may say, 'I can do so legally.' 'Yes, you can defy Convocation and your Bishop and not incur penalties under the Privy Council; but *in foro conscientiæ* where is your justification?' 'I do it because I seek unity.' I should say, I think, 'Seek it by obedience and humility.'

Few books have ever seemed to me more wanting in sense and usefulness than this 'Church and the World.' And the deliberate assertion of disobedience, and contempt for the mind of the vast majority is very painful. All these excesses, the right and the left, are owing to the want of any government in

the Church. The Privy Council exercises no moral influence: it amounts to a toleration of everything. Stanley represents very well the actual effect of Church government so called at home just now: Subscribe to the Colenso Fund, and don't excommunicate the Ritualists. But you have no government that I can see. If you had diocesan Synods, dioceses being subdivided so as to contain, say 250 clergymen and as many laymen, then, in all probability, it would be found that about one-twelfth or less of the whole number would vote for Ritualism. Assuming that the good of the Church and the welfare of souls are really desired by all, surely men of ordinary humility would say, 'We give way'; and if our work and thoughts be of God, by-and-by He will bring to pass His own purpose.'

But I don't see that these men are humble; and conscience is so often pleaded when the real word to use is self-will and self-confidence. I regret it all with my whole heart. The gradual growth and influence of Church principles was a thing apparent to everyone. Only patience, quietness, and confidence in God were required. He was doing a great work, making quiet preparations for great changes, educating you at home by the example of the Colonial Churches for self-government when the Establishment goes, placing before men's eyes the real strength of the Church, testing severely men who hold the truth by the attacks of scepticism and indifferentism, negative evil. All was working out a great and holy purpose; and now, I could almost say, a parcel of boys are throwing all into confusion. I don't hear of any one man of real eminence and sober judgment among them.

But something is leading men to court publicity.

But all the present state of things will soon pass. It may be made into one phase in the transition from the old to the more modern way of thinking upon the position of the Churches of Christendom; but it can't have much effect, I should think. But we have our noble Prayer for Unity, and in every generation holy men and women ever pray for it.

You must excuse my hasty and unkind remarks about the matter. I am writing in a great hurry, and I never can express properly what I have in my mind, and there is not much there to begin with.

I am very glad you understand my unwillingness to write, and still more to print overmuch about our proceedings. I *do* speak pretty freely in New Zealand and Australia, from whence I profess and mean to draw our supplies.

Accurate information is all very well, but to convey an idea of our life and work is quite beyond my powers. Still, everything that helps the ordinary men and women of England to look out into the world a bit, and see that the Gospel is a power of God, is good.

And now, good-bye, my dear Cousin. May God bless and keep you.

Your affectionate Cousin,
J. C. PATTESON.

On Lady Day, the Bishop wrote to his sisters :—

This day, twelve years ago, I saw your faces for the last time; and so I told Mary Atkin, my good young friend's only sister, as we stood on the beach just now, watching the 'Southern Cross' carrying away her only brother and some forty other people to Norfolk Island. The first detachment is therefore gone; I hope that we, the rest, will follow in

about sixteen or eighteen days. I think back over these twelve years. On the whole, how smoothly and easily they have passed with me! Less of sorrow and anxiety than was crowded into one short year of Bishop Mackenzie's life. I have been reading Mr. Rowley's book on the University Mission to Central Africa, and am glad to have read it. They were indeed fine gallant fellows, full of faith and courage and endurance.

As I write, some dozen boys are on the roof, knocking away the shingles, *i.e.*, the wooden tiles of roofing, a carpenter is taking down all that needs some more skilled handiwork. In a week the house will all be tied up in bundles of boarding, battens, about 14,000 or 15,000 feet of timber in all. Yesterday I was with the Primate; I went up indeed on Monday afternoon, as the 'Southern Cross' sailed with thirty-one Melanesians at 11 A.M., and I could get away. It was rather a sad day. I was resigning trusts, and it made the departure from New Zealand appear very real.

April 1st.—My fortieth birthday. It brings solemn thoughts. Last night I had to take the service at St. Paul's, and as I came back I thought of many things, and principally of how very different I ought to be from what I am.

All are well here at Kohimarama. My house knocked down and arrangements going on, the place leased to Mr. Atkin, Joe Atkin's father, my trusts resigned, accounts almost made up, many letters written, business matters arranged.

In a few days more the last remnant of St. Andrew's was broken up; and the first letter to the Bishop of New Zealand was written from Norfolk Island before the close of the month:—

St. Barnabas' Mission School: April 29, 1867.

My dear Primate,—We had a fair wind all the way, and having shortened sail during all Friday so as not to reach Norfolk Island in the night, made the lead at 5 A.M. on Saturday morning. But a sad casualty occurred; we lost a poor fellow overboard, one of the seamen. He ought not to have been lost, and I blame myself. He was under the davits of the boat doing something, and the rope by which he was holding parted; the life-buoy almost knocked him as he passed the quarter of the vessel, and I, instead of jumping overboard, and shouting to the Melanesians to do the same, rushed to the falls. The boat was on the spot where his cap was floating within two and a half minutes of the time he fell into the sea, but he was gone. Fisher in the hurry tore his nail by letting the falls run through his hand too fast. I was binding it up, the boat making for the poor fellow faster than any swimmer could have done. 'How it was that he did not lay hold of the buoy, or sank so soon, I can't say; the great mistake was not jumping overboard at once. This is a gloomy beginning, and made us all feel very sad. He was not married, and was a well-behaved man.

It was blowing fresh on Saturday, but we anchored under Nepean Island, and by hard work cleared the vessel by 5 P.M.; all worked hard, and all the things were landed safely. Palmer, with the cart and boys, was on the pier, and the things were carted and carried into the store as they arrived. I came on shore about 5, found all well and hearty, the people very friendly, nothing in their manner to indicate any change of feeling.

I walked up to our place. It is, indeed, a beautiful

spot. Palmer has worked with a will. I was surprised to see what was done. Some three and a half acres of fine kumaras, maize, yams, growing well; a yam of ten pounds weight, smooth and altogether Melanesian, just taken up, not quite ripe, so the boys say they will grow much bigger. Abundant supply of water, though the summer has been dry.

Much of the timber has been carted up, more has been stacked at the top of the hill. This was carried by the boys, and will be carted along the pine avenue; a good deal is still near the pines, but properly stacked. I see nothing anywhere thrown about, even here not a chip to be seen, all buried or burnt, and the place quite neat though unfinished.

1. House, on the plan of my old house just taken down by Gay, but *much* larger.
2. Kitchen of good size.
3. Two raupo outhouses.
4. Cow-shed.

I find it quite assumed here that the question is settled about our property here; but I have not thought it desirable to talk expressly about it. They talk about school, doctor, and other public arrangements as usual.

It seems that it was on St. Barnabas Day that, after Holy Communion, we walked up here last year and chose the site of the house. The people have of their own accord taken to calling the place St. Barnabas; and as this suits the Eton feeling also, and you and others never quite liked St. Andrew's, don't you think we may adopt the new name? Miss Yonge won't mind, I am sure.

I could not resist telling the people that you and Mrs. Selwyn might come for a short time in September next to see them, and they are really

delighted; and so shall we be, I can tell you indeed. . . .

Your affectionate
J. G. PATTESON.

The time for the island voyage was fully come; and, after a very brief stay in the new abode, the Bishop sailed again for Mota, where the old house was found (May 8) in a very dilapidated condition; and vigorous mending with branches was needed before a corner could be patched up for him to sleep on his table during a pouring wet night, having first supped on a cup of tea and a hot yam, the latter brought from the club-house by one of his faithful adherents; after which an hour and a half's reading of Lightfoot on the Epistle to the Galatians made him forget every discomfort.

There had, however, been a renewal of fighting of late; and at a village called Tasmate, a man named Natungoe had ten days previously been shot in the breast with a poisoned arrow, and was beginning to show those first deadly symptoms of tetanus. He had been a well-conducted fellow, though he had hitherto shown indifference to the new teaching; and it had not been in a private quarrel that he was wounded, but in a sudden attack on his village by some enemies, when a feast was going on.

On that first evening when the Bishop went to see him it was plain that far more of the recent instruction had taken root in him than had been supposed. 'He showed himself thoroughly ready to listen, and manifested a good deal of simple faith. He said he had no resentment against the person who shot him, and that he did wish to know and think about the world to come. He accepted at once the story of God's love, shown in sending JESUS to die for us, and

he seemed to have some apprehension of what God must be, and of what we are—how unlike Him, how unable to make ourselves fit to be with Him. He certainly spoke of JESUS as of a living Person close by him, willing and able to help him. He of his own accord made a little prayer to Him, "Help me, wake me, make my heart light, take away the darkness. I wish for you, I want to go to you, I don't want to think about this world."'

Early the next morning the Bishop went again, taking George Sarawia with him. The man said, 'I have been thinking of what you said: I have been calling on the Saviour (*i Vaesu*) all night.' The Bishop spoke long to him, and left Sarawia with him, speaking and praying quietly and earnestly.

Meanwhile continues the diary:—

I went to the men in the village, and spoke at length to them: 'Yes, God will not cast out those who turn to Him when they are called, but you must not suppose that it is told us anywhere that He will save those who care nothing about Him through their years of health, and only think about Him and the world to come when this world is already passing away.'

How utterly unable one feels to say or do the right thing, and the words fall so flat and dull upon careless ears!

Every day for ten days the poor sufferer Natungoe was visited, and he listened with evident faith and comprehension. On May 15 the entry is:—

I was so satisfied with his expressions of faith in the Saviour, of his hope of living with Him; he spoke so clearly of his belief in JESUS having been sent from the Great Creator and Father of all to

lead us back to Him, and to cleanse us from sin, which had kept us from our Father, by His Death for us; he was so evidently convinced of the truth of our Lord's Resurrection and of the resurrection of us all at the last day—that I felt that I ought to baptize him. I had already spoken to him of Baptism, and he seemed to understand that, first, he must believe that the water is the sign of an inward cleansing, and that it has no magical efficacy, but that all depended on his having faith in the promise and power of God; and second, that JESUS had commanded those who wished to believe and love Him, to be baptized.

The expression *Nan we Maroo i Vaesu*, 'I wish for the Saviour,' had been frequently used by him; and I baptized him by the name of Maroovaesu a name instantly substituted for his old name Natungoe by those present.

I have seen him again to-day; he cannot recover, and at times the tetanus spasms are severe, but it is nothing like dear Fisher's case. He can still eat and speak; women sit around holding him, and a few people sit or lie about in the hut. It looks all misery and degradation of the lowest kind, but there is a blessed change, as I trust, for him.

On Sunday the 19th, the last agony had come. He lay on a mat on the ground, in the middle of the village, terribly racked by convulsions, but still able in the intervals to speak intelligibly, and to express his full hope that he was going to his Saviour, and that his pain would soon be over, and he would be at rest with Him, listening earnestly to the Bishop's prayers. He died that night.

In the meantime, the Bishop had not neglected the

attacking party. Of them, one had been killed outright, and two more were recovering from their wounds, and it was necessary to act as pacificator.

Meanwhile, I think how very little religion has to do directly with keeping things quiet; in England (for example) men would avenge themselves, and steal and kill, were it not for the law, which is, indeed, an indirect result of religion, but religion simply does not produce the effect; *i.e.* men are not generally religious in England or Mota. I have Maine's book of 'Ancient Law' among the half-dozen books I have brought on shore, and it is extremely interesting to read here.

How he read, wrote, or did anything is the marvel, with the hut constantly crowded by men who had nothing to do but gather round, in suffocating numbers, to stare at his pen travelling over the paper. 'They have done so a hundred times before,' he writes, actually under the oppression, 'but anything to pass an hour lazily. It is useless to talk about it, and one must humour them, or they will think I am vexed with them.'

The scholars, neatly clothed, with orderly and industrious habits, were no small contrast: 'but I miss as yet the link between them and the resident heathen people. I trust and pray that George and others may, ere long, supply it.'

But it is very difficult to know how to help them to change their mode of life. Very much, even if they did accept Christianity, must go on as before. Their daily occupations include work in the small gardens, cooking, &c., and this need not be changed.

Then, as to clothing. I must be very careful lest they should think that wearing clothes is Christianity.

Yet certain domestic changes *are* necessary, for a Christian life seems to need certain material arrangements for decency and propriety. There ought to be partition screens in the hut, for example, and some clothing is desirable no doubt. A resident missionary now could do a good deal towards showing the people *why* certain customs, &c., are incompatible with a Christian life. His daily teaching would show how Christ acted and taught, and how inconsistent such and such practices must be with the profession of faith in Him. But regulations imposed from without I rather dread, they produce so often an unreasoning obedience for a little while only. The rules for the new life should be very few and very simple, and carefully explained. 'Love to God and man,' explained and illustrated as the consequence of some elementary knowledge of God's love to us, shown of course prominently in the giving His own Son to us. There is no lack of power to understand simple teaching, a fair proportion of adults take it in very fairly. I was rather surprised on Friday evening (some sixty or seventy being present), to find that a few men answered really rather well questions which brought out the meaning of some of our Saviour's names.

'The Saviour?'

'The saving His people.'

'Not all men? And why not all men? And from what poverty, sickness, &c., here below?'

'From their sins.'

'What is sin?'

'All that God has forbidden.'

'What has He forbidden? Why? Because He grudges us anything? Why do you forbid a child to taste *vangarpal* ('poison'), &c. &c.?

'The Way,' 'the Mediator,' 'the Redeemer,' 'the Resurrection,' 'the Atoner,' 'the Word.' Some eight days' teaching had preceded this; but I dare say there are ten or fifteen people here now, *not our scholars*, who can really answer on these points so as to make it clear that they understand something about the teaching involved in these names. Of course, I had carefully worked out the best way to accept these names and ideas in Mota; and the illustrations, &c., from their customs made me think that to some extent they understood this teaching.

Of course the personal feeling is as pleasant as can be, and I think there is something more: a real belief that our religion and our habits are good, and that some day they will be accepted here. A considerable number of people are leading very respectable lives on the whole. But I see that we must try to spend more time here. George Sarawia is being accepted to some extent as one whom they are to regard as a teacher. He has a fair amount of influence. But in this little spot, among about 1,500 people, local jealousies and old animosities are so rife, that the stranger unconnected with anyone of them has so far a better chance of being accepted by all; but then comes, on the other hand, his perfect knowledge and our comparative ignorance of the language and customs of the people. We want to combine both for a while, till the native teacher and clergyman is fully established in his true position.

It is a curious thing that the Solomon Islanders from the south-east part of that group should have dropped so much behind the Banks Islanders. I knew their language before I knew the language of Mota, they were (so to say) my favourites. But we

can't as yet make any great impression upon them. The Loyalty Islanders have been suffered to drop out; and so it is that all our leading scholars, all who set good examples, and are made responsible for various duties, are (with the sole exception of Soro from Mai Island, New Hebrides) from the Banks group. Consequently, their language is the *lingua franca* of the school—not that we made it so, or wished it rather than any other to be so; indeed Bauro is easier, and so are some others, but so it is. It is an excellent thing, for any Melanesian soon acquires another Melanesian language, however different the vocabulary may be. Their ideas and thoughts and many of their customs are similar, the mode of life is similar, and their mode of expressing themselves similar. They think in the same way, and therefore speak in the same way. Their mode of life is natural; ours is highly artificial. We are the creatures of a troublesome civilisation to an extent that one realises here. When I go ashore for five weeks, though I could carry all my luggage, yet it must comprise a coffee-pot, sugar, biscuits, a cork bed, some tins of preserved meat, candles, books, and my hut has a table and a stool, and I have a cup, saucer, plate, knife, fork, and spoon. My good friend George, who I think is on the whole better dressed than I am, and who has adopted several of our signs of civilisation, finds the food, cooking, and many of the ways of the island natural and congenial, and would find them so throughout the Pacific.

May 21st.—The morning and evening school here is very nice. I doubt if I am simple enough in my teaching. I think I teach too much at a time; there is so much to be taught, and I am so impatient, I don't go slowly enough, though I do travel over the

same ground very often. Some few certainly do take in a good deal.

A very hot day, after much rain. This morning we took down our old wooden hut, that was put up here by us six years ago. Parts of it are useless, for in our absence the rain damaged it a good deal. I mean to take it across to Arau, Henry Tagalana's little island, for there, even in very wet weather, there is little fear of ague, the soil being light and sandy. It would be a great thing to escape from the rich soil and luxuriant vegetation in the wet months, if any one of us spent a long time here. It *was* hot work, but soon over. It only took about two and a half hours to take down, and stack all the planks, rafters, &c. Two fellows worked well, and some others looked on and helped now and then.

I have had some pleasant occupation for an hour or so each day in clearing away the bush, which in one year grows up surprisingly here. Many lemon, citron, and orange trees that we planted some years ago, cocoa-nut trees also, were almost, some quite overgrown, quite hidden, and our place looked and was quite small and close; but one or two hours for a few days, spent in clearing, have made a great difference. I have planted out about twenty-five lemon suckers, and as many pine-apples, for our old ones were growing everywhere in thick clumps, and I had to thin them out.

Yesterday was a great day; we cut down two large trees, round one of which I had carelessly planted orange, lemon, and cocoa-nut trees, so that we did not know how to fell it so as to avoid crushing some fine young trees; but the tree took the matter into its own hands, for it was hollow in the centre, and fell suddenly, so that the fellows holding the rope could

not guide it, and it fell at right angles to the direction we had chosen, but right between all the trees, without seriously hurting one. It quite reminds me of old tree-cutting days at Feniton; only here I see no oaks, nor elms, nor beeches, nor firs, only bread-fruit trees and almond trees, and many fruit-bearing trees—oranges, &c., and guavas and custard-apples—growing up (all being introduced by us), and the two gigantic banyan trees, north and south of my little place. It is so very pretty!

I don't trouble myself much about cooking. My little canteen is capital; and I can make myself all sorts of good things, if I choose to take the trouble, and some days I do so. I bake a little bread now and then, and flatter myself it is uncommonly good; and one four-pound tin of Bloxland's preserved meat from Queensland has already lasted me twelve days, and there is about half of it remaining. He reckons each pound well soaked and cooked to be equal to three pounds, and I think he is right. A very little of this, with a bit of yam deliciously cooked, and brought to me each day as a present by someone from their cooking ovens, makes a capital dinner. Then I have some rice and sugar for breakfast, a biscuit and coffee, and a bit of bread-fruit perhaps; and all the little delicacies are here—salt, pepper, mustard, even to a bottle of pickles—so I am pretty well off, I think.

I find that the white ant, or an insect like it, is here. The plates of our old hut are quite rotten, the outside still untouched, all within like tinder. They call the insect *vanoa*; it is not found in New Zealand, but it is a sad nuisance in Australia.

I do not read much here this time, so much of every day is taken up with talking to the people about

me. That is all right, and I generally can turn the talk to something that I wish them to hear, so it is all in the way of business here. And I am glad to say that my school, and conversations and lessons, need some careful preparation. I have spent some time in drawing up for myself a little scheme of teaching for people in the state of my friends here. I ought of course to have done it long ago, and it is a poor thing now. I cannot take a real pleasure in teaching, and so I do it badly. I am always, almost always glad when school is over, though sometimes I get much interested myself, though not often able to interest others.

I am reading some Hebrew nearly every day, and Lightfoot on the Galatians, Tyler's 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' Döllinger's 'First Ages of the Church,' and 'Ecce Homo.' I tried Maine's 'Ancient Law,' but it is too tough for the tropics, unless I chance to feel very fresh. I generally get an hour in the evening, if I am sleeping at home.

May 23rd.—I suppose anyone who has lived in a dirty Irish village—pigs, fowls and children equally noisy and filthy, and the parents wild, ignorant and impulsive—they have some notion of this kind of thing. You never get a true account, much less a true illustration of the real thing. Did you happen to see a ridiculous engraving on one of the S. P. G. sheets some years ago, supposed to be me taking two Ambrym boys to the boat? Now it is much better not to draw at all than to draw something which can only mislead people. If Ambrym boys really looked like those two little fellows, and if the boat with bland-looking white men could quietly be pulled to the beach, and if I, in a respectable dress, could go

to and from the boat and the shore, why the third stage of Mission work has been reached already! I don't suppose you can picture to yourselves the real state of things in this, and in many of these islands, and therefore the great difficulty there is in getting them out of their present social, or unsocial state!

To follow Christian teaching out in detail, to carry it out from the school into the hut, into the actual daily life of the dirty naked women, and still dirtier though not more naked children; to get the men really to abandon old ways from a sense of responsibility and duty and love to God, this of course comes very slowly. I am writing very lazily, being indeed tired with heat and mosquitos. The sun is very hot again to-day. I have no thermometer here, but it feels as if it ought to be 90° in the shade.

May 25th.—George Sarawia spent yesterday here, and has just gone to his village. He and I had a good deal of conversation. I copied out for him the plan of teaching drawn up from books already printed in their language. He speaks encouragingly, and is certainly recognised as one who is intended to be the teacher here. No one is surprised that he should be treated by me in a very different way from anyone else, with a complete confidence and a mutual understanding of each other. He is a thoroughly good simple-minded fellow, and I hope, by God's blessing, he may do much good. He told me that B—— wants to come with me again; but I cannot take him. As we have been living properly, and for the sake of the head school and our character in the eyes of the people here, I cannot take him until he shows proof of a real desire to do his duty. I am very sorry for it. I have all the old feeling about him; and he is so quick and intelligent, but he allows

himself again and again to be overcome by temptation, hard I dare say to withstand; but this conduct does disqualify him for being chosen to go with us. I am leaving behind some good but dull boys, for I can't make room as yet for them, and I must not take an ill-conducted fellow because he is quick and clever. He has some sort of influence in the place from his quickness, and from his having acquired a good deal of riches while with us. He says nothing, according to Sarawia, for or against our teaching. Meanwhile, he lives much like a somewhat civilised native. Poor fellow, I sent a message to him by George that if he wished to see me, I should be very willing to have a talk with him.

Yesterday we made some sago. A tree is cut down in its proper stage of growth, just when it begins to flower. The pith is pulled and torn into shreds and fibres, then the juice is squeezed out so as to allow it to run or drip into some vessel, while water is poured on the pith by someone assisting the performer. The grounds (as say of coffee) remain at the bottom when the water is poured off, and an hour of such a sun as we had yesterday dries and hardens the sago. It is then fit for use. I suppose that it took an hour and a half to prepare about a slop-bason full of the dried hard sago. I have not used it yet. We brought tapioca here some years ago, and they used it in the same way, and they had abundance of arrow-root. On Monday I will make some, if all is well. Any fellow is willing to help for a few beads or fish-hooks, and they do all the heavy work, the fetching water, &c.

I never saw anything like the pigeons in the great banyan tree close by. They eat its berries, and I really think there are at times more than a hundred

at once in it. Had I a gun here I think I might have brought down three or four at a shot yesterday, sitting shot of course, but then I should shoot 'for the pot.' Palmer had his gun here last year, and shot as many as he wanted at any time. The bats at night are innumerable; they too eat the banyan berries, but chiefly the ripening bread-fruit. The cats we brought here have nearly cleared the place of the small rats which used to abound here; but lizards abound in this hut, because it is not continually smoke-dried.

Last night I think some of the people here heard some rather new notions, to them, about the true relation of man and woman, parent and child, &c. They said, as they do often say, 'Every word is true! how foolish we are!' But how to get any of them to start on a new course is the question.

May 28th.—I have finished to-day 1 Samuel xvii. and I scarcely find any one passage which does not come out clearly on Sir W. Martin's theory of Hebrew grammar. It is perfectly certain that neither the LXX. nor the English translation is in any degree at all consistent. They, and all the Hebrew lexicons and grammars, make sense out of the Hebrew without really construing carefully the Hebrew words, and without attending closely to the grammar.

Ascension Day, May 30th.—There is a good deal of discussion going on now among the people. I hear of it not only from our old scholars, but from some of the men. I have been speaking day by day more earnestly to the people; always reading here and there verses of the Gospels or the Acts, or paraphrasing some passage so that they may have the actual words in which the message is

recorded. They say, 'This is a heavy, a weighty word,' and they are talking, as they say, night after night about it. Some few, and they elderly men say, 'Let us talk only about our customs here.' Others say, 'No, no; let us try to think out the meaning of what he said.' A few come and ask me questions, only a few, not many are in earnest, and all are shy. Many every night meet in Robert Pantatun's house, twenty-five or thirty, and ask him all manner of questions, and he reads a little. They end with prayer.

They have many strange customs and superstitious observances peculiar to this group. They have curious clubs, confraternities with secret rites of initiation. The candidate for admission pays pigs and native money, and after many days' seclusion in a secret place is, with great ceremony, recognised as a member. No woman and none of the uninitiated may know anything of these things.

In every village there is a *Sala Goro*, a place for cooking, which only those who have 'gazed at the sacred symbol' may frequent. Food cooked there may not be eaten by one uninitiated, or by women or children. The path to the *Sala Goro* is never trodden by any woman or *matanomorous* ('eye closed'). When any ceremony is going on the whole of the precincts of the *Sala Goro* are sacred. At no time dare any woman eat with any man, no husband with his wife, no father with his daughter as soon as she is no longer a child.

Of course such a system can be used by us in two ways. I say, 'You have your method of assembling together, and you observe certain customs in so doing; so do we, but yours is an exclusive and selfish system: your secret societies are like our clubs, with their

entrance fees, &c. But Christ's society has its sacred rite of admission, and other mysteries too, and it is for all who wish to belong to it. He recognizes no distinction of male or female, bond or free.

Some of the elder men are becoming suspicious of me. I tell them plainly that whatever there may be in their customs incompatible with the great law of Love to God and man must come to nought. 'You beat and terrify *matanomorous* in order to make them give, that you may get pigs and native money from them. Such conduct is all wrong, for if you beat or frighten a youth or man, you certainly can't love him.'

At the same time I can't tell how far this goes. If there was a real ceremony of an idol or prayer to it, of course it would be comparatively easy to act in the matter; but the ceremony consists in sticking a curious sort of mitre, pointed and worked with hair, on the head of the candidate, and covering his body with a sort of Jack-in-the-green wicker work of leaves, &c., and they joke and laugh about it, and attach, apparently, no religious significance to it whatever.

I think it has the evil which attends all secret societies, that it tends to produce invidious distinctions and castes. An instinct impels men to form themselves into associations; but then Christ has satisfied that instinct legitimately in the Church.

Christianity does meet a human instinct, as, *e.g.*, the Lord's Supper, whatever higher and deeper feelings it may have, has this simple, but most significant meaning to the primitive convert, of feasting as a child with his brethren and sisters at the Father's Board.

The significance of this to people living as more than half the human beings in the world are living

still, is such as we have lost the power of conceiving; the Lord's Supper has so long had, so to say, other meanings for many of us. Yet to be admitted a member of God's family, and then solemnly at stated times to use this privilege of membership, strengthening the tie, and familiarizing oneself more and more with the customs of that heavenly family, this surely is a very great deal of what human instinct, as exhibited in almost universal customs, requires.

There are depths for those who can dive into them; but I really think that in some of these theological questions we view the matter solely from our state of civilization and thought, and forget the multitudes of uneducated, rude, unrefined, people to whom all below the simple meaning is unmeaning. May I not say to Robert Pantatun, 'Christ, you know, gave His Body and Blood for us on the Cross, He gives them to you now, for all purposes of saving you and strengthening your spiritual life, while you eat and drink as an adopted child at your Father's Table'?

It is the keeping alive the consciousness of the relation of all children to God through Christ that is needed so much. And with these actual sights before me, and you have them among you in the hundreds of thousands of poor ignorant creatures, I almost wonder that men should spend so much time in refining upon points which never can have a practical meaning for any persons not trained to habits of accurate thought and unusual devotion. But here I am very likely wrong, and committing the very fault of generalizing from my own particular position.

June 4th.—I was greatly pleased, on Friday evening last which George Sarawia spent here with me, to hear from him that he had been talking with the

Banks Islanders at Norfolk Island, and on board ship, about a plan which he now proposed to me. I had indeed thought of it, but scarcely saw my way. It is a new proof of his real earnestness, and of his seeking the good of his people here. The plan is this :—

G. S. Bishop, we have been talking together about your buying some land here, near your present place, where we all can live together, where we can let the people see what our mode of life is, what our customs are, which we have learnt from you.

J. C. P. Capital, George, but are you all willing to give up your living in villages among your own particular relations ?

G. S. Yes, we all agreed about it. You see, sir, if we live scattered about we are not strong enough to hold our ground, and some of the younger ones fall back into their old ways. The temptations are great, and what can be expected of one or two boys among eighty or ninety heathen people ?

J. C. P. Of course you know what I think about it. It is the very thing I have always longed for. I did have a general school here, as you know.

G. S. Yes, but things are different now. People are making enquiries. Many young fellows want to understand our teaching, and follow it. If we have a good large place of our own there, we can carry on our own mode of living without interfering with other people.

J. C. P. Yes, and so we can, actually in the midst of them, let them see a Christian village, where none of the strange practices which are inconsistent with Christianity will be allowed, and where the comforts and advantages of our customs may be actually seen.

G. S. By-and-by it will be a large village, and many will wish to live there, and not from many parts of Mota only.

Well, I have told you, I suppose, of the fertility of this island, and how it is far more than sufficient to supply the wants of the people. Food is wasted on all sides. This very day I have plucked ten large bread-fruits, and might have plucked forty now nearly ripe, simply that the bats may not get them. I give them away, as I can't eat more than a third part of one at a meal.

So I went with George on Saturday, and we chose such a beautiful property, between Veverao and Maligo, I dare say about ten acres. Then I spoke to the people here, explaining my wishes and motives. To-day we have been over it with a large party, that all might be done publicly and everybody might hear and know. The land belongs to sixteen different owners ; the cocoa-nut trees, bread-fruit, almond and other fruit trees are bought separately.

They all agree; indeed, as they have abundance of space of spare land just as good all about, and they will get a good stock of hatchets, pigs, &c., from me, for this land, there is not much doubt about that. But it is pleasant to hear some of them say, 'No, no, that is mine and my son's, and he is your boy. You can have that for nothing.'

I shan't take it; it is safer to buy, but it is pleasant to see the kind feeling.

If it be God's will to prosper this undertaking, we should begin next year with about fifteen of our own scholars, and a goodly number of half-scholars, viz., those who are now our regular scholars here, but have not been taken to New Zealand.

Fencing, clearing, &c., could go on rapidly. Many

would help, and small payments of beads and fish-hooks can always secure a man's services.

I should build the houses with the material of the island, save only windows, but adopt of course a different shape and style for them. The idea would be to have everything native fashion, but improved, so as to be clearly suitable for the wants of people sufficiently civilised. All that a Christian finds helpful and expedient we ought to have, but to adopt English notions and habits would defeat my object. The people could not adopt them, there would be no teaching for them. I want to be able to say: 'Well, you see, there is nothing to prevent you from having this and that, and your doing this and that.'

We must have some simple rules about cleanliness, working hours, &c., but all that is already familiar to those who have been with us at Kohimarama and Norfolk Island. Above all, I rejoice in the thought that the people understand that very soon this plan is to be worked by George Sarawia. He is to be the, so to say, head of the Christian village. I shall be a kind of Visitor. Palmer will, of course, be wanted at first, but must avoid the fault of letting the people, our own pupils as well as others, become dependent upon us. The Paraguay Mission produced docile good-natured fags for the missionaries, but the natives had learnt no self-respect, manliness, nor positive strength of character. They fought well, and showed pluck when the missionaries armed them, but they seem to have had no power of perpetuating their newly learnt customs, without the continual guidance of the missionaries. It may be that such supervision is necessary; but I do not think it is so, and I should be sorry to think it is so

As usual, the Mota climate told on the health of the party, there was general influenza, and the Bishop had a swelling under his left arm; but on Whit-Sunday the 'Southern Cross,' which had been to set down the Solomon Islanders, returned, and carried him off. Vanua Lava was touched at, and a stone, carved by John Adams, put up at Fisher Young's grave, which was found, as before, well kept in order. Then the round of the New Hebrides was made; but new volunteers were refused, or told to wait ten moons, as it was an object to spend the first season in the new locality without tried scholars.

At 'the grand island, miscalled Leper's,' the Bishop slept ashore for the first time, and so also at Whitsuntide. At Espiritu Santo much friendliness was shown, and a man would not take a present Mr. Atkin offered, because he had nothing to pay for it. Santa Cruz, as usual, was disappointing, as, Mr. Atkin says, the only word in their mouths, the only thought in their heads was 'iron,' they clamoured for this, and would not listen; moreover, their own pronunciation of their language was very indistinct, owing to their teeth being destroyed by the use of the betel-nut, so that they all spoke like a man with a hot potato in his mouth.

So again we leave this fine island without any advance, as far as we can see, having been made. I may live to think these islanders *very* wild, and their speech very difficult, yet I know no more of them now than I did years ago. Yet I hope that some unforeseen means for 'entering in among' them may be given some day. Their time is to come, sooner or later, when He knows it to be the right time.

Savo was then touched at; and the Bishop slept

ashore at Florida, and left Mr. Brooke there to the hospitality of three old scholars for a few days, by way of making a beginning. The observations on the plan show a strange sense of ageing at only forty :—

He speaks the language fairly; and his visit will, I hope, do good. Of course he will be tired, and will enjoy the quiet of the schooner after it. I know what that is pretty well, and it takes something to make one prefer the little vessel at sea to any kind of shore life. However, he has youth and cheery spirits at command, and that makes life on an island. A man whose tastes naturally are for books, &c., rather than for small talk, and who can't take much interest in the very trifling matters that engage the attention of these poor fellows, such a man finds it very tiring indeed sometimes, when a merry bright good-natured fellow would amuse himself and the natives too.

In these introductory visits, scarcely anything is done or said that resembles Mission work as invented in stories, and described by the very vivid imagination, of sensational writers. The crowd is great, the noise greater, the heat, the dirt, the inquisitiveness, the endless repetition of the same questions and remarks, the continual requests for a fish-hook, for beads, &c.—this is somewhat unlike the interesting pictures in a Missionary Magazine, of an amiable individual very correctly got up in a white tie and black tailed coat, and a group of very attentive decently-clothed and nicely-washed natives. They are wild with excitement, not to hear 'the good news,' but to hear how the trading went on: 'How many axes did they sell? How many bits of iron?'

You say 'Why do you trade at all?' Answer. In the first visits that we make we should at once alienate all the goodwill of the people from us unless we so far complied with their desire to get iron tools, or to trade more or less with them. As soon as I can I give presents to three or four leading men, and then let the buying curiosities be carried on by the crew and others; but not to trade at all would be equivalent to giving up hope of establishing any intercourse with the people.

But in new islands, and upon our first visits, if we do get a chance of saying something amid the uproar, what can we say about religion that will be intelligible to men whose language has never been used to express any thought of ours that we long to communicate, and whose minds are pre-occupied by the visit of the vessel, and the longing for our articles of trade? Sometimes we do try to say a few words; sometimes we do a little better, we get a hearing, some persons listen with some interest; but usually, if we can merely explain that we don't come to trade, though we trade to please them, that we wish to take lads and teach them, we are obliged to be satisfied. 'Teach them! teach them what?' think the natives. Why, one old hatchet would outweigh in their minds all that boy or man can gain from any teaching. What appreciable value can reading, writing, wearing clothes, &c., have in their eyes? So we must in first visits (of which I am now thinking) be thankful that we can in safety sleep on shore at all, and regard the merely making friends with the people as a small beginning of Mission work.

Poor fellows! they think it very strange! As you lie down in the dark and try to sleep, you presently feel hands stroking your arms and legs, and feeling you

about to make sure that the stranger has the same allowance of arms and legs that they have; and you overhear such quaint remarks as you lie still, afraid to let them know that you are awake, lest they should oblige you to begin talking over again the same things that you have already said twenty times.

Mr. Brooke stayed four days at Florida; and came away with three former pupils, and four new ones, one of them grown up, a relative of the leading man of the island. Taroniara was the only Bauro scholar brought away this time; but so many were taken from Mota that the whole party numbered thirty-seven, seven of them girls, all betrothed to one or other of the lads. B—— was after all allowed to come, that he might lose no chance. The entire colony at St. Barnabas, including English, was thus raised to seventy, when the 'Southern Cross' returned thither in August. On the 23rd, Bishop Patteson writes:—

I wish you could see this place and the view from this room. I have only got into it within this hour. The carpenters are just out of it. You know that I left Palmer here about eleven months ago, on the return from that island voyage. He had sixteen lads with him, of whom eleven were good stout fellows.

He *did* work wonderfully. The place I chose for the site of the station is about three miles from the settlement—the town, as the people call it. If you have a map of the island, you will see Longridge on the western part of it. Follow on the principal road, which goes on beyond Longridge in a N. and NW. direction, and about a mile beyond Longridge is our station. The top of Mount Pitt is nearly opposite our houses, of which two are now habitable,

though not finished. The third, which is the house at Kohimarama which I had for one year, and in which Sir W. and Lady Martin spent ten days, will be begun on Monday next, I hope. The labour of getting all these things from New Zealand and then landing them (for there is no harbour), and then carting them up here (for there are no really good horses here, but the two I bought and sent down), was very considerable. Palmer and his boys worked admirably. He was industrious indeed. He and they lived at first in a little cottage, about three-quarters of a mile from our place, *i.e.*, about a quarter of a mile from Longridge. During the first month, while they had no cart or horses as yet (for I had to send them down from Auckland), they fenced in some lands (the wire for which I had bought at Sydney, and a man-of-war brought it hither), planted yams (which grow excellently, such a crop never was seen here) and sweet potatoes, melons, vegetables, &c. Meanwhile, the timber for the houses was being sent as I had opportunity, a large quantity having been already taken to Norfolk Island in a man-of-war. Luckily, timber was selling *very* cheap at Auckland.

After this first month, Palmer set to work at house building. He built entirely by himself, save the chimney and some part of the shingling (wooden roofing). As yet, no rooms have any ceiling or lining; they might by innocent people be thought to resemble barns, but they are weather-proof, strong, and answer all present purposes. The verandah, about 8 feet broad, is another great room really.

I am still buying and sending down bricks, timber, &c. Two Auckland carpenters, thoroughly steady men, left Norfolk Island, about three weeks after we

left it, for the Melanesian islands. They have been putting up my special building. We have no doors like hall doors, as all the rooms open with glass doors on to the verandah, and they are the doors for going in and out. *Comprenez-vous?* The ground slopes away from these two houses for some 200 yards or more to a little stream; and this slope is all covered with sweet potatoes and vegetables, and Codrington and Palmer have planted any number of trees, bushes, flowers, &c. Everything grows, and grows luxuriantly. Such soil, such a climate!

By-and-by I shall have, I hope, such myrtles and azaleas, kalmias and crotons, and pine-apples, and almond trees, bananas and tree-ferns, and magnolias and camellias, &c., all in the open air.

The ground slopes up beyond the little stream, a beautiful wooded bank, wooded with many kinds of trees and bushes, large Norfolk Island pines; cattle and sheep stray about. Oh! how very pretty it is! And then beyond and above this first slope, the eye travels along the slopes of the Pitt to its summit, about 1,000 feet, a pretty little hill. It is, indeed, a calm peaceful scene, away from noise and bustle, plenty of pleasant sounds of merry boys working in the gardens, and employing themselves in divers ways. The prospect is (D. G.) a very happy one. It is some pleasure to work here, where the land gives 'her increase' indeed.

All seem very happy and well pleased with the place. I don't see how it can be otherwise, and yet to the young people there may be something attractive in society. But the young ones must occasionally go to Auckland or Sydney, or whithersoever they please for a two or three months' holiday. For me, what can I desire more than this place affords?

More than half of each year spent here if I live, and quietly, with any amount of work, uninterrupted work, time for quiet reading and thought. This room of mine in which I now am sitting is *magnifique*, my dear Joan, seriously, a very good room. You see it will be full of boys and girls; and I must have in it many things, not books only, for the general use of all here, so that I determined to make it a nice place at once.

This room then, nicely lined, looking rather like a wooden box, it is true, but clean and airy, is 22 feet × 14 feet 6 in., and the wall plates 9 feet 6 in. high, the ceiling coved a little, so as to be nearly 14 feet high in the centre. What do you think of that for a room? It has a fire-place, and wide verandah, which is nearly 6 feet above the ground, so that I am high and dry, and have all the better view too, quite a grand flight of steps—a broad ladder—up into my house. The Mahaga lads and I call it my tree-house.

Then I have one great luxury. I thought I would have it, and it *is* so nice. My room opens into the Chapel by red baize swinging doors; my private entrance, for there is a regular porch where the rest go in.

Service at 7 A.M. and 8 P.M. But it is always open, boys come in of a morning to say their private prayers, for sleeping together in one room they have little privacy there. And I can go in at all hours. Soon it will become a sacred spot to us. It is really like a Chapel.

August 27th.—Your birthday, my dear old Fan! God bless you, and grant you all true happiness, and the sense of being led onwards to the eternal peace and joy above. The parting here is a long one; and

likely to be a parting for good, as far as this world is concerned.

Last night was the coldest night that they have had during the whole winter; the thermometer touched 43°—Codrington has regular registering thermometers, so you see what a charming climate this is for us. Palmer was here all the summer, and he says that the heat, though great as marked by thermometer, was never trying, relaxing, and unfitting for work, as at Kohimarama.

A trading vessel takes cattle from hence to New Caledonia to-morrow. It is sudden news; I must end.

Pray thank Miss Mackenzie for her letter, and for the pedometer which her noble-hearted excellent brother used (now in your hands), and also for the offer of the aneroid barometer, which I *thankfully accept.* Please let her know that I was sorely tempted to buy such a one the other day, but could not afford it.

Thus began the first period of the residence in Norfolk Island; where Mr. Codrington's account of the way of life shall supplement the above:—

When the Bishop returned in August 1867, our party consisted of himself, Mr. Palmer in Deacon's orders, and myself, Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke already experienced in the work, and Mr. Bice, who had with myself lately arrived from England. The whole number of Melanesians was about sixty; among the eldest of these the most intelligent, and advanced of the few then baptized, George, Henry, B——, Robert and Edward. There were then, I think, thirteen baptized, and two Communicants. To this elder class, the Bishop, as far as I can recollect, devoted

the greater part of his time. He said that now for the first time he was able without interruption to set to work to teach them, and he certainly made great progress in those months. I remember that every evening they used to sit in Chapel after prayers, and consider what difficulty or question they should propound to him; and he would come in after a time, and, after hearing the question, discuss the subject, discourse upon it, and end with prayer. They were at the time, I remember, much impressed by this; and those who were the most advanced took in a great deal of an elevated strain of doctrine which, no doubt, passed over the heads of the greater number, but not without stirring up their hearts.

It became a regular custom on the evening before the Communion Sunday, *i.e.* every other Sunday, to give the Communicants instruction and preparation after the Chapel service. At this time there was no Sunday sermon in Chapel. The Bishop used to say that the preaching was done in the school; but much of his school was of a hortatory kind in the Chapel, and often without taking off the surplice.

At this time I should add that he used from time to time to have other boys with him to school, and particularly Solomon Islanders, whose languages he alone could generally speak. He had also a good deal with him the second set of eight Banks Islanders, who were by this time recognised Catechumens.

There were other occupations of the Bishop's time, besides his school with Melanesians. The hour from 12 to 1 was devoted to instruction given to the two young men, one from New Zealand and one a son of Mr. Nobbs, who were working with the Mission; and on alternate days to the younger

members of the Mission, who were being prepared for Ordination.

The reading with the younger clergy continued to be to the last one of the most regular and most fruitful of the Bishop's engagements. The education which Mr. Atkin had for many years received from the Bishop had set him considerably above the average of young English clergy, not only in scholarship and information, but also in habits of literary industry. The Bishop, with his own great interest in Hebrew, enjoyed very much his Hebrew reading with Mr. Atkin and Mr. Bice.

The Bishop also began as soon as he could to pay attention to the teaching of the young Norfolk Islanders. He preached very often in their Church, and went down on Wednesdays to take a class of candidates for Confirmation. He said, and I believe with truth, that he wasted a great deal of time in preparing his lessons with the candidates for Ordination or younger clergy; that is, he looked up the subject in some book, and read on and on till he had gone far beyond the point in search of which he started, and had no time left to take up the other points which belonged to the subject he had in view. I should say he was always a desultory scholar, reading very much, and to very great purpose, but being led continually from one subject or one book to another long before coming to an end of the first. He was always so dissatisfied with what he did, that whereas there are remaining several beginnings of one or two pages on one subject or another, there is no paper of his which is more than a fragment—that is, in English. There is one series of Notes on the Catechism in Mota complete. In those days I was not myself able to

converse sufficiently in Mota to learn much from the elder boys about the teaching they were receiving; but it was evident that they were much impressed and stirred up, they spent much time with their books by themselves, and one could not fail to form a high estimate of the work that was going on. *Now* they say they never had school like that before or since. The Bishop was, in fact, luxuriating in the unbroken opportunity of pouring out instruction to intelligent and interested scholars. I think it was altogether a happy time to him; he enjoyed the solitude, the advantages of the move to the island were apparent in the school work, and were anticipated in the farm, and the hope of doing something for the Pitcairn people, which I believe had much to do with fixing the Mission here, was fresh.

This judgment is thoroughly borne out by the Bishop's own letter to his sisters of October 27, wherein it appears how considerable an element of his enjoyment and comfort was Mr. Codrington's own companionship, partly as a link with the younger members of the little community:—

Do I feel doubtful about an early Communion Service, Codrington, when I broach the matter, takes it up more eagerly almost than I do; and then I leave him to talk with the others, who could hardly differ from me on such a point if they wished to do so, but will speak freely to him. Not that, mind, I am aware of there being anything like a feeling of distance between me and them, but necessarily they must just feel that I am forty and their Bishop, and so I might perhaps influence them too much, which would be undesirable.

Then I can talk with him on matters which of course have special interest for me, for somehow I find that I scarcely ever read or think on any points which do not concern directly my work as clergyman or language-monger. It is very seldom that I touch a book which is not a commentary on the Bible or a theological treatise, scarcely ever, and of course one likes to talk about those things of which one's mind is full. That made the talks with the Judge so delightful. Now young people, of course, have their heads full (as I used to have mine) of other things, and so my talk would be dull and heavy to them.

No doubt, if you had me at home you would find that I am pretty full of thoughts on some points, but not very well able to express myself, and to put my thoughts into shape. It is partly want of habit, because, except as one speaks somewhat dictatorially to pupils, I do not arrange my ideas by conversing with others—to a great extent, from want of inclination, *i.e.* indolence, and also I have not the brains to think out a really difficult subject. I am amused occasionally to see what a false estimate others form of me in that way. You see it has pleased God to give me one faculty in rather an unusual degree, that of learning languages, but in every other respect my abilities are very moderate indeed. Distance exaggerates of course, and I get credit with some folks for what if I had it would simply be a gift and no virtue in me; but I attain anything I work at with very considerable labour, and my mind moves very sluggishly, and I am often very dull and stupid. You may judge, therefore, of the great advantage of having a bright, cheery, intelligent, well informed man among us, without whom every

meal would be heavy and silent, and we should (by my fault) get into a mechanical grind. . . .

As for your own worthy Brother, I don't think I knew what rest meant till I got here. I work, in one sense, as hard as before, *i.e.*, from early morn till 10 P.M., with perhaps the intermission of a hour and a half for exercise, besides the twenty minutes for each of the three meals; and did my eyes allow it, I could go on devouring books much later. But then I am not interrupted and distracted by the endless occupation of the New Zealand life. Oh! how utterly distasteful to me were all those trustee meetings, those English duties of all kinds, and most of all, those invasions of Kohimarama by persons for whom I could get up no interest. I am not defending these idiosyncrasies as if they were all right, but stating what I felt and what I feel. I am indeed very happy here; I trust not less useful in my way. School of course flourishes. You would be surprised at the subjects that I and my first class work at. No lack of brains! Perhaps I can express it briefly by saying that I have felt for a year or more the need of giving them the Gospel of St. John. *Because* they were ready, thank God, for those marvellous discourses and arguments in that blessed Gospel, following upon the record of miracles wrought or events that happened.

Of course the knowledge of the facts must come first, but there was always in school with me—either they have it as a natural gift, or my teaching takes naturally that line—a tendency to go deeper than the mere apprehension of a fact, a miracle wrought, or a statement made. The moral meaning of the miracle, the principle involved in the less important expression of it, or particular manifestation of it,

these points always of late I am able to talk about as to intelligent and interested listeners. I have these last six weeks been translating St. John, it is nearly done. Think, Fan, of reading, as I did last night, to a class of fifteen Melanesian Christians the very words of St. John vi. for the first time in their ears! They had heard me paraphrase much of it at different times. I don't notice these things, unless (as now) I chance to write about them. After 6 P.M. Chapel, I remain with some of the lads, the first class of boys, men and women, every night, and in addition, the second class every other night (not on the nights when I have had them from 7 to 8). I used to catechise them at first, starting the subject myself. Now, I rejoice to say, half goes very quickly in answering questions, of which they bring me plenty. Then, at about 8.50 or 9 I leave them alone in the Chapel (which opens, as you know, into my sitting-room), and there they stay till past 10, talking over points among themselves, often two or three coming into me, 'Bishop, we can't quite make out this.' What do they know and ask? Well, take such a subject as the second Psalm, and they will answer you, if you ask them, about prophecy and the prophetic state. Test them as to the idea they form of a spiritual vision of something seen, but not with the fleshly eye, and they will say, 'Yes, our minds have that power of seeing things. I speak of Mota, it is far off, but as I speak of it, I see my father and my mother and the whole place. My mind has travelled to it in an instant. I am there. Yes, I see. So David, so Moses, so St. Peter on the housetop, so St. Paul, caught up into the third heaven, so with his mind.'

'But was it like one of our dreams?'

Yes and No—Yes, because they were hardly like waking men. No, because it was a real true vision which God made them see.'

Ask them about the object of prophecy; and they will say, in quaint expression, it is true, what is tantamount to this—it was not only a prediction of things to come, but a chief means of keeping before the minds of the Jews the knowledge of God's true character as the moral Governor of their nation, and gradually the knowledge was given of His being the Lord and Ruler of all men. The Prophet was the teacher of the present generation as well as the utterer of truths that, when fulfilled in after ages, would teach future ages.

I mention these fragmentary sentiments, merely to show you how I can carry these fellows into a region where something more than memory must be exercised. The recurrence of the same principles upon which God deals with us is an illustration of what I mean ; *e.g.*, the Redemption out of Egypt from the Captivity and *the* Redemption involve the same principle. So the *principle* of Mediation runs through the Bible, the Prophet, Priest, King, &c. Then go into the particular Psalm, ask the meaning of the words, Anointed, Prophet, Priest, King—how our Lord discharged and discharges these offices. What was the decree? The Anointed is His Son. 'This day have I begotten Thee'—the Eternal Generation—the Birth from the grave. His continual Intercession. Take up Psalm cx., the Priest, the Priest for ever, not after the order of Aaron. Go into the Aaronical Priesthood. Sacrifices, the idea of sacrifice, the Mosaic ritual, its fulfilment ; the principle of obedience, as a consequence of Faith, common to Old and New Testaments, as, indeed, God's Moral

Law is unchangeable, but the object of faith *clearly* revealed in the New Testament for the first time, &c. &c.

Christ's Mediatorial reign, His annihilation of all opposition in the appointed time, the practical Lesson the Wrath of the Lamb.

Often you would find that pupils who can be taught these things seem and are very ignorant of much simpler things; but they have no knowledge of books, as you are aware, and my object is to teach them pretty fully those matters which are really of the greatest importance, while I may fill up the intervening spaces some day, if I live. To spend such energy as they and I have upon the details of Jewish history, *e.g.*, would be unwise. The great lessons must be taught, as *e.g.* St. Paul in 1 Cor. x. uses Jewish history.

October 15, I finished my last chapter of St. John's Gospel in the Mota language; we have also a good many of the Collects and Gospels translated, and some printed. What is better than to follow the Church's selection of passages of Scripture, and then to teach them devotionally in connection with the Collects?

Brooke works away hard at his singing class in the afternoon. We sing the *Venite*, *Magnificat*, *Nunc dimittis*, &c., in parts, to single and double chants, my old favourite 'Jacob's' for the *Venite*, also a fine chant of G. Elvey's. They don't sing at all well, but nevertheless, though apt to get flat, and without good voices, there is a certain body of sound, and I like it. Brooke plays the harmonium nicely.

The Norfolk Island people, two or three only, have been here at evening service, and are extremely struck with the reverence of the Melanesians.

I work away with my Confirmation class, liking them personally, but finding no indication of their having been taught to think in the least. It is a relief to get back to the Melanesians.

This quiet time also bore fruit in the ensuing letter to Dr. Moberly :—

Norfolk Island : October 24, 1867.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—It is very kind of you to write to me, and your letters are greatly valued by my good friend Sir William Martin, by Codrington (now, I am thankful to say, with me), and others. Indeed, such remarks as yours on matters of general interest in Church and State are exactly what we want; nothing can be more useful or more delightful to read. I do indeed thank you very much. All that has taken place at Winchester lately has, of course, interested me much. What a breaking up of old associations for you, and yet you are connected with the grand old College. I wish Brighstone may give another Incumbent to the Episcopate; and sometimes I think of you as Dean Garnier's successor. Winchester is to me, with its Cathedral, College, and St. Cross so near, one of the most perfect things in existence. But your life at Brighstone will leave you more time, I suppose, for writing; and nowadays so much is done through books, that I sometimes wish even such men as Bishops Trench and Ellicott were still in their studies as much as before their appointments to the office which they discharge so admirably. I wonder if Bishop Ellicott is going on with his Commentaries; you made them known to me and obtained them from him for me. There seems to me to be nothing at all equal to them. Lightfoot on Galatians I have in one sense read,

but on board ship only, amid distractions, with thermometer at 86° in the shade. I am delighted to think that you preach the next Bampton Lectures, and rather 'set up' by the notion that I have even an infinitesimal share in bringing it about. I shall read what you say with the greatest interest. Every thought of yours about the Ritualistic movement I can thoroughly enter into. Of the 'Church in the World' I could scarcely get through the little I attempted to read. I saw Mr. Mackonochie's address to his people in a supplement of the 'Guardian.' There is the decision and definiteness of a man who takes exclusively one side of a question, but apart from the general temper, which is excellent, not much indication of power even there. I can't quite understand Dr. Pusey's present position. If I dared to say a word at all of such a man, I should say that I was rather troubled at his coming out in public so much, writing in newspapers even—there is to me something more like Dr. Pusey in the thought of a wise, learned, holy man, moving men's consciences and informing their minds by books, university and parochial sermons, and by indirect influence through the very many men who seek his advice; but of course he knows best, and reads the signs of the times as only holy and humble men of heart can. I hope he is going on with his Commentary. I rejoice to hear that dear Mr. Keble's unpublished poems will be edited by you. All this unhappy controversy about the line in the 'Christian Year' checks, I conclude, the flow of money to the Keble College. I have not yet read any papers, but I think my eye caught something about a site in the Parks, and you say that 30,000*l.* are already collected. I have seen no papers as yet, but from your letter I gather that

the Derby party propose a Reform Bill even more Radical than Gladstone's. What is the idea?—to maintain the power of the landowners by letting in all the agricultural labourers as a balance to the manufacturing labourer? I can't make it out, it seems wholly inconsistent. This abandonment of old positions and political eclecticism puzzle me altogether; and, as you say, it is all the more dishonest to throw power into the hands of men whose conduct is by these trades unions' exposures pretty well shown to unfit them for political responsibilities and privileges.

We are living in Norfolk Island. One thousand acres of land which was *in any case* to have been sold to raise some Government revenue for the island, we have bought for 2,000*l.* Already three wooden houses are built, and twelve or fifteen acres of land fenced in. I left Palmer, whom (D.V.) I ordain Priest at Christmas, and two very excellent young men (Atkin and Brooke), Deacons, here a year ago with sixteen Melanesians. They worked admirably, building, fencing, planting, &c. The yam grows well; the sweet potato wonderfully well; bananas and maize thrive, and fish are abundant. Climate delightful; warm but not relaxing; very suitable for Melanesians and English alike. We are very free from interruptions, and get through much more work, that is, of our own special kind. I am just finishing a translation of St. John, and have written many Psalms, &c., besides some four and a half or five hours teaching daily; not much, yet more than I did at Kohimarama, where I had a good deal of English Sunday work and many interruptions. Here I can write from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M., and have really no distractions to speak of. Chapel

at 7 A.M.; breakfast (all together, of course) 7.30; school 8–9.30; work 9.30–1; dinner over in twenty minutes or so, not very elaborate; school 2–3; tea 6; school 7–8; chapel 8, when I catechise, and to my delight at last, the Melanesians freely, *as a regular thing*, ask me all kinds of questions. I leave them about 9, but my room opens into the chapel, and they sit there, many of them, till 10, talking over points; sometimes come in to me, &c., and so the day ends. Codrington and I don't pledge ourselves to outdoor work from 9.30–1, and I have lessons to prepare for candidates for Baptism, Holy Communion and Orders (three Englishmen). You would like to be with us for a day; and I think you would be touched by the reverence of young men and lads and boys in chapel, of whom I could tell strange stories indeed, and by hearing the *Venite* chanted to 'Jacob' in a strange tongue, and other music. There are times when my heart feels very full. George Sarawia will (D.V.) remain at Mota, this next winter. We make an attempt to found a Christian village there, a few small cottages wherein, I trust, two or three Christian couples will live, and other of our scholars will also spend their three months' holiday in the islands, and others will by degrees group themselves about. The idea (*in* my mind but never expressed) was started by Sarawia one night last winter in my tumble-down hut at Mota. He had talked it over previously with the Banks Island scholars. He will be of course the head of the little party. If God spare his life, I think, with a feeling of awe almost, that the day of his ordination may be drawing near. Good-bye, my dear Dr. Moberly.

Very faithfully yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

The visit of the Bishop of New Zealand which had been hoped for, had been prevented by the invitation to attend the Synod of the Church held at Lambeth, in the autumn of 1867, and instead of himself welcoming his friends, Bishop Patteson was picturing them to himself staying with his sisters at Torquay, and joining in the Consecration Services of the Church of All Saints, at Babbicombe, where the altar stood, fragrant with the sandal wood of the Pacific isles. The letters sent off by an opportunity in November were to family and friends, both in England. The one to his sister Joanna narrates one of those incidents that touched the Bishop most deeply:—

On Friday last we had such a very very solemn service in our little Chapel. Walter Hotaswol, from Matlavo Island, is dying—he has long been dying, I may say—of consumption. For two winters past he has remained with us rather than in his own island, as he well knew that without good food and care he would sink at once. Years ago he was baptized, and after much time spent in preparation, Tuesday, at 7.30 A.M., was the day when we met in Chapel. Walter leant back in a chair. The whole service was in the Mota language, and I administered the Holy Communion to eleven of our Melanesian scholars, and last of all to him. Three others I trust I may receive to Holy Communion Sunday next. Is not this a blessed thing? I think of it with thankfulness and fear. My old text comes into my mind—'Your heart shall fear and be enlarged.' I think there is good hope that I may baptize soon seven or eight catechumens.

The letter to Bishop Selwyn despatched by the same vessel on November 16, gives the first hint of that

'labour traffic' which soon became the chief obstacle to the Mission.

After describing an interview with an American captain, he continues:—'Reports are rife of a semi-legalized slave trading between the South Sea Islands and New Caledonia and the white settlers in Fiji. I have made a little move in the matter. I wrote to a Wesleyan Missionary in Fiji (Ovalau) who sent me some books. *I am told* that Government sanctions natives being brought upon agreement to work for pay, &c., and passage home in two years. We know the impossibility of making contracts with New Hebrides or Solomon natives. It is a mere sham, an evasion of some law, passed, I dare say, without any dishonorable intention, to procure colonial labour. If necessary I will go to Fiji or anywhere to obtain information. But I saw a letter in a Sydney paper which spoke strongly and properly of the necessity of the most stringent rules to prevent the white settlers from injuring the coloured men.'

So first loomed the cloud that was to become so fatal a darkening of the hopes of the Mission, all the more sad because it was caused by Christian men, or men who ought to have been Christian. It will be seen, however, that Bishop Patteson did not indiscriminately set his face against all employment of natives. Occupation and training in civilised customs were the very things he desired for them, but the whole question lay in the manner of the thing. However, to him as yet it was but a report, and this Advent and Christmas of 1867 were a very happy time. A letter to me describes the crowning joy.

Norfolk Island : Christmas Day, 1867.

My dear Cousin,—One line to you to-day of Christmas feelings and blessings. Indeed, you are daily in my thoughts and prayers. You would have rejoiced could you have seen us last Sunday or this morning at 7 A.M. Our fourteen Melanesian Communicants so reverent, and (apparently) earnest. On Sunday I ordained Mr. Palmer Priest, Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke Deacons.

The service was a solemn one, in the Norfolk Island Church, the people joining heartily in the first ordination they had seen; Codrington's sermon excellent, the singing good and thoroughly congregational, and the whole body of confirmed persons remaining to receive the Holy Communion. Our own little chapel is very well decorated (Codrington again the leader) with fronds of tree-ferns, arums, and lilies. 'Emmanuel, God amenima' (with us), in large letters over the altar.

And now (9.30 P.M.) they are practising Christmas hymns in Mota for our 11 A.M. service. Then we have a regular feast, and make the day a really memorable one for them. The change from the old to the new state of things, as far as our Banks Islanders are concerned, is indeed most thankworthy. I feel that there is great probability of George Sarawia's ordination before long. This next year he will be left alone (as far as we whites are concerned) at Mota, and I shall be able to judge, I hope, of his fitness for carrying on the work there. If it be God's will to give him health of body and the will and power to serve Him, then he ought to be ordained. He is an excellent fellow, thoughtful, sensible, and my right hand among the Melanesians for years. His wife, Sara Irotaviro, a nice gentle

creature, with now a fine little boy some seven months old. She is not at all equal to George in intelligence, and is more native in habits, &c. But I think that she will do her best.

You know I have long felt that there is almost harm done by trying to make these islanders like English people. All that is needful for decency and propriety in the arrangement of houses, in dress, &c., we must get them to adopt, but they are to be Melanesian, not English Christians. We are so far removed from them in matters not at all necessarily connected with Christianity, that unless we can denationalise ourselves and eliminate all that belongs to us as English, and not as Christians, we cannot be to them what a well-instructed fellow-countryman may be. He is nearer to them. They understand him. He brings the teaching to them in a practical and intelligible form.

I hope and pray that dear old George may be the first of such a band of fellow-workers. Others—Henry Tagalana, who is, I suppose, about eighteen, Fisher Pantatun, about twenty-one, Edward Wogale (George's own brother), about sixteen, Robert Pantatun, about eighteen—are *excellent*, all that I could wish; and many younger ones are coming up. They stay with us voluntarily two or three years now without any going home, and the little ones read and write surprisingly well. They come to me very often and say, 'Bishop, I wish to stop here again this winter.'

They come for help of the best kind. They have their little printed private prayers, but some are not content with this. Marosgagalo came last week with a slip of paper—

'Well, Maros, what is it?'

He is a shy little fellow who has been crippled with rheumatism.

'Please write me my prayer.'

And as my room opens into the chapel, and they are told to use that at all times (their sleeping-rooms not allowing much privacy), I know how they habitually come into it early (at 5 A.M.) and late at night for their private prayers. You cannot go into the chapel between 5 and 6.30 A.M. without seeing two or three kneeling about in different corners. As for their intelligence, I ought to find time to send you a full account of them, translations of their answers, papers, &c., but you must be content to know that I am sure they can reason well upon facts and statements, that they are (the first class) quite able to understand all the simpler theological teaching which you would expect communicants and (I pray) future clergymen to understand. Of some six or seven I can thus speak with great confidence, but I think that the little fellows may be better educated still, for they are with us before they have so much lee-way to make up—jolly little fellows, bright and sharp. The whole of the third Banks Island class (eight of them) have been with me for eighteen months, and they have all volunteered to stay for eighteen months more. They ought to know a great deal at the end of that time, then they will go home almost to a certainty only for two or three months, and come back again for another long spell.

All this is hopeful, and we have much to be thankful for indeed; but I see no immediate prospect of anything like this in the other islands at present. We know very many of the islanders and more or less of their languages; we have scholars who read and write, and stop here with us, and who

are learning a good deal individually, but I have as yet no sense of any hold gained upon the people generally. We are good friends, they like us, trust young people with us, but they don't understand our object in coming among them properly. The trade and the excitement of our visit has a good deal to do with their willingness to receive us and to give us children and young men. They behave very well when here, and their people treat us well when we are with them. But as yet I see no religious feeling, no apprehension of the reality of the teaching: they know in one sense, and they answer questions about the meaning of the Creed, &c., but they would soon fall again into heathen ways, and their people show no disposition to abandon heathen ways. In all this there is nothing to surprise or discourage us. It must be slow work, carried on without observation amidst many failures and losses and disappointments. If I wished to attribute to secondary causes any of the results we notice, I might say that our having *lived* at Mota two or three months each year has had a great deal to do with the difference between the Banks and the other islanders.

It may be that, could we manage to live in Bauro, or Anudha, or Mahaga, or Whitsuntide, or Lepers' Island, or Espiritu Santo, we might see soon some such change take place we notice in Mota; but all that is uncertain, and such thoughts are useless. We must indeed live in those other islands as soon as we can, but it is hard to find men able to do so, and only a few of the islands are ripe for the attempt.

I feel often like a horse going his regular rounds, almost mechanically. Every part of the day is

occupied, and I am too tired at night to think freshly. So that I am often like one in a dream, and scarcely realise what I am about. Then comes a time when I wish to write, *e.g.* (as to you now) about the Mission, and it seems so hard to myself to see my way, and so impossible to make others see what is in my mind about it. Sometimes I think these Banks Islanders may be evangelists beyond the limits of their own islands. So many of the natives of other islands live here with them, and speak the language of Mota, and then they have so much more in common with them than with us, and the climate and food and mode of life generally are familiar to them alike. I think this may come to pass some day; I feel almost sure that I had better work on with promising islanders than attempt to train up English boys of which I once thought. I am more and more confirmed in my belief that what one wants is a few right-minded, well-educated English clergymen, and then for all the rest trust to native agency.

When I think of Mr. Robertson and such men, and think how they work on, it encourages me. And so, where do I hear of men who have so many comforts, so great immunity from hardship and danger as we enjoy? This is nothing to the case of a London parish.

Fanny has sent me out my old engravings, which I like to look at once more, although there is only one really good one among them, and yet I don't like to think of her no longer having them. I have also a nice selection of photographs just sent out, among which the cartoons from Hampton Court are especially good. That grand figure of St. Paul at Athens, which Raphael copied from Masaccio's fresco, always was a favourite of mine.

I feel at *home* here, more so than in any place since I left England; but I hope that I may be able to spend longer intervals in the islands than the mere sixteen or eighteen weeks of the voyage, if I have still my health and strength. But I think sometimes that I can't last always; I unconsciously leave off doing things, and wake up to find that I am shirking work.

Holy Innocents' Day.—I don't think I have sufficiently considered your feelings in suffering the change of name in the Mission School that took place, and I am rather troubled about it. I came back from the last voyage to find that as I had selected a site for the buildings on St. Barnabas Day, which was, by a coincidence, the day I spent here on my outward voyage in 1866, the people had all named the place St. Barnabas. Then came the thought of the meetings on St. Barnabas, and the appropriateness of the Missionary Apostle's name, and I, without thinking enough about it, acquiesced in the change of name. I should have consulted you, —not that you will feel yourself injured, I well know; but for all that, I ought to have done it. It was the more due to you, because you won't claim any right to be consulted. I am really sorry for it, and somewhat troubled in mind.[1]

The occasional notices of Mr. and Mrs. Keble in your letters, and the full account of him and her as their end drew nigh, is very touching. How much, how very much there is that I should like to ask him now. How I could sit at his feet and listen to him.

[1] He need not have been sorry. I give this to show his kind, scrupulous consideration; but I, like everyone else, could not help feeling that it was more fitting that the germ of a missionary theological college should not bear a name even in allusion to a work of fiction,

These are great subjects that I have neither time nor brains to deal with, and there is no one here who can give me *all* the help I want. I think a good deal about Ritualism, more about Union, most about the Eucharistic question; but I need some one with whom to talk out these matters. When I have worked out the mind of Hooker, Bull, Waterland, &c., and read Freeman's 'Principles,' and Pusey's books, and Mr. Keble's, &c., then I want to think it out with the aid of a really well-read man. It is clearly better not to view such holy subjects in connection with controversy; but then comes the thought—'How is Christendom to be united when this diversity exists on so great a point?' And then one must know what the diversity really amounts to, and then the study becomes a very laborious and intricate enquiry into the ecclesiastical literature of centuries. Curiously enough, I am still waiting for the book I so much want, Mr. Keble's book on 'Eucharistic Adoration.' I had a copy, of course, but I lent it to someone. I lose a good many books in that way.

The extraordinary change in the last thirty years will of course mark this time hereafter as one of the most noticeable periods in the history of the Church, indeed one can't fail to see it, which is not always the case with persons living in the time of great events. The bold, outspoken conduct of earnest men, the searching deeply into principles, the comparative rejection of conventionalities, local prejudices, exclusive forms of thought and practice, must strike everyone. But one misses the guiding, restraining, hand . . . the man in the Church corresponding to 'the Duke' at one time in the State, the authority.

The 'Ritualists' seem to me to lack such a leader-

ship altogether. If they had such an exponent of their views as Newman was of the Oxford movement! These books of theirs seem very weak. I am not speaking of their personal worth, nor of their success, nor do I at all feel inclined to think lightly of them or of their opinions and feelings. I have not read, but glanced at Bishop Hopkins's 'Law of Ritualism.' I can quite conceive that it may be true that Ritualism contains a life which will be developed till chasubles excite no more notice than stoles. But I don't see yet that the great matter of Union, nor the truth of Eucharistic doctrine is so much bound up with Ritualism as now expounded and practised. I know very little of the matter, but I very much question whether, in respect of the truth of Eucharistic doctrine, the Ritualistic development is going in the right direction. I don't think (mind, I speak ignorantly) the Primitive Church knew, or approved (if in some cases it knew) of the attendance of non-communicants, of the adoration of the Presence localized in the Elements being regarded as the central point of the Eucharistic Service rather than the κοινωνία of the Body and Blood of Christ. The participation in the Death of Christ was at least as important a part of the Eucharistic idea as the adoration of the Living Christ present and glorified in the consecrated Elements. I should have thought that the former, and not the latter, thought predominated. But this is just where I feel my ignorance. I read by myself the early Liturgies and our writers, but I bring so very little knowledge to aid in the interpretation of them. Mr. Keble would say, 'But don't you see that that is a technical word, which involves so-and-so?'

One thing I do think, that the being conversant only with thoughtful educated Christians may result

in a person ignoring the simpler idea of the Eucharist which does not in the least divest it of its mysterious character, but rather, recognising the mystery, seeks for no solution of it. How can I teach my fifteen Melanesian communicants the points which I suppose an advanced Ritualist would regard as most essential? But I can give them the actual words of some of the ancient, really ancient, Liturgies, and teach them what Christ said, and St. Paul said, and the Church of England says, and bid them acquiesce in the mystery.

Yet I would fain know more. I quite long for a talk with Mr. Keble. Predisposed on every account to think that he must be right, I am not sure that I know what he held to be the truth, nor am I quite sure that I would see it without much explanation; but to these holy men so much is revealed that one has no right to expect to know. What he held was in him at all events combined with all that a man may have of humility, and learning, and eagerness for union with God.

The conclusion is missing. I think it asked for a copy of 'Eucharistic Adoration,' and also whether I could state Mr. Keble's opinions as expressed in direct teaching or conversation on the subject.

This letter was sent with these.

Norfolk Island: December 16, 1867.

My dear Mr. Atkin,—The 'Pacific' arrived on Friday after a quick passage. All our things came safely. She leaves to-morrow for Sydney, and we are in a great hurry. For (1) we have three mails all at once, and I have my full share of letters, public and private; and (2) we have had last week our first fall of rain for some three and a half months, and

we are doing our best to plant kumaras, &c., which grow here wonderfully, if only they get anything like a fair chance.

Joe as usual is foremost at all work; fencing, well-sinking, &c. And he proves the truth of the old saying, that 'the head does not suffer by the work of the hand.' His knowledge of Scripture truth, of what I may fairly call the beginning of theological studies, gives me great comfort. I am quite sure that in all essentials, in all which by God's blessing tends to qualify a man for teaching faithfully, and with sufficient learning and knowledge of the Word of God, he is *above* the average of candidates for ordination in England.

I don't say that he would pass the kind of examination before an English Bishop so well as a great many – they insist a good deal on technical points of historical knowledge, &c.—but in all things really essential—in his clear perception of the unity of the teaching of the Bible; in his knowledge of the Greek Testament, in his reading with me the Articles, Prayer Book, &c., I am convinced that he is well fitted to do his work well and truly. We have had more than one talk on deeper matters still, on inward feelings and thoughts, on prayer and the devotional study of God's Word, and divinity in general. I feel the greatest possible thankfulness and happiness as I think of his ordination, and of what, by the grace of God, he may become to very many both heathens and Christians, if his life be spared.

Once again, my dear friends, I thank you for giving him to this work. He is the greatest conceivable comfort and help to me. I always feel when he is walking or working with others, that there is one on whose steadiness and strong sense of duty I

can always rely. May God bless him with His richest blessings. . . .

On Sunday next (D.V.) we shall not forget you, as I well know your thoughts and prayers will be with us; and we sing 'Before JEHOVAH'S awful Throne' to the Old Hundredth; 2nd, No. 144 of the Hymnal, after third collect; and before sermon, 3rd, No. 143; after sermon, 4th, No. 19; after Litany, 5th, *Veni Creator* to All Saints. The ordination will be in the Norfolk Island Church. My kind regards to Mrs. Atkin and Mary.

Always, my dear friend, very truly yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

December 16, 1867.

My dear Miss Mackenzie,—Your brother's pedometer reached me safely three days ago. I feel most truly unworthy to receive such gifts. I have now his sextant, his pedometer, and, most precious of all, his 'Thomas à Kempis'; they ought to help me to think more of him, his holy example. Your letter commenting on the published life makes me know him pretty well. He was one to love and honour; indeed the thorough humility and truthfulness, the single-mindedness of the man, the simple sense of duty and unwearied patience, energy and gentleness—indeed you must love to dwell on the memory of such a brother, and look forward with hope and joy to the reunion.

We are fast settling ourselves into our head-quarters here. Our buildings already sufficient to house eighty or one hundred Melanesians. We are fencing, planting, &c., &c., vigorously, and the soil here repays our labours well. The yam and sweet potatoes grow excellently, and the banana,

orange, lemon, and nearly all semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. I think that our commissariat expenditure will soon be very small, and we ought to have an export before long.

Two things seem to be pretty clear: that there is no lack of capacity in the Melanesian, and no probability of any large supply of English teachers and clergymen, even if it were desirable to work the Mission with foreign rather than native clergymen. My own mind is, and has long been in favour of the native pastorate; but it needs much time to work up to such a result.

All our party are well in health, save one good fellow, Walter Hotaswol, who is dying of consumption, in faith and hope. 'Better,' he says, 'to die here with a bright heart than to live in my own land with a dark one. It is a solemn Ember week for us.

I remain, dear Miss Mackenzie, very truly yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

P.S. I have not time to say all that I feel about that excellent man, Mr. Robertson, and his work; your hopes of a Bishop there; of —— (the native before suspected) being all right; of the state of South Africa generally. We watch all these things most closely.

Don't be distressed because the 'Conference' did not condemn Bishop Colenso: it had no Court, it had no jurisdiction; the accused was not present, nor represented. The affirmation of the Faith, and not the condemnation of the heretic, was the point. Bishop Colenso and all the rest of us will soon be forgotten, but the fact of the affirmation of the Faith remains. It must be very hard for you *Africans* to

think this; but I believe that this is the true Catholic way of regarding the question. All personal questions should, if possible, be eliminated from such discussions.

I quite agree with you that you cannot educate tropical and semi-tropical people in England; and you don't want to make them English Christians, you know.

Walter's history is here completed.

January 22, 1868.

My dear Cousin,—I write you a line: I have not time for more in addition to my other epistle, to tell you that I purpose to baptize, on Sunday next, eight Melanesian youths and one girl. You will, I know, thank God for this. Indeed I hope (though I say it with a kind of trembling and wonder) that a succession of scholars is now regularly established from the Banks Islands.

These nine are being closely followed by some ten or twelve more, younger than they, averaging from seven to eleven years, who all read and write and know the elements of Christian teaching, but you should see them, bright merry little fellows, and the girls too, full of play and fun. Yet so docile, and obedient, and good-tempered. They all volunteer to stay here again this winter, though they have not been at home since they first left it, in July and August 1866. They have a generation of Christians —I mean one of our generations—some two dozen or more, to help them; they have not the brunt of the battle to bear, like dear George, and Henry and others; and because, either here or there, they will be living with Christians, I need not, I think, subject them to a probation. Next year (D.V.), they may be baptized, and so the ranks are being filled up.

I would call the girl Charlotte were she a favourite of mine, but I wait in hopes that a nicer girl (though this one is good and nice too) may be baptized by your and Mrs. Keble's name. You may well believe that my heart and mind are very full of this. May God grant that they may continue His for ever!

I confirm on the same day fourteen Norfolk Islanders.

Walter Hotaswol, from Matlavo, the southern part of Saddle Island, died on the evening of the Epiphany: a true Epiphany to him, I trust. He was remarkably gentle and innocent for one born in a heathen land. His confession, very fully made to me before his first Communion, was very touching, simply given, and, thank God, he had been wonderfully kept from the sins of heathenism. With us, his life for years was blameless. He died almost without pain, after many weeks of lingering in consumption, I verily believe in full faith in his Saviour and his God.

During his last illness, and for a short time before he actually took to his bed, he frequently received the Holy Communion. And very remarkable were his words to me the day after his first Communion. I was sitting by him, when he said, apropos of nothing, 'Very good!'

'What is very good, Walter?'

'The Lord's Supper.'

'Why do you think so?'

'I can't talk about it. I feel it here (touching his heart), I don't feel as I did!'

'But you have long believed in Him.'

'Yes, but I feel different from that; I don't feel afraid for death. My heart is calm (*me masur kal*, of a calm following a gale).' His look was very

earnest as he added: 'I do believe that I am going to Him.' Presently, 'Bishop!'

'Well.'

'Last night—no, the night before I received the Lord's Supper, I saw a man standing there, a *tanum liana* (a man of rank or authority). He said "Your breath is bad, I will give you a new breath."'

'Yes—?'

'I thought it meant, I will give you a new life. I thought it must be JESUS.'

He was weak, but not wandering. 'Yes, better to die here with a bright heart than to live in my old home with a dark one.'

January 28th.—The nine young Christians were baptized on Sunday evening; a very touching and solemn service it was, very full of comfort. It may be that now, in full swing of work, I am too sanguine, but I *try* to be sober-minded, thankful, and hopeful. I *try*, I say—it is not easy.

God bless you, my dear Cousin, and as I pray for you, so I know you pray for us.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

A long letter to James Patteson, which was begun a few days later, goes into the man's retrospect of the boy's career:—

March 3rd.—I think often of your boys. Jack, in two or three years, will be old enough for school, and I suppose it must make you anxious sometimes. I look back on my early days, and see so much, so *very* much to regret and grieve over, such loss of opportunities, idleness, &c., that I think much of the way to make lessons attractive to boys and girls. I think a good deal may be done simply by the lessons

being given by the persons the children love most, and hence (where it can be done) the mother first, and the father too (if he can) are the best people. They know the ways of the child, they can take it at the right times. Of course, at first it is the memory, not the reasoning power, that must be brought into exercise. Young children must learn by heart, learn miles which they can't understand, or understand but very imperfectly. I think I forget this sometimes, and talk to my *young* Melanesians as I should to older persons. But I feel almost sure that children can follow a simple, lively account of the meaning and reason of things much more than one is apt to fancy. And I don't know how anything can be really learnt that is not understood. A great secret of success here is an easy and accurate use of illustration—parabolic teaching.

Every day of my life I groan over the sad loss I daily experience in not having been grounded properly in Latin and Greek. I have gone on with my education in these things more than many persons, but I can never be a good scholar; I don't know what I would not give to have been well taught as a boy. And then at Eton, any little taste one might have had for language, &c. was never called out. My fault again, but I can't help thinking that it was partly because the reason of a rule was never explained. Who ever taught in school the difference between an aorist and a perfect, *e.g.*? And at college I was never taught it, because it was assumed that I knew it. I know that at ten, fifteen, or twenty, I should not in any case have gone into languages as I do now. But I might have learnt a good deal, I think. A thoroughly good preparatory school is, I dare say, very difficult to find. I would

make a great point, I think, to send a boy to a good one; not to cram him or make a prig of him, but simply to give him the advantage which will make his whole career in life different from what it will be if his opening days pass by unimproved. Cool of me, Jem, to write all this; but I think of this boy, and my boyish days, and what I might have been, and am not.

I was always shallow, learned things imperfectly, thought I knew a thing when I knew scarce any part of it, scrawling off common-place verses at Eton, and, unfortunately, getting sent up for them. I had a character which passed at school and at home for that of a fair scholar. Thence came my disgrace at being turned out of the select, my bad examination for the Balliol scholarship, my taking only a second, &c. Nothing was really known! Pretty quick in seizing upon a superficial view of a matter, I had little patience or determination to thoroughly master it. The fault follows me through life. I shall never, I fear, be really accurate and able to think out a matter fully. The same fault I see in my inner life. But it is not right to talk perhaps too much of that, only I know that I get credit for much that I don't do, and for qualities which I don't possess. This is simple truth, not false humility. Some gifts I have, which, I thank God, I have been now taught to employ with more or less of poverty in the service.

The vessel that took away the above despatches brought the tidings of New Zealand's beloved Primate being appointed to the See of Lichfield. It was another great wrench to the affectionate heart, as will be seen in this filial reply to the intelligence:—

2nd Sunday in Lent, 10 P.M.

My dear dear Bishop,—I don't think I ever quite felt till now what you have been to me for many a long year. Indeed, I do thank God that I have been taught to know and dearly love you; and much I reproach myself (not now for the first time) that I have been wilful, and pained you much sometimes by choosing for myself when I ought to have followed your choice. I could say much, but I can't say it now, and you don't desire it. You know what I think and feel. Your letter of the 3rd reached me last night. I don't yet realise what it is to me, but I think much more still of those dear people at Taurarua. It is perfectly clear to my mind that you could not have acted otherwise. I don't grudge you to the Mother Church one atom!

I write at this time because I think you may possibly be soon beginning your first Ordination Service in your Cathedral. It was almost my first thought when I began to think quietly after our 8 P.M. prayers. And I pray for those whom you may be leading to their work, as so often you have laid your hands on me. I understand Bishop Andrewes' *μνησθῆ τε τῶν ἐν μετάλλοις* now.

What it must have been to you and still is! . . .

This move to Norfolk Island does make a great difference, no doubt. And full well I know that your prayers will be around us; and that you will do all that mortal man can do for us and for the islands. Indeed, you must not trouble yourself about me too much. I shall often need you, often sadly miss you, a just return for having undervalued the blessing of your presence. But I do feel that it is right. I humbly pray and trust that God's blessing may be

on us all, and that a portion of your spirit may be with us.

More than ever affectionately yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

The tidings had come simultaneously with the history of the Consecration of All Saints, Babbicombe, for indeed the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn were staying with Joanna and Fanny Patteson for the Octave Services when the first offer arrived. So that the two mails whose contents were transported together to Norfolk Island contained matter almost overwhelming for the brother and friend, and he had only one day in which to write his answers. To the sisters the assurance is, 'Only be quite comforted about me!' and then again, 'No, I don't grudge him one bit. There is no room for small personal considerations when these great issues are at stake.'

I don't think I quite know yet what it is to me. I can't look at his photograph with quite dry eyes yet. But I don't feel at all sad or unhappy. You know the separation, if God, in His mercy, spare me at last, can't be long; and his prayers are always around us, and he is with us in spirit continually, and then it will be such joy and delight to me to watch his work.

I think with such thankfulness of the last Holy Week; the last Easter Sunday spent wholly with him. I think, too, and that sadly enough, of having pained him sometimes by being self-willed, and doing just what he has not done, viz. chosen for myself when I ought to have followed him.

Do you remember when, on the morning of Mamma's death, we came into the study where Uncle and Aunt Frank were, and our dear Father in his

great faith and resignation said, with broken voice, 'I thank God, who spared her to me so long.' Surely I may with far greater ease say, 'I thank God for the blessing for now thirteen years of his example and loving care of me.' Had he been taken away by death we must have borne it, and we can bear this now by His grace.

The thought engrossed him most completely. It is plain in all his letters that it was quite an effort to turn his mind to anything but the approaching change. His Primate had truly been a 'father in God' to him. His affections had wound themselves about him and Mrs. Selwyn, and the society that they formed together with Sir William and Lady Martin had become the next thing to his home and family. Above all, the loneliness of sole responsibility was not complete while the Primate was near to be consulted. There had been an almost visible loss of youth and playfulness ever since the voyages had been made without the leader often literally at the helm; and though Bishop Patteson had followed his own judgment in two decided points—the removal to Norfolk Island, and the use of Mota language instead of English, and did not repent having done so, yet still the being left with none to whom to look up to as an authority was a heavy trial and strain on mind and body, and brought on another stage in that premature age that the climate and constant toil were bringing upon him when most men are still in the fulness of their strength.

The next letter spoke the trouble that was to mark the early part of the year 1868 as one of sickness and sorrow.

Our two Ambrym boys are coming out; and I am

hopeful as to some more decided connection with the north face of the Island. Mahaga lads very promising, but at present Banks Islanders much ahead of the rest. Indeed, of some of *them*, I may say that while they have *no* knowledge of many things that an English lad ought to know, yet they have a very fair share of intelligence concentrated on the most important subject, and know a good deal about it. They *think*.

Then follows a working out of one of the difficult questions that always beset missionaries respecting the heathen notions—or no notions—about wedlock. Speaking of the persons concerned, the journal continues :—

They were not able to understand—and how can a man and woman, or rather a girl and boy, understand?—what we understand by marriage. They always saw men and women exchanging husbands and wives when they pleased, and grew up in the midst of such ideas and practices, so that there never was a regular contract, nor a regularly well-conceived and clearly-understood notion of living together till 'death us do part' in their minds. You will say, 'And yet they were baptized.' Yes, but I did not know so much about heathen ways then, and, besides, read St. Paul to the Corinthians, and see how the idea of sanctity of marriage, and of chastity in general is about the last idea that the heathen mind comprehends. Long after the heathen know that to break the sixth, eighth, even the ninth and tenth Commandments is wrong, and can understand and practically recognise it to be so, the seventh is a puzzle to them. At the best they only believe it because we say that it is a Commandment

of God. Look at the Canons of the early Church on the question; look how Luther sanctioned the polygamy, the double marriage, of the Landgrave of Hesse! So that although *now*, thank God, our scholars understand more of what is meant by living with a woman, and the relation of husband and wife is not altogether strange to them, yet it was not so at first, and is not likely to be so with any but our well-trained scholars for a long time.

Norfolk Island: March 26, 1868.

My dearest Sisters,—How you are thinking of me this anniversary! Thirteen years since I saw your dear faces and his face. Oh! how thankful I am that it is so long ago. It was very hard to bear for a long long time. Last night as I lay awake I thought of that last Sunday, the words I said in church (how absurdly consequential they seem to me now), the walk home, calling to see C. L., parting with the Vicar and M., the last evening—hearts too full to say what was in them, the sitting up at night and writing notes. And then *black* Monday! Well, I look back now and see that it was very hard at first, and I don't deny that I found the mere bodily roughnesses very trying at first, but that has long past. My present mode of life is agreeable to me altogether now. Servants and company would be a very great bore indeed. So even in smaller ways, you see, I have all that I can desire. I always try to remember that I may miss these things, and specially miss you if it should please God to send any heavy sickness upon me. I dare say I should be very impatient, and need kind soothing nurses. But I must hope for the best.

Just now we have some anxiety. There has been

and is a bad typhoid fever among the Pitcairners: want of cleanliness, no sewerage, or very bad draining, crowded rooms, no ventilation, the large drain choked up, a dry season, so that the swampy ground near the settlement has been dry, these are secondary causes. For two months it has been going on. I never anticipated such a disease here.

But the fever is bad. Last night two died, both young women of about twenty. Two, one a married man of thirty, with five children, the other a girl of twelve, had died before. I have been backwards and forwards, but no one else of the party. The poor people like to see me. For three weeks I have felt some anxiety about four or five of our lads, and they have been with me in my room. I *don't like* the symptoms of one or two of them. But it is not yet a clear case of the fever.

Easter Eve.—Dear Sisters, once more I write out of a sick hospital. This typhoid fever, strongly marked, as described in Dr. Watson's books, Gaye's edition of Hooper's 'Vade Mecum,' and as a very solemn lesson of Lent and Holy Week, seven Pitcairners have died. For many weeks the disease did not touch us; we established a regular quarantine, and used all precautions. We had, I think, none of the predisposing causes of fever at our place. It is high, well-drained, clean, no dirt near, excellent water, and an abundant supply of it; but I suppose the whole air is impregnated with it. Anyhow, the fever is here.

April 23rd.—My house consists, you know, of Chapel, my rooms, and hospital. This is the abode of the sick and suspected. The hospital is a large, lofty, well-ventilated room; a partition, 6 feet high,

only divides it into two; on one side are the sick, on the other side sleep those who are sickening.

As yet twenty have been in my quarters. Of these seven are now in Codrington's house, half way between hospital and ordinary school life. They are convalescents, real convalescents. You know how much so-called convalescents need care in recovering from fever, but these seven have had the fever very slightly indeed, thank God; the type of the disease is much less severe than it was at first. One lad of about sixteen, Hofe from Ysabel Island, died last Friday morning. The fever came on him with power from the first. He was very delirious for some days, restless, sleepless, then comatose. The symptoms are so very clearly marked, and my books are so clear in detail of treatment, that we don't feel much difficulty now about the treatment, and the nursery and hospital work we are pretty well used to.

Barasu, from Ysabel Island, who was near dying on Thursday week, a fortnight ago to-day, he hovered between life and death. I baptized him at 9 P.M. on, Holy Thursday (the anniversary of Mr. Keble's death) John Keble: rather presumptuous to give such a name, but I thought he would not have been named here by it for many hours. He is now sitting by the hospital fire. I have just fed him with some rice and milk; and he is well enough to ask for a bit of sweet potato, which he cannot yet hold, nor guide his hand to his mouth. He has had the regular fever, and is now, thank God, becoming convalescent. No other patient is at present in a dangerous state, all have the fever signs more or less doubtful. No one is at present in a precarious state. It has been very severe in the town, and there are many cases yet. Partly it is owing to the utter

ignorance or neglect of the most ordinary rules of caution and nursing. Children and men and women all lie on the ground together in the fever or out of it. The contagion fastens upon one after another. In Isaac Christian's house, the mother and five children were all at one time in a dangerous state, wandering, delirious, comatose. Yet the mortality has been small. Only seven have died; some few are still very ill, yet the character of the fever is less severe now. We had some sharp hospital work for a few days and nights, all the accompaniments of the decay of our frail bodies. Now we have a respite. Codrington, Palmer, and I, take the nursing; better that the younger ones, always more liable to take fever, should be kept out of contagion; so no one but I have gone among the sick in town, or to town at all. We are all quite well.

Beef tea, chicken broth, mutton broth, wine, brandy, milk to any extent, rice, &c.—Palmer manufactures all. The Pitcairners, most improvident people, are short of all necessary stores. I give what I can, but I must be stingy, as I tell them, for I never anticipated an attack of typhus here. They will, I trust, learn a lesson from it, and not provoke a recurrence of it by going on in their old ways.

I don't deny that at times I have been a good deal depressed: about Holy Week and Easter Week was the worst time. Things are much brighter now; though I fully expect that several others, perhaps many others will yet have the attack, but I trust and fancy it may be only in a modified form. We have regular Chapel and school, but the school is a mild affair now; I who am only in bed from 12.30 or 1 to 5, and in the hospital all day, cannot be very bright in school. I just open a little bit of my red

baize door into Chapel, so that the sick in my room join in the service. Nice, is it not?

This will greatly unsettle plans for the voyage. The 'Southern Cross' is expected here about May 10; but I can't leave any sick that may want my care then, and I can't take back to the islands any that are only just convalescent, or indeed any of the apparently healthy who may yet have the seeds of the fever in them. It would be fearful if it broke out on the islands. I must run no risk of that; so I think that very likely I may keep the whole party here another year, and make myself a short visitation. I suppose that the Bishop will come to New Zealand, and I must try to meet him; I *should* like to see his face once more; but if he doesn't come, or if I can't (by reason of this sickness) go to meet him—well, I shall be spared the parting if I don't have the joy of the meeting, and these things are not now what they once were.

April 28th.—Barasu (John Keble) died this morning as I read the Commendatory Prayer by his side. He had a relapse some five days ago, how we cannot say, he was always watched day and night. I had much comfort in him, he was a dear lad, and our most hopeful Ysabel scholar. His peaceful death, for it was very peaceful at the last, may work more than his life would have done; some twenty others convalescent, or ailing, or sick. At this moment another comes to say that he feels out of sorts; you know that sensation, and how one's heart seems to stop for a minute, and then one tries to look and speak cheerfully.

April 29th.—I read the Service over another child to-day, son of James and Priscilla Quintall, the second child they have lost within a few days, and

Priscilla herself is lying ill of the fever. Poor people, I did what little I could to comfort them; the poor fellow is laid up too with a bad foot; a great many others are very ill, some young ones especially.

May 5th.—Jemima Young[1] sent for me yesterday morning. I was with her the day before, and she was very ill. I reached the room at 11.45, and she died at noon.

May 7th.—The sick ones doing pretty well. You must not think it is all gloom, far from it, there is much to cheer and comfort us. The hearty co-operation of these excellent fellow-workers is such a support, and is brought out at such times.

We are going on with divers works, but not very vigorously just now. We are sawing the timber for our large hall: the building still to be put up, and then our arrangements will be complete for the present.

Then our fencing goes on. We have one large field of some ninety or one hundred acres enclosed, the sea and a stream bounding two sides, and two other fields of about forty and twenty acres. I have good cart mares and one cart horse, a riding mare which I bought of Mr. Pritt, and Atkin has one also, eleven cows, and as many calves, poultry (sadly destroyed by wild cats) and pigs, and two breeding sows, and a flock of fifty well-bred sheep imported. These cost me 4*l.* 10*s.* a head; I hope they are the progenitors of a fine flock. The ram cost 12*l.* We have plenty of work, and must go on fencing and subdividing our fields. Most of the land is wooded; but a considerable quantity can easily be cleared. Indeed 200 or 300 acres are clear now of all but some smaller stuff that can easily be removed. A

[1] Jemima Young had been particularly bright, pleasant, and helpful when Mrs. Selwyn was on the island.

thick couch-grass covers all. It is not so nutritious as the ordinary English grasses; but cattle, sheep, and horses like it, only a larger quantity is needed by each animal. It gives trouble when one wants to break it up, it is such a network of roots; but once out of the ground and the soil clear, and it will grow anything. Our crops of sweet potatoes are excellent. The ordinary potato does very well too; and maize, vegetables of all sorts, many fruit trees, all the semi-tropical things, capitally; guavas by the thousand, and very soon I hope oranges; lemons now by thousands, melons almost a weed, bananas abundant; by-and-by coffee, sugar-cane, pine-apples (these last but small), arrowroot of excellent quality. Violets from my bed, and mignonette from Palmer's, scent my room at this minute. The gardeners, Codrington, Palmer and Atkin, are so kind in making me tidy, devising little arrangements for my little plot of ground, and my comfort and pleasure generally. Well, that is a nice little chat with you. Now it is past 8 P.M., and the mutton broth for Clement and Mary is come. I must feed my chicks. Excellent patients they are, as good as can be. They don't make the fuss that I did in my low fever when I was so savage with your doves that would go on cooing at my window, don't you remember?

My dear Bishop will be touched by the confidence in him shown by his late Diocesan Synod in entrusting to him the nomination of his successor. It was clearly the right thing to do. As for me, no one who knows anything about it or me would dream of removing me from Melanesia, as long as I have health and strength, and still less of putting me into another diocese. When I break down, or give up, it will not be to hold any other office, as I think.

May 8th.—All going on pretty well, thank God. Mary is weak, but I think better, did not wander last night. Clement, with strong typhoid symptoms, yet, at all events, not worse. But he is a very powerful, thick-set fellow, not a good subject for fever. I feel that I am beginning to recover my interest in things in general, books, &c. For two months I was entirely occupied with hospital work, and with visiting daily the sick Pitcairners, and I was weary and somewhat worn out. Now I am better in mind and body, some spring in me again. This may be to fit me for more trials in store; but I *think* that the sunshine has come again.

There were, however, two more deaths—the twins of Mwerlau. Clement died on the 24th of May, the other brother, Richard, followed him a fortnight later. They were about seventeen, strong and thick-set; Clement had made considerable progress during his two years of training, and had been a Communicant since Christmas. Before passing to the other topics with which, as the Bishop said, he could again be occupied, here is Mr. Codrington's account of this period of trouble:—

A great break in the first year was caused by the visitation of typhus fever in the earlier part of 1868. This disease, brought as I always believed by infection from a vessel that touched here, first attacked a Norfolk Islander who did not live in the town. He was ill in the middle of February, others of the Pitcairn people soon after. The Bishop began at once to visit the sick very diligently, and continued to visit them throughout, though after a time our own hospital was full. Our first case was on the 11th of March, and our last convalescents did not go out

until near the end of June. For some time there was hard work to be done with nursing the sick. The Bishop had the anxiety and the charge of medically treating the sick. Mr. Nobbs, as always, was most kind in giving the benefit of his experience, but he was too fully occupied with the care of his own flock to be able to help us much. It was agreed that as soon as we saw the disease was among us, that the three elder members of the Mission should alone come into communication with the sick. We kept watch in turns, but the Bishop insisted on taking a double share, *i.e.*, he allowed us only to take regular watches in the night, undertaking the whole of the day's work, except during the afternoon when he was away with the Pitcairn people. He seemed quite at home in the hospital, almost always cheerful, always very tender, and generally very decided as to what was to be done. He was fond of doctoring, read a good deal of medical books, and knew a good deal of medical practice; but the weight of such a responsibility as belonged to the charge of many patients in a fever of this kind was certainly heavy upon him. The daily visit to the Pitcairn people on foot or on horseback was no doubt a relief, though hard work in itself. Of the four lads we lost, two, twins, had been some time christened, one was baptized before his death, the first who died had not been long with the Mission. It is characteristic of Bishop Patteson that I never heard him say a word that I remember of religion to one of the sick. On such things he would not, unless he was obliged, speak except with the patient alone.

Before the sickness was quite over, the 'Southern Cross' arrived for the winter voyage. The danger of carrying infection to the islands could not be in-

curred, and the vessel was sent back to Auckland for a time.

The letters she carried back refer again to the growing anxiety about the 'labour traffic.'

May 6th.—I am corresponding with a Wesleyan Missionary in Ovalau (Fiji) on a matter that you may see mentioned some day in the papers, a very questionable practice of importing from the Southern New Hebrides (principally Tanna) natives to work on the cotton plantations of white settlers in Fiji. It is all, as I am assured, under the regulation of the Consul at Ovalau, and 'managed' properly. But I feel almost sure that there is, or will be, injuries done to the natives, who (I am sure) are taken away under false pretences. The traders don't know the Tannese language, and have no means of making the people understand any terms, and to talk of any contract is absurd. Yet, a large number of Tanna men, living on really well-conducted plantations, owned by good men, might lead to a nucleus of Christian Tannese. So says Mr. M. True, say I, (!) you can find the good planters and well-conducted plantations. Mr. M. assures me that they (the Wesleyan Missionaries) are watching the whole thing carefully. He writes well and sensibly on the whole, and kindly asks me to visit his place, and judge for myself.

Tanna is in the hands of the Nova Scotia Presbyterians—Mr. Geddie, Inglis, and others; but the adjacent islands we have always visited and considered ours, and of course a plague of this kind soon spreads. My letter to Mr. Attwood on the matter was read by Sir John Young, and Commodore Lambert, and they expressed a warm interest in the matter. Mr. M. says that they think it would

be well to accept some rule of conduct in the matter from the Commodore, which is, I think, likely to do good.

By the 15th of June the glad intelligence was received that the hospital had been empty for a fortnight; and the house that was to have been carried to Mota was put up for the married couples, for whom it afforded separate sleeping rooms, though the large room was in common. Two weddings were preparing, and B—— and his wife had become reconciled.

We may hope that this time it is not a case of two children, then unbaptized, living together, heathen fashion, obeying mere passion, ignorant of true love, but a sober, somewhat sad reunion of two clever and fairly-educated grown-up people, knowing much of life and its sad experience, understanding what they are about, and trying to begin again with prayer to God and purposes of a good life.

This time of convalescence was a time of great progress. A deep impression had been made on many, and there was a strong spirit of enquiry among them. The Bishop then began a custom of preaching to his black scholars alone after the midday service, dismissing his five or six white companions after prayers, because he felt he could speak more freely and go more straight to the hearts of his converts and catechumens if he had no other audience.

The other inhabitants of the island suffered long after the St. Barnabas scholars were free, and deaths continued. It was impossible to enforce on such an undisciplined race the needful attention to cleanliness, or even care of the sick; the healthy were not kept apart, nor was the food properly prepared for the sick. It was impossible to stir or convince the easy-going

tropical nature, and there was no authority to enforce sanitary measures, so the fever smouldered on, taking first one, then another victim, and causing entire separation from St. Barnabas, except as far as the Bishop was concerned.

Meantime, a house was being put up to receive Mr. Palmer's intended wife, the daughter of that Mr. Ashwell who had shared in the disastrous voyage when the 'Southern Cross' had been wrecked. She had been brought up to Mission work, and was likely to be valuable among the young girls. After this announcement, the Bishop continues :—

My mind is now made up to take the great step of ordaining dear George Sarawia ; for nine years my pupil, and for the last three or four my friend and helper. Codrington is only surprised that he is not ordained already. Humanly speaking, there can be no doubt of his steadfastness. He is, indeed, a thoroughly good conscientious man, humble without servility, friendly and at his ease without any forwardness, and he has a large share of good sense and clear judgment. Moreover, he has long held a recognised position with all here and in New Zealand, and for the last two years the Mota people and the neighbouring islanders have quite regarded him as one whom they recognise as their leader and teacher, one of our own race, yet 'not like us—different ; he knows and does what we can't do and don't know.'

They quite look upon him as free from all the difficulties which attend a man's position as inheriting feuds, animosities, &c. He goes anywhere ; when the island may be in a disturbed state, no one would hurt him ; he is no partisan in their eyes, a man of other habits and thought and character, a teacher of all.

I think, oh! with such feelings of thankfulness, and hope too, of the first Melanesian clergyman! I should almost like to take him to Auckland, that the Bishop might ordain him; but he ought to be ordained here, in the presence of the Melanesians; and in the hasty confusion of the few weeks in New Zealand, George would be at a sad loss what to do, and the month of October is cold and raw. But you may get this just in time to think of his Ordination, and how you will pray for him! His wife Sara is a weakly body, but good, and she and I are, and always have been, great friends. She has plenty of good sense. Their one child, Simon, born in Norfolk Island some fourteen months ago, is a very nice-looking child, and healthy enough.

June 16th.—7.49 A.M. Chapel and breakfast over, I have a quarter of an hour before school. Nearly mid-winter with us. I think of the beauty of your English summer; but it does not counterbalance the wretchedness of your winters and early springs.

Many thanks for those two very interesting numbers of 'Good Words'. Please send that periodical and the 'Contemporary Review' too: 'Christian Remembrancer' I have already written about. I want also the Maitland 'Prize Essay' for 1867, by W. S. Smith: it deals with the Conversion of the Heathen; also Tristram's 'Natural History of the Bible.' That's all. I think I mentioned the Queen's books before; we want to see them very much.

Meantime the spirit of enquiry and faith was making marked progress. Mr. Codrington says: 'The stir in the hearts and minds of those already christened might be called a revival, and the enquiring and earnest spirit of many more seemed to be working towards conversions. During this time, the

might be seen on the cliff or under the trees in the afternoon, or on Sundays, little groups gathered round some of the elder Christians, enquiring and getting help. It was the work that George evidently was enabled to do in this way that convinced every one that the time had quite come for his Ordination. It is worth mentioning that the boys from one island, and one individual in particular, were much influenced by the last conversations of the first Christian who died here (Walter Hotaswol), who had told his friends to be "sure that all the Bishop had told them was true."'

This quickening and its results are further described in the ensuing letter, wherein is mention of the Bauro man Taroniara, the most remarkable of the present conversions, and destined three years after to die with the Bishop and Mr. Atkin :—

June 20, 9 P.M., 1868.

My dear Sisters,—You know how I am thinking of *him* to-day. Seven years ago! I think that he seems more and more present to my mind than ever. How grateful it is to me to find the dear Bishop ever recurring to him in his sermons, &c.; but indeed we all have the great blessing and responsibility of being his children. The thought of meeting him again, if God be so merciful, comes over me sometimes in an almost overpowering way: I quite seem to see and feel as if kneeling by his side before the Great Glory, and even then thinking almost most of him. And then, so many others too—Mamma, Uncle James, Frank, &c., and you, dear Joan, think of your dear Mother. It seems almost too much. And then the mind goes on to think of the Saints of God in every generation, from one of the last gathered in (dear Mr. Keble) to the very first; and as we realise the fact that we may,

by God's wonderful mercy, be companions, though far beneath the feet, of Patriarchs, and Apostles, and Martyrs, and even see Him as He is—it is too great for thought! and yet, thank God, it is truth.

My heart is full too of other blessed thoughts. There seems to be a stirring of heart among our present set of scholars, the younger ones I mean; they come into my room after evening Chapel and school, one or two at a time, but very shy, sit silent, and at last say very softly, 'Bishop, I wish to stop here for good.'

'Why?'

'I *do* wish to be good, to learn, to be like George and Henry and the rest.'

This morning I baptized Charlotte and Joanna. Charlotte will be married to Fisher on Wednesday, when Benjamin and Marion, and B—— and Mary will also be married. You know that B—— and Mary were never properly married. Oh, what blessings are these! I spoke earnestly of the service in my preachment.

Taromiara, from San Cristoval, said to me the other night, 'Bishop, why is it that now I think as I never thought before? I can't tell quite what I think. You know I used to be willing to learn, but I was easily led away on my own island; but I *think* that I shall never wish again to listen to anything but the Word of God. I know I may be wrong, but I think I shall never be inclined to listen to anything said to me by my people to keep me from you and from this teaching. I feel quite different: I like and wish for things I never really used to care for; I don't care for what I used to like and live for. What is it?'

'What do you think it is?'

'I think—but it is so (*mava*) great—I think it is the Spirit of God in my heart.'

Lankana, from Anudha Island, came to me to-day at 4 P.M., after I had read over the Marriage Service with the three couples, and had an hour's talk with them. And he, too, spoke much in the same way. Should these two (and indeed I don't doubt it) really act upon their present thoughts and wishes (and they have been the gradual growth of three and four years respectively), they may be the pioneers, the first-fruits of two very important islands.

In Lankana's case, who is one of my first set, almost, from Anudha, the trial is to give up home and country for some time. Already he has been away a year, and I say, 'If you wish to go back, well and good, but you know you are quite young. They will very likely persuade you to stop there, or even keep you against your will. Better make up your mind to stop here for good till you really know and have for some time done your duty as a baptized child of your Heavenly Father. Fresh sets of your people will be coming here, whom you must influence, and by-and-by go back to teach them all in the right way.'

'Yes, I see.'

'Don't say any more now. Think about it, and come to talk about it again.'

As for the Mota and Matlavo fellows, and the girls too, they have now good examples before them, and one and all wish to stop here as long as I please. And that being so, the return to their homes not being a return to purely heathen islands, I trust that they may soon be baptized. So my heart is full of thankfulness and wonder and awe.

All this time I write with a full sense of the

uncertainty of this and every human work. I know the Bishop is preaching on failures, and I try to think he is preaching to me.

July 2nd, 8 A.M.—My dear Sisters, what a day we had yesterday! so full of happiness and thankfulness. It was the wedding-day of Fisher and Charlotte, Benjamin and Marion, and of B—— and Mary!

The Chapel was so prettily dressed up by Mr. Codrington and Mr. Bice, under whose instructions some of the lads made evergreen ornaments, &c., large white arums, and red flowers also.

At 7 A.M. Morning Prayers, as usual. At 9.30 the wedding. All the Melanesians in their places in Chapel; and as we came into the Chapel from my room, the 100th Psalm was chanted capitally. Mr. Codrington said he never was present at so thoroughly devotional a wedding. It was a really solemn religious service.

Then I gave good presents to everyone in the school, even the smallest boys came in for a knife, beads, &c. Then cricket, for the day was beautifully fine, though it is midwinter. And all sorts of fun we had. Then a capital dinner, puddings, &c. Then cricket, running races, running in sacks (all for prizes), then a great tea, 7 P.M. Chapel, then native dances by a great bonfire. Then at 10 P.M. hot coffee and biscuits, then my little speech, presenting all our good wishes to the married couples, and such cheering, I hope it may be well remembered. The deeper feeling of it all is bearing fruit. Already lads and young men from the Solomon Islands say, 'We begin to see what is meant by a man and woman living together.' The solemnity of the service struck them much.

The bridegrooms wore their Sunday dresses, nice

tidy trousers of dark tweed, Crimean shirt, collar and tie, and blue serge coat. The brides, white jackets trimmed with a bit of red, white collar and blue skirts. All the answers quietly and reverently made; the whole congregation answering 'Amen' to the word of blessing in an unmistakable way. The 67th Psalm was chanted, of course.

My plan is to have Psalms, with reading and singing to suit each day, regarded as commemorative of the great facts and doctrines, so that every week we read in chapel about forty Psalms, and sing about twelve hymns. These are pretty well known by heart, and form already a very considerable stock of Scriptural reference. The Resurrection and the Gift of the Spirit, the Nativity, Manifestation, Betrayal, Ascension, Crucifixion, Burial, with the doctrines connected with them, come in this way every week before their minds. I translated Psalms chosen with reference to this plan, and wrote hymns, &c. in the same way.

I wish you could have been with us yesterday. It was really a strikingly solemn service. Then our fortnightly 7 A.M. Communions, our daily 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. Services, our Baptisms, yes and our burials too, all are so quiet, and there is so much reverence. You see that they have never learnt bad habits. A Melanesian scholar wouldn't understand how one *could* pray in any other posture than kneeling.

The evening Catechumen classes, so happy. And then the dear fellows at their private prayers. The Chapel is always open, you know, and in the early morning and late evening little knots of three and four, or eight and ten, are kneeling about, quietly saying their prayers. The sick lads—dear Clement and Richard who died—as long as they could move,

knelt up in hospital to say their prayers, and all but quite the new comers did the same. It was touching to see them, weak and in much pain, yet I did not of course tell them that they might as well pray as they lay on their rugs. Better for them even if it did a little exhaust them. It is no mere formal observance of a rule, for there never has been any rule about it. I have given them short simple prayers, and they first learn to kneel down with me here in my room, or with Codrington in his room, &c. But I merely said (long ago, at Kohimarama), 'You know you can always go into the Chapel whenever you like.'

Sometimes I do wish you could see them; but then unless you could talk with them, and indeed unless you knew the Melanesian mind and nature, you couldn't estimate these things rightly.

But never did I feel so hopeful, though my old text is ever in my mind, Isaiah lx. 5: 'Thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged.' That's exactly it.

July 18th.—To-morrow I baptize Taroniara, of San Cristoval, a young man full of promise. He has a wife and little girl of about four years old. He may become, by God's blessing, the teacher of the people of his island.

(From a letter of the same date to myself, I add the further particulars about one who was to teach by his death instead of his life, and for whom the name of the first martyr was chosen):—

He has been with me for some years, always good and amiable; but too good-natured, too weak, so that he did not take a distinct line with his people. He is a person of some consequence in his neighbourhood. Now he gives all the proofs that can well be

given of real sincerity. He wonders himself, as he contrasts his present with his former thoughts. I feel, humanly speaking, quite convinced that he is thoroughly in earnest. His wife and little child are in the islands. 'How foolish of me not to have listened to you, and brought them here at once. Then we could stop here for good.' But he will return with them, all being well, or without them, if anything has happened to them, and I see in him, as I hope and pray, the pioneer for San Cristoval at last.

Three young Mahagan scholars, two grown up, one a lad of rank (for in the Solomon Islands they have chiefs of more or less consequence), speak and act in the same manner. Hundulu, the youngest, is a regular little hanger-on of mine, from the time that his father gave him to me years ago; and as I was lying down at night in the village (a few months after burnt by their enemies), I felt the little fellow put his head on my chest for a pillow, and so signify his entering into my possession.

(Resuming the home letter). The language of Mota now is beginning to be a very fair channel for communicating accurate theological teaching. We have, of course, to a large extent made it so by assigning deeper meanings to existing words (we have introduced very few words). This is the case in every language. On Sunday night, if you had been here, and been able to understand my teaching on St. John vi. to the Communicants, you would have been surprised, I think. Something of Hooker's fifth book was being readily taken in by several of those present. And Old Testament history they don't learn merely as certain events. They quickly take up the meaning, the real connec-

tion. I use the 'Sunday Teaching,'[1] or work them at all events on that plan. Well, you mustn't say too much of the bright side of the picture. It is so easy to misunderstand.

August 10th.—Yesterday I baptized five Banks Islanders. Font so prettily decorated by Codrington. The service (I may say as usual) so solemn and reverential. Dear Walter Hotaswol's little nephew, some ten years old, was the youngest. I called him Walter in memory of his good, simple-hearted uncle, who died on the day of the Epiphany in this year, full of faith and hope.

Oh, what a happy time this has been! How happy a life I live, thanks be to God for it!

The sickness, with its sobering, and I trust hallowing effect, stands out before us as a continual warning of the uncertainty of life and work; but much as I miss those dear fellows, yet I see that God's Holy Spirit is working in the hearts of many of these Melanesians, and I feel as if I could be full of praise and thanksgiving.

Yesterday I baptized in the Norfolk Island Church, at the 3 P.M. service, a middle-aged man, an American seaman, who is naturalised here, and has his fifty acres of land. Our five were baptized at the 11 A.M. service.

Fever still hanging about the town; seventeen in all have died there, besides our four.

Since the 29th of May we have had no communication with the world without: a fact which in no way whatever distresses me; but so it is, and therefore I can't write of recent events at home.

I find that as I go on reading, I need books of

[1] Mozley's 'Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching.'

one kind and another; and I am anxious to encourage in every way a taste for reading all such books as tend to explain the text of the Hebrew and Greek among the younger ones.

So my list is, I dare say, somewhat formidable. But as my personal expenses (including my board and lodging) since January 1 are somewhat about 20*l.*, I don't think that I shall economise in the particular department of books, though I admit that it is a bit of self-indulgence.

To-morrow is the fourth anniversary of the Santa Cruz matter, and my thoughts turn to the memory of Edwin and Fisher. Edwin, humanly speaking, would have been a great blessing to his Norfolk Island countrymen. I don't see how any stranger is to be of much use to them.

The time has been bad for our 'lambing.' We have thirty-five lambs, looking well, and have lost, I think, nine. Yesterday a great event occurred. One of the cart-mares foaled; great was the satisfaction of the Melanesians at the little filly. Calves are becoming too common, as we have now fourteen or fifteen cows, and five more are owing to us for goods which the people take in exchange—not money, which would not suit them as well. We have fenced in plenty of grass, and I don't want to pay any more for keep. Of course, we use a good deal of *salt* beef on shore here, as well as seek to supply the 'Southern Cross' on her voyages.

It is pleasant to walk about and see the farm and gardens thriving. All being well, we shall have some 300 bananas next year, lots of sugar-canes; many fruit trees are being planted, pine-apples, coffee, &c. Guavas grow here like weeds. I don't

care for these things; but the others do, and of course the scholars rejoice in them.

I think of the islands, and see them in my waking dreams, and it seems as if nothing was done. But I think again of what it was only a very short time ago, and oh! I do feel thankful indeed, and amazed, and almost fearful. I should like much, if I am alive and well, to see my way to spending more of my time on the islands. But the careful training of picked scholars for future missionaries is, *I am sure*, the most important part of our work (though it must be combined as much as possible with residence in the islands). If I could feel that the school was well able to get on without me, I would be off to the islands for a good spell. On the other hand, I feel most strongly that my chief business is to make such provision as I may for the multiplication of native missionaries, and the future permanent development and extension of the Mission; and to do this, our best scholars must be carefully trained, and then we may hope to secure a competent staff of native clergymen for the islands.

Mind, I am not disposed to act in a hasty way. Only I don't mean to let conventional notions about an English clergyman hinder my providing Melanesian islands with a Melanesian ministry. These scholars of ours know very much more, and I imagine possess qualifications of all kinds for their *work in Melanesia*, greater than the majority of the missionaries in the old missionary times.

How many men did good work who could hardly read, only repeat a few portions of the Service-books, &c.!

I need not say that we wish to educate them up to the maximum point of usefulness for their practical

work. But, given earnestness and steadfastness of character, a fair amount of teaching power, and a sound knowledge of fundamental truths, of the Church Services, and the meaning and spirit of the Prayer-book, and we may surely trust that, by God's grace, they may execute the office of the Ministry to the glory of God and the edification of the Church.

They have now in Mota, in print, St. Luke, the Acts; soon will have St. John, which is all ready; the Prayer-book, save some of the Psalms, and a few other small portions. And in MS. they have a kind of manual of the Catechism, abstract of the Books of the Old Testament, papers on Prophecy, &c. &c. All this work, once done in Mota, is, without very much labour, to be transferred into Bauro, Mahaga, Mara, &c. &c., as I hope; but that is in the future.

In the birthday letter to his sister Fanny, his chilly nature confesses that August cold was making itself felt; and it was becoming time for him to make a journey to the settled world, both on account of a small tumour under his eyelid, and of the state of his teeth. Moreover, no letters from home had reached him since the 2nd of March. But he writes on the 7th of September to his brother:—

This does not a bit distress me. I like the freedom from all external excitement. It gives me uninterrupted time for my own work; and the world does not suffer from my ignorance of its proceedings. How you exist with all the abominations of daily papers, I can't imagine. Your life in England seems to be one whirl and bustle, with no real time for quiet thought and patient meditation, &c. And yet men do think and do great things, and it doesn't

wear them out soon either. Witness Bishops and Judges, &c., living to eighty and even ninety in our own days.

I like quiet and rest, and no railroads and no daily posts; and, above all, no visitors, mere consumers of time, mere idlers and producers of idleness. So, without any post, and nothing but a cart on wheels, save a wheelbarrow, and no visitors, and no shops, I get on very happily and contentedly. The life here is to me, I must confess, luxurious, because I have, what I like, great punctuality, early hours, regular school work, regular reading, very simple living; the three daily meals in hall take about seventy minutes all put together, and so little time is lost; and then the climate is delightful. Too cold now, but then I ought to be in the islands. The thermometer has been as low as 56° in my room; and I am standing in my room and writing now with my great coat on, the thermometer being 67°.

You know that I am not cut out for society, never was at my ease in it, and am glad to be out of it. I am seldom at my ease except among Melanesians: they and my books are my best companions. I never feel the very slightest desire for the old life. You know how I should like to see you dear ones, and . . . [others by name] but I couldn't stand more than a week in England, if I could transplant myself there in five minutes! I don't think this augurs any want of affection; but I have grown into this life, I couldn't change it without a most unpleasant wrench.

The letter was at this point, when the 'Southern Cross' arrived, on September 10, to carry off the Bishop and Mr. Palmer: the one to the General Synod, and to take leave of his most loved and venerated friend; the other, to fetch his bride.

He arrived on the 18th of the month, looking ill, and much worn and even depressed, more so than Lady Martin had ever seen him, for the coming parting pressed heavily upon him. The eye and teeth were operated upon without loss of time, and successfully; but this, with the cold of the voyage, made him, in his own word, 'shaky,' and it was well that he was a guest at Taurarua, with Lady Martin to take care of him, feed him on food not solid, and prevent him on the ensuing Sunday from taking more than *one* of the three services which had been at once proffered to him.

It was no small plunge from the calm of St. Barnabas. 'We agree,' said Lady Martin, in a note within his envelope, 'that we cannot attempt to write letters just now. We are in a whirl, mental and bodily; one bit of blue sky has just shown itself, viz. that Coley may possibly stay on with us for a week or two after the Selwyns have left us. This really is *præter spem*, and I mean to think that it will come to pass.'

But in all this bustle, he found time to enclose a kind little note to me; showing his sympathy with the sorrow of that summer, in my mother's illness :—

Auckland : October 3, 1868.

I add one line, my dear Cousin, to assure you of my prayers being offered for you, now more especially when a heavy trial is upon you and a deep sorrow awaiting you. May God comfort and bless you! Perhaps the full experience of such anxiety and the pressure of a constant weight may, in His good Providence, qualify you more than ever to help others by words put into your mouth out of your own heart-felt troubles.

Yet in whatever form the sorrow comes, there is the blessing of knowing that she is only being mysteriously prepared for the life of the world to come. There is no real sorrow where there is no remorse, nor misery for the falling away of those we love. You have, I dare say, known (as I have) some who have the bitterness of seeing children turn out badly, and this is the sorrow that breaks one down.

I cannot write more. My letters only reached me yesterday, returned from Norfolk Island, whither they were sent from Auckland two days after I left Norfolk Island for Auckland. The General Synod begins on Monday. Bishops Harper and Abraham have just arrived, and we are all in confusion. We all move about rather like uneasy spirits, with a sense of something that we can't talk about. May God abundantly bless him, and cause his work to prosper in his hands! I don't grudge him to you one bit; but sometimes I can hardly look at him, although the sentiment has been pretty well knocked out of me.

It was during these spring days of October, that last Sunday before the final parting, that being hindered by pouring rain from going with the Primate, who was holding a farewell service with the sick at the hospital, Bishop Patteson said the prayers in the private chapel. After these were ended (Lady Martin says), he spoke a few words to us. He spoke of our Lord standing on the shore of the Lake after His Resurrection; and he carried us, and I think himself too, out of the heaviness of sorrow into a region of peace and joy, where all conflict and partings and sin shall cease for ever. It was not only what he said, but the tones of his musical voice, and expression of peace on his own face, that hushed

us into a great calm. One clergyman, who was present, told Sir William Martin that he had never known anything so wonderful. The words were like those of an inspired man.

Three days after, our dear friends sailed. I will not dwell on the last service at St. Paul's Church, when more than four hundred persons received the Holy Communion, where were four Bishops administering in the body of the church and the transepts; but in the chancel, the Primate and his beloved son in the faith were partaking together for the last time of the Bread of Life.

From the Church we accompanied our beloved friends to the ship, and drove back on a cold, dry evening, a forlorn party, to the desolate house. But from that time dear Bishop Patteson roused himself from his natural depression (for to whom could the loss be greater than to him?) and set himself to cheer and comfort us all. How gentle and sympathising he was! He let me give him nourishing things, even wine—which he had long refused to take—because I told him Mrs. Selwyn wished him to have it. Many hearts were drooping, and he no longer shrank from society, but went about from one to another in the kindest manner. I do not know how we could have got on without him. He loved to talk of the Bishop. In his humility he seemed to feel as if any power of usefulness in himself had been gained from him. It was like him to think of our Auckland poor at this time. They would so miss the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn. He prayed me to draw 50*l.* a year for the next year or two, to be spent in any way I should think best. And he put it as a gift from his dear Father, who would have wished that money of his invested here

should be used in part for the good of the towns people. This did not include his subscriptions to the Orphan Home and other charities.

To make his very liberal gifts in time of need in the name of his Father, was his favourite custom; as his former fellow-labourer, the Rev. B. T. Dudley, found when a case of distress in his own parish in the Canterbury Settlement called forth this ready assistance.

Perhaps the young Church of New Zealand has never known so memorable or so sorrowful a day as that which took from her her first Bishop: a day truly to be likened to that when the Ephesians parted with their Apostle at Miletus. The history of this parting Bishop Patteson had himself to read on Saturday, October 17, the twenty-seventh anniversary of Bishop Selwyn's Consecration. It was at the Celebration preceding the last meeting of the Synod, when Collect, Epistle, and Gospel were taken from the Order for the Consecration of Bishops; and as the latter says,—'He has always told me to officiate with him, and I had, by his desire, to read Acts xx. for the Epistle. I *did* read it without a break-down, but it was hard work.' Then followed the Sunday, before described by Lady Martin; and on Tuesday the 20th, that service in St. Mary's—the parting feast:—

'Then,' writes the younger Bishop, 'the crowded streets and wharf, for all business was suspended, public offices and shops shut, no power of moving about the wharf, horses taken from the carriage provided for the occasion, as a mixed crowd of English and Maoris drew them to the wharf. Then choking words and stifled efforts to say, "God bless you," and so we parted!'

'It is the end of a long chapter. I feel as if "my master was taken from my head."

'Ah! well, they are gone, and we will try to do what we can.

'I feel rather no-how, and can't yet settle down to anything!'

But to the other sister on the same day comes an exhortation not to be alarmed if friends report him as 'not up to the mark.' How could it be otherwise at such a time? For truly it was the last great shock his affections sustained. In itself, it might not be all that the quitting home and family had been; but not only was there the difference between going and being left behind, but youth, with its spirit of enterprise and compensation, was past, and he was in a state to feel the pain of the separation almost more intensely than when he had walked from the door at Feniton, and gathered his last primrose at his mother's grave. Before leaving Auckland, the Bishop married the Rev. John Palmer to Miss Ashwell; and while they remained for a short time in New Zealand, he returned for the Ember Week.

St. Thomas, Norfolk Island: December 21, 1868.

My dear Cousin,—I must write you a few lines, not as yet in answer to your very interesting letter about Mr. Keble and about Ritualism, &c., but about our great event of yesterday.

George Sarawia was ordained Deacon in our little chapel, in the presence of fifty-five Melanesians and a few Norfolk Islanders. With him Charles Bice, a very excellent man from St. Augustine's, was ordained Deacon also. He has uncommon gifts of making himself thoroughly at home with the Melanesians. It comes natural to him, there is no effort,

nothing to overcome apparently, and they of course like him greatly. He speaks the language of Mota, the *lingua franca* here, you know.

But what am I to say of George that you cannot imagine for yourself? It was in the year 1857 that the Bishop and I first saw him at Vanua Lava Island. He has been with us now ten years; I can truly say, that he has never given me any uneasiness. He is not the cleverest of our scholars; but no one possesses the confidence of us all in the same degree. True, he is the oldest of the party, he can hardly be less than twenty-six years old, for he had been married a year when first we saw him; but it is his character rather than his age which gives him his position. For a long time he has been our link with the Melanesians themselves whenever there was something to be done by one of themselves rather than by us strangers. Somehow the other scholars get into a way of recognising him as the A 1 of the place and so also in Mota and the neighbouring islands his character and reputation are well known. The people expect him to be a teacher among them, they all know that he is a person of weight.

The day was warm and fine.

At 7.30 A.M. we had the Morning Service, chanting the 2nd Psalm. I read Isa. xlii. 5–12 for the First Lesson, and 1 Tim. iii. 8–13 for the Second, and the Collect in the Ordination Service before the Prayer of St. Chrysostom. Mr. Codrington, as usual, read the prayers to the end of the third Collect, after which we sang our Sunday hymn.

At 11 A.M. we began the Ordination Service. One Epiphany hymn, my short sermon, then Mr. Codrington presented the candidates, speaking Mota for one and English for the other. The whole

service was in Mota, except that I questioned Bice, and he answered in English, and I used the English words of Ordination in his case. George was questioned and answered in Mota, and then Bice in English, question by question. Mr. Nobbs was here and a few of the people, Mr. Atkin, Mr. Brooke, so we made a goodly little party of seven in our clerical supper.

What our thoughts were you can guess as we ordained the first Melanesian clergyman. How full of thankfulness, of awe, of wonderment, the fulfilment of so much, the pledge of it, if it be God's will, of so much more! And not a little of anxiety, too—yet the words of comfort are many; and it does not need much faith, with so evident a proof of God's Love and Power and Faithfulness before our very eyes, to trust George in His Hands.

The closing stanzas of the Ordination Hymn in the 'Christian Year' comforted me as I read them at night; but I had peace and comfort, thank God, all through.

Others, too, are pressing on. I could say, with truth, to them in the evening in the Chapel, 'This is the beginning, only the beginning, the first *fruit*. Many blossoms there are already. I know that God's Spirit is working in the hearts of some of you. Follow that holy guidance. Pray always that you may be kept in the right way, and that you may be enabled to point it out to others, and to guide them in it.'

And yet no words can express what the recoil of the wave heathenism is, but 'when the enemy shall come in like a flood,' and *it* has indeed its own glorious word of Promise. It is like one who was once a drunkard and has left off drinking, and then once more tastes the old deadly poison, and becomes

mad for drink; or like the wild furious struggles (as I suppose) of poor penitents in penitentiaries, when it seems as if the devil must whirl them back into sin. You know we see things which look like 'possession,' a black cloud settling down upon the soul, overwhelming all the hopeful signs for a time. And then, when I have my quiet talk with such an one (and only very few, and they not the best among us), he will say, 'I can't tell, I didn't mean it. It was not I. What was it?' And I say, 'It was the devil, seeking to devour you, to drag you back into the old evil dark ways.' 'It is awful, fearful.' 'Then you must gird your loins and pray the more, and remember that you are Christ's, that you belong to Him, that you are God's child, that Satan has no right to claim you now. Resist him in this Name, in the strength of the Spirit whom Christ has sent to us from the Father, and he will flee from you.'

It is of course the same more or less with us all, but it comes out in a shape which gives it terrible reality and earnestness. Only think, then, more than ever, of them and of me, and pray that 'the Spirit of the Lord may lift up a standard against the enemy.' At times we do seem to realize that it is a downright personal struggle for life or death.

There the writer paused, and the next date is

Christmas Day, 1868.

'My dearest Sisters,—What a happy happy day! At 12.5 A.M. I was awoke by a party of some twenty Melanesians, headed by Mr. Bice, singing Christmas carols at my bedroom door. It is a glass window, opening on to the verandah. How delightful it was! I had gone to bed with the Book of Praise by my side, and Mr. Keble's hymn in my mind; and now the

Christmas Day. 1868

Norfolk Island – 6. p. m.

My dearest Sisters –

What a happy happy day!

At 12.5. a.m. I was awoke by a party of some 20 Melanesians headed by Mr Bice singing Christmas Carols at my bedroom door! It is a step window opening on to the verandah.

How delightful it was! I had gone to bed with the Book of Praise by my side, & Mr Kethes Hymn in my mind; & the Metre versions already familiar to us – of the "Angels Song" and of the "Light to lighten the Gentiles" – sung too by some of our nice heathen scholars – took up, as it were, the strain. Their voices sounded so fresh & clear in the still midnight – the perfectly clear sky, the calm moon, the warm genial climate.

I lay awake afterwards thinking on the blessed change wrought in their minds: thinking of my happy happy lot; of how utterly undeserved it was & is; & so (as is natural) losing myself in thoughts of God's wonderful goodness & mercy & love.

Mota versions, already familiar to us, of the Angels' Song and of the 'Light to lighten the Gentiles,' sung too by some of our heathen scholars, took up as it were the strain. Their voices sounded so fresh and clear in the still midnight, the perfectly clear sky, the calm moon, the warm genial climate.

I lay awake afterwards, thinking on the blessed change wrought in their minds, thinking of my happy happy lot, of how utterly undeserved it was and is, and (as is natural) losing myself in thoughts of God's wonderful goodness and mercy and love.

Then at 4.45 A.M. I got up, a little later perhaps than usual. Codrington and Brooke were very soon at work finishing the decorations in the Chapel; branches of Norfolk Island pines, divers evergreens, pomegranates and oleanders and lilies (in handfuls) and large snow-white arums; on the altar-table arums above, and below lilies and evergreens. Oleanders and pomegranates marked the chancel arch. The rugs looked very handsome, the whole floor at the east end is covered with a red baize or drugget to match the curtains.

7 A.M., Holy Communion. Six clergymen in surplices and fifteen other communicants. At 10 A.M., a short, very bright, joyful service, the regular Morning Prayers, Psalms xcv. xix. cx. all chanted. Proper Lessons, two Christmas hymns.

Then games, cricket, prisoner's base, running races. Beef, pork, plum-puddings.

Now we shall soon have evening Chapel, a great deal of singing, a few short words from me; then a happy, merry, innocent evening, native dances, coffee, biscuit, and snapdragons to finish with.

If you had been here to-day, you would indeed have been filled with surprise and thankfulness and

hope. There is, I do think, a great deal to show that these scholars of ours so connect religion with all that is cheerful and happy. There is nothing, as I think, sanctimonious about them. They say, 'We are so happy here! How different from our lands!'

And I think I can truly say that this is not from want of seriousness in those of an age to be serious.

I pour this out to you in my happy day—words of hope and joy and thankfulness! But remember that I feel that all this should make me thoughtful as well as hopeful. How can I say but what sorrow and trial may even now be on their way hither? But I thank God, oh! I do thank Him for this great love and mercy, and I do not think it wrong to give my feelings of joy some utterance.

With this year the Eucharist was administered weekly, the Melanesians still attending fortnightly; but it proved to have been a true foreboding that a sorrow was on its way. The history is given in continuation of his letter to me :—

January 8th.—A very joyful Christmas, but a sad Epiphany!

U——, dearer to me than ever, has (I now hear from him) been putting himself in the way of temptation. I had noticed that he was not like himself, and spoke to him and warned him. I told him that if he wished to be married at once, I was quite willing to marry him; but he said they were too young, and yet he was always thinking of the young *fiancée*, but I did not know he was contriving plans for their meeting when the others were at singing class—in the evening a voluntary matter, and therefore no strictness in requiring all to be present (the regular singing class being different, at 3 P.M.).

On Saturday last she was not quite well, he went to see her in the evening, and not with any wrong intention, as he tells me (and I think he has told me everything). Alas! he had too often (as he says) put himself in the way of temptation with his eyes open, and he fell. He was frightened, terrified, bewildered.

Alas! it is our first great sorrow of the kind, for he was a Communicant of nearly three years' standing. Yet I have much comfort.

I can have no doubt, 1st, that a fall was necessary, I believe fully. His own words (not suggested by me) were, 'I tempted God often, and He let me fall: I don't mean He was the cause of it, it is of course only my fault; but I think I see that I might have gone on getting more and more careless and wandering further and further from Him unless I had been startled and frightened.' And then he burst out, 'Oh! don't send me away for ever. I know I have made the young ones stumble, and destroyed the happiness of our settlement here. I know I must not be with you all in Chapel and school and hall. I know I can't teach any more, I know that, and I am miserable, miserable. But don't tell me I must go away for ever. I can't bear it!'

I did manage to answer almost coldly, for I felt that if I once let loose my longing desire to let him see my real feeling, I could not restrain myself at all. 'Who wishes to send you away, U——? It is not *me* whom you have displeased and injured.'

'I know. It is terrible! But I think of the Prodigal Son. Oh! I do long to go back! Oh! do tell me that He loves me still.'

Poor dear fellow! I thought I must leave him to bear his burthen for a time. We prayed together,

and I left him, or rather sent him away from my room, but he could neither eat nor sleep.

The next day his whole manner, look, everything made one sure (humanly speaking), that he was indeed truly penitent; and then when I began to speak words of comfort, of God's tender love and compassion, and told him how to think of the Lord's gentle pity when he appeared first to the Magdalene and Peter, and when I took his hand in the old loving way, poor fellow, he broke down more than ever, and cried like a child.

Ah! it is very sad; but I do think he will be a better, more steadfast man: he has learnt his weakness, and where to find strength, as he never had before. And the effect on the school is remarkable. That there should be so much tenderness of conscience and application of the guilt of impurity among the children of the heathen in among many brought up in familiarity with sin, is a matter for much thankfulness.

Well, my dear Cousin, I have told you this! It will help to bring us nearer to you, I think, in our mixed joys and sorrows.

I think of you and your great sorrow. May God strengthen you to bear it patiently, and I know He will do so; and after all, there is no real sorrow but that which comes from sin. These other trials are hard to bear, but there is nothing in them; and yet how easy it is to say this, living in comfort, to one in the deep water!

May God bless and comfort you.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. P.

To this may well be added an extract from Joseph

Atkin's journal, showing his likemindedness both in thoughtfulness and charity :—

I feel quite sure that we must be prepared for many such cases. The whole associations and training of the early lives of these people must influence them as long as they live. The thought of what my mother and sister would think, never occur to them as any influence for good; and although this may be said to be a low motive for doing right, it is a very powerful one, and it is more tangible because it is lower.

The Bishop, in speaking of it to-day, told the boys that they ought not to do right to please him, but because it was right to please God; but I can't help thinking that pleasing the Bishop may and can help the other very much. Is it not right for a child to do right to please its parents, and for older children too to be helped by the thought that they are pleasing those they love and honour?

We had a council to-day of all the Church members to talk about how U—— was to be treated. For himself, poor fellow, I should think kindness would be harder to bear than neglect.

Mr. Codrington says, 'On this occasion all the male Communicants went together to some little distance, where a group of boulders under the pines gave a convenient seat. The Bishop set out the case, and asked what was the opinion of the elder boys as to the treatment of the offender. They were left alone to consider; and when we came back, they gave their judgment, that he should not eat in the hall at what may be called the high table, that he should not teach in school, and should not come in to Chapel.'

This was of course what was intended, but the weight of the sentence so given was greater with the school, and a wholesome lesson given to the judges. How soon the Bishop's severity, which never covered his pity, gave way to his affection for one of his oldest and dearest pupils, and his tenderness for the penitent, and how he took a large share of blame upon himself, just where it was not due, can well be understood by all who knew him.

There was soon a brighter day. On January 25, writes Mr. Atkin,—

We had a great day. In the morning some who were baptized last summer were confirmed, and at night there were baptized three girls and thirteen boys. Most of them were quite little fellows. I don't think any of us will easily forget their grave and sober but not shy looks, as one by one they stepped up to the Bishop. I think that all understood and meant what they said, that Baptism was no mere form with them, but a real solemn compact. All who were in my class (nine), or the Sunday morning school, were baptized in the evening. While we were standing round the font, I thought of you at home, and half wished that you could have seen us there. I was witness for my son (Watè); he was called Joseph, so that I shall lose my name that I have kept so long.

Joseph Watè, the little Malanta boy, was always viewed by the Atkin family as a kind of child, and kept up a correspondence with his godfather's sister, Mother Mary as he called her.

On the same day the Bishop wrote to Sir George Pohlman :—

My very dear Friend,—I must not let our correspondence drop, and the less likely it seems to be that we may meet, the more I must seek to retain your friendship, by letting you know not only the facts that occur here, but my thoughts and hopes and fears about them.

Your Richmond Sunday-school scholar was baptized yesterday by the name of Renata. His native name is Semwilgau. He is the third of his family who has long been with us, and a younger sister Lastitia was also baptized by the name of Lydia. Henry Tagalana, the eldest brother, and Edwin Sakelvan, the second, have long been baptized and communicants. We called Semwilgau Renata after Archdeacon Leonard Williams, son of Bishop Williams, and also after a very distinguished Maori chief, who in these New Zealand troubles has raised a sum of nearly 50*l.* for Melanesia.

You will, I know, think specially of your scholar. He is about fourteen, and very dark, almost black, *not* clever, but a good fellow, I think, and with good reason.

(Then follows an account of the baptism; also of George Sarawia's Ordination, and then, after mentioning the recent transgression, the letter continues respecting the youth.)

His fright and terror, his misery and deep sorrow, and (I do believe) godly repentance, make me say that he is still, as I trust, one of our best scholars. But it is very sad. For three weeks he did not come even into chapel with us. He not only acquiesced, but wished that it should be so.

Last Saturday evening he was readmitted, without any using of fine names. I did as a matter of fact

do what was the practice of the early Christians, and is recognised in our Ash Wednesday service now. It was very desirable that great notice should be taken of the commission of an act which it is hard for a heathen to understand to be an act of sin, and the effect upon the whole school of the sad and serious way in which this offence was regarded has been very good.

In the circumstances it is so easy to see how the discipline of the early Church was not an artificial, but a necessary system, though by degrees elaborated in a more complicated manner. But I find, not seldom, that common sense dictates some course which afterwards I come across in Bingham, or some such writer, described as a usage of the early Christians.

In our English nineteenth century life such practices could hardly be reintroduced with benefit. Yet something which might mark open offences with the censure of the Christian Body is clearly desirable when you can have it; and of course with us there is no difficulty whatever.

I cannot be surprised, however deeply grieved, at this sad occurrence; and though it is no comfort to think how many English persons would think nothing of this, and certainly not show the deep compunction and sorrow which this poor fellow shows, yet, as a matter of fact, how few young Englishmen are there who would think such an act, as this young Melanesian thinks it to be, a grievous sin against God, and matter for continual sorrow and humiliation. So I do rejoice that he is sorrowing after a godly sort.

In other respects there is a very hopeful promising appearance just now. We number seven clergymen,

including myself. We have a very efficient band of Melanesian teachers, and could at this moment work a school of 150 scholars.

George Sarawia will (D.V.) start with a little company of Christian friends at his own island. The scholars from all the different islands fraternise excellently well, and in many cases the older and more advanced have their regular chums, by private arrangement among themselves, whom they help, and to whose islands they are quite prepared to be sent, if I think fit so to arrange; and I really do believe that from the Banks Islands we may send out missionaries to many of the Melanesian islands, as from Samoa and Rarotonga they have gone out to the islands of the Eastern Pacific. Humanly speaking, I see no difficulty in our drawing into our central school here *any number of natives that we can support*, from the New Hebrides, Banks and Solomon Islands, and I trust soon from the Santa Cruz Islands also.

Here must be the principal work, the training up missionaries and steadfast Christian men and women, not of ability sufficient to become themselves missionaries, but necessary to strengthen the hands of their more gifted countrymen. This training must be carried on here, but with it must be combined a frequent visitation and as lengthened sojourns in the islands as possible. The next winter we hope that the Rev. J. Atkin will be some time at San Cristoval, the Rev. C. H. Brooke at Florida, the Rev. J. Palmer at Mota. But I am more than ever convinced that the chiefest part of our work is to consist in training up Melanesian clergymen, and educating them up to the point of faithfully reproducing our simple teaching. We

must hope to see native self-supporting Melanesian Churches, not weak indolent Melanesians dependent always on an English missionary, but steadfast, thoughtful men and women, retaining the characteristics of their race so far as they can be sanctified by the Word of God in prayer, and not force useless imitations of English modes of thought and nineteenth century civilisation.

I have always felt that to force an English type of Christianity upon an Indian and Australasian people is a great mistake. We should preserve, not seek to destroy, the nationalities of these races. I rejoice to see that Lord Cranbourn and Sir Stafford Northcote recognise the duty of regarding the character, modes of thought, &c., of our Indian fellow-subjects.

It is sometimes a consequence of our national self-conceit, sometimes of want of thought, that no consideration is shown to the characteristic native way of regarding things. But Christianity is a universal religion, and assimilates and interpolates into its system all that is capable of regeneration and sanctification anywhere.

Before long I hope to get something more respectable in the way of a report printed and circulated. It seems unreasonable to say so, but really I have very little time that I can spare from directly Melanesian work, what with school, translations, working out languages, and (thank God) the many, many hours spent in quiet interviews with Melanesians of all ages and islands, who come to have private talks with me, and to tell me of their thoughts and feelings. These are happy hours indeed. I must end. Always, my dear friend, affectionately and sincerely yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

The readmission thus mentioned was by the imposition of hands, when the penitent was again received, and his conduct ever since has proved his repentance true.

February brought Mr. and Mrs. Palmer to their new home, and carried away Mr. Codrington for a holiday. The budget of letters sent by this opportunity contained a remarkable one from young Atkin. Like master, like scholar.

February 24, 1869.

My dear Mother,—You must not think about my coming back; I *may* have to do it, but if I do, it will seem like giving up the object of my life. I did not enter upon this work with any enthusiasm, and it is perhaps partly from that cause that I am now so attached to it that little short of necessity would take me away; my own choice, I think, never. I know it is much harder for you than for me. I wish I could lighten it to you, but it cannot be. It is a great deal more self-denial for you to spare me to come away than for me to come away. You must think, like David, 'I will not offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.' If you willingly give Him what you prize most, however worthless the gift may be, He will prize it for the willingness with which it is given. If it had been of my own choosing that I came away, I should often blame myself for having made a selfish choice in not taking harder and more irksome work nearer home, but it came to me without choosing. I can only be thankful that God has been so good to me.

Well might the Bishop write to the father, 'I thank you in my heart for Joe's promise.'

How exactly his own spirit, in simple, unconscious

self-abnegation and thorough devotion to the work. How it chimes in with this, written on the self-same morning to the Bishop of Lichfield :—

St. Matthias Day, 6.45 A.M., 1869.

My dear Bishop,—You do not doubt that I think continually of you, yet I like you to have a line from me to-day. We are just going into Chapel, altering our usual service to-day that we may receive the Holy Communion with special remembrance of my Consecration and special prayer for a blessing on the Mission. There is much to be thankful for indeed, much also that may well make the retrospect of the last eight years a somewhat sad and painful one as far as I am myself concerned. It does seem wonderful that good on the whole is done. But everything is wonderful and full of mystery. . . .

It is rather mean of me, I fear, to get out of nearly all troubles by being here. Yet it seems to me very clear that the special work of the Mission is carried on more conveniently (one doesn't like to say more successfully) here, and my presence or absence is of no consequence when general questions are under discussion. . . .

Your very affectionate
J. C. PATTESON.

The same mail brought a letter to Miss Mackenzie, with much valuable matter on Mission work.

February 26, 1869.

Dear Miss Mackenzie,—I have just read your letter to me of April 1867, which I acknowledged, rather than answered, long ago.

I can't answer it as it deserves to be answered now. I think I have already written about thirty-

five letters to go by this mail, and my usual work seldom leaves me a spare hour.

But I am truly thankful for the hopes that seem to show themselves through the mists, in places where all Christian men must feel so strong an interest. I do hope to hear that the new Bishopric may soon be founded, on which Mr. Robertson and you and others have so set your hearts. That good man! I often think of him, and hope soon to send him, through you, 10*l.* from our Melanesian offertory.

You know we have, thank God, thirty-nine baptized Melanesians here, of whom fifteen are communicants, and one, George Sarawia, a clergyman. He was ordained on December 20.

There are many little works usually going on, which I don't consider it fair to reckon among the regular industrial work of the Mission. I pay the young men and lads and boys small sums for such things, and I think it right to teach the elder ones the use of money by giving them allowances, out of which they buy their clothing, &c., when necessary, all under certain regulations. I say this that you may know that our weekly offertory is not a sham. No one knows what they give, or whether they give or not. A Melanesian takes the offertory bason, and they give or not as they please. I take care that such moneys as are due to them shall be given in 3*d.*, 4*d.* and 6*d.* pieces.

Last year our offertory rather exceeded 40*l.*, and it is out of this that my brother will now pay you 10*l.* for the Mackenzie fund. I write all this because you will like to think that some of this little offertory comes *bonâ fide* from Melanesians.

. . . You take me to mean, I hope, that Christianity is the religion for mankind at large, capable of

dealing with the spiritual and bodily needs of man everywhere.

It is easy for us now to say that some of the early English Missions, without thinking at all about it, in all probability, sought to impose an English line of thought and religion on Indians and Africans. Even English dress was thought to be almost essential, and English habits, &c., were regarded as part of the education of persons converted through the agency of English Missions. All this seems to be burdening the message of the Gospel with unnecessary difficulties. The teacher everywhere, in England or out of it, must learn to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials. It seems to me self-evident that the native scholar must be educated up to the highest point that is possible, and that unless one is (humanly speaking) quite sure that he can and will reproduce faithfully the simple teaching he has received, he ought not to teach, much less to be ordained.

All our elder lads and girls here teach the younger ones, and we know what they teach. Their notes of our lessons are brought to me, books full of them, and there I see what they know; for if they can write down a plain account of facts and doctrines, that is a good test of their having taken in the teaching. George Sarawia's little essay on the doctrine of the Communion is to me perfectly satisfactory. It was written without my knowledge. I found it in one of his many note-books accidentally.

As for civilisation, they all live entirely with us, and every Melanesian in the place, men and women, boys and girls, three times a day take their places with all of us in Hall, and use their knives and forks, plates, cups and saucers (or, for the passage, one's

pannikins) just as we do. George and two others, speaking for themselves and their wives, have just written out, among other things, in a list which I told them to make out: plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, tubs, saucepans, kettles, soap, towels, domestic things for washing, ironing, &c.

The common presents that our elder scholars take or send to their friends include large iron pots for cooking, clothing, &c. They build improved houses, and ask for small windows, &c., to put in them, boxes, carpet bags for their clothes, small writing desks, note-books, ink, pens. They keep their best clothes very carefully, and on Sundays and great days look highly respectable. And for years we know no instance of a baptized Melanesian throwing aside his clothing when taking his holiday at home.

As far as I can see my way to any rule in the matter, it is this: all that is necessary to secure decency, propriety, cleanliness, health, &c., must be provided for them. This at once involves alteration of the houses, divisions, partitions. People who can read and write, and cut out and sew clothes, must have light in their houses. This involves a change of the shape and structure of the hut. They can't sit in clean clothes on a dirty floor, and they can't write, or eat out of plates and use cups, &c., without tables or benches, and as they don't want to spend ten hours in sleep or idle talk, they must have lamps for cocoa-nut and almond oil.

These people are not taught to adopt these habits by word of mouth. They live with us and do as we do. Two young married women are sitting in my room now. I didn't call them in, nor tell them what to do. 'We didn't quite understand what you

said last night.' 'Well, I have written it out, there it is.' They took, as usual, the MS., sat down, just as you or anyone would do, at the table to read it, and are now making their short notes of it. Anyone comes in and out at any time, when not at school, chapel, or work, just as they please. We each have our own sitting-room, which is in this sense public property, and of course they fall into our ways.

There is perhaps no such thing as teaching civilisation by word of command, nor religion either. The *sine quâ non* for the missionary—religious and moral character assumed to exist—is the living with his scholars as children of his own. And the aim is to lift them up, not by words, but by the daily life, to the sense of their capacity for becoming by God's grace all that we are, and I pray God a great deal more; not as literary men or scholars, but as Christian men and women, better suited than we are for work among their own people. 'They shall be saved even as we.' They have a strong sense of, and acquiescence in, their own inferiority. If we treat them as inferiors, they will always remain in that position of inferiority.

But Christ humbled Himself and became the servant and minister that He might make us children of God and exalt us.

It is surely very simple, but if we do thus live among them, they must necessarily accept and adopt some of our habits. Our Lord led the life of a poor man, but He raised His disciples to the highest pitch of excellence by His Life, His Words and His Spirit, the highest that man could receive and follow. The analogy is surely a true one. And

exclusiveness, all the pride of race, must disappear before such considerations.

But it is not the less true that He did not make very small demands upon His disciples, and teach them and us that it needs but little care and toil and preparation to be a Christian and a teacher of Christianity. The direct contrary to this is the truth.

The teacher's duty is to be always leading on his pupils to higher conceptions of their work in life, and to a more diligent performance of it. How can he do this if he himself acquiesces in a very imperfect knowledge and practice of his duty.

'And yet the mass of mediæval missionaries could perhaps scarce read.' That may be true, but that was not an excellence but a defect, and the mass of the gentry and nobility could not do so much. They did a great work then. It does not follow that we are to imitate their ignorance when we can have knowledge.

But I am wasting your time and mine.

Yours very truly,

J. C. PATTESON.

P.S. George and his wife and child, Charles and his wife, Benjamin and his wife, will live together at Mota on some land I have bought. A good wooden house is to be put up by us this winter (D.V.) with one large room for common use, school, &c., and three small bed-rooms opening on to a verandah. One small bed-room at the other end which any one, two, or three of us English folks can occupy when at Mota. I dare say, first and last, this house will cost seventy or eighty pounds.

Then we hope to have everything that can be

sown and planted with profit in a tropical climate, first-class breed of pigs, poultry, &c., so that all the people may see that such things are not neglected. These things will be given away freely—settings of eggs, young sows, seeds, plants, young trees, &c. All this involves expense, quite rightly too, and after all, I dare say that dear old George will cost about a sixth or an eighth of what we English clergymen think necessary. I dare say 25*l.* per annum will cover his expenses.

On Easter Sunday the penitent was readmitted to the Lord's Table. A happy letter followed.

Easter Tuesday, 1869.

My dearest Sisters,—Another opportunity of writing. I will only say a word about two things. First, our Easter and the Holy Week preceding it; secondly, how full my mind has been of Mr. Keble, on his two anniversaries, Holy Thursday and March 29. And I have read much of the 'Christian Year,' and the two letters I had from him I have read again, and looked at the picture of him, and felt helped by the memory of his holy saintly life, and I dared to think that it might be that by God's great mercy in Christ, I might yet know him and other blessed Saints in the Life to come.

Our Holy Week was a calm solemn season. All the services have long been in print. Day by day in school and chapel we followed the holy services and acts of each day, taking Ellicott's 'Historical Lectures' as a guide.

Each evening I had my short sermonet, and we sought to deepen the impressions made evidently upon our scholars by whatever could make it a real matter of life and death to them and us. Then came

Good Friday and Easter Eve, during which the Melanesians with Mr. Brooke were busily engaged in decorating the Chapel with fronds of tree-ferns, bamboo, arums, and oleander blossoms.

Then, at 7 A.M. on Easter morning, thirty of us—twenty-one, thank God, being Melanesians—met in Chapel for the true Easter Feast.

Then, at 11 A.M., *how* we chanted Psalms ii, cxiii, cxiv, and Hymn, and the old Easter Hallelujah hymn to the old tune with Mota words. Then at 7 P.M. Psalms cxviii, cxlviii, to joyful chants, and singing the Easter and other hymns.

So yesterday and so to-day. The short Communion Service in the morning with hymn, and in the evening we chant Psalm cxviii, and sing out our Easter hymn. Ah well! it makes my heart very full. It is the season of refreshing, perhaps before more trials.

Dear U—— was with us again on Easter morn, a truly repentant young man, I verily believe, feeling deeply what in our country districts is often not counted a sin at all to be a foul offence against his Father and Saviour and Sanctifier.

Six were there for their first Communion, among them honest old Stephen Taroniara, the first and only communicant of all the Solomon Isles—of all the world west of Mota, or east of any of the Bishop of Labuan's communicants. Think of that! What a blessing! What a thought for praise and hope and meditation!

I sit in my verandah in the moonlight and I do feel happy in spite of many thoughts of early days which may well make me feel unhappy.

But I do feel an almost overpowering sensation of thankfulness and peace and calm tranquil happiness,

which I know cannot last long. It would not, I suppose, be good : anyhow it will soon be broken by some trial which may show much of my present state to be a delusion. Yet I like to tell you what I think, and I know you will keep it to yourselves.

Good-bye, and all Easter blessings be with you.

Your loving brother,

J. C. PATTESON.

P.S. Dr. Moberly very kindly sent me his 'Bampton Lectures.' I am now reading again his 'Forty Days,' but I am too tired to write to him just now. If Charlotte Yonge is writing, please ask her to thank him for me, and to say that (D.V.) I will write soon. Isn't it kind of him to think of me out here ?

The island voyage was coming near, and was to be conducted on a larger scale, after the intermission of a whole year. Mr. Brooke was to make some stay at Florida, Mr. Atkin at Wango in Bauro, and the Bishop himself was to take the party who were to commence the Christian village at Mota, while Mr. Codrington and Mr. Bice remained in charge of twenty-seven Melanesians. The reports of the effects of the labour traffic were becoming a great anxiety, and not only the Fiji settlers, but those in Queensland were becoming concerned in it.

The 'Southern Cross' arrived in June, but the weather was so bad, that knocking about outside the rocks, she sustained some damage, and could not put her freight ashore for a week. However, on the 24th she sailed, and put down Mr. Atkin at Wango, the village in Bauro where the Bishop had stayed two years previously.

Mr. Atkin gives a touching description of Taroniara's arrival :—

Stephen was not long in finding his little girl, Paraiteka. She was soon in his arms. The old fellow just held her up for the Bishop to see, and then turned away with her, and I saw a handkerchief come out privately and brush quickly across his eyes, and in a few minutes he came back to us.

The little girl's mother, for whose sake Taroniara had once refused to return to school, had been carried off by a Maran man; and as the heathen connection had been so slight, and a proper marriage so entirely beyond the ideas of the native state, it was thought advisable to leave this as a thing of heathen darkness, and let him select a girl to be educated into becoming fit for his true wife.

Besides Stephen, Joseph Watè and two other Christian lads were with Mr. Atkin, and he made an expedition of two days to visit Watè's father. At Ulava he found that dysentery had swept off nearly all the natives, and he thought these races, even while left to themselves, were dying out. 'But,' adds the brave man in his journal, 'I will never, I hope, allow that because these people are dying out, it is of no use or a waste of time carrying the Gospel to them. It is, I should rather say, a case where we ought to be the more anxious to gather up the fragments.'

So he worked on bravely, making it an object, if he could do no more, to teach enough to give new scholars a start in the school, and to see who were most worth choosing there. He suffered a little loss of popularity when it was found that he was not a perpetual fountain of beads, hatchets and tobacco, but he did the good work of effecting a reconciliation between Wango and another village named Hané, where he made a visit, and heard a song in honour of Taroniara.

He was invited to a great reconciliation feast; which he thus describes, beginning with his walk to Hané by short marches:—

We waited where we overtook Taki, until the main body from Wango came up. They charged past in fine style, looking very well in their holiday dress, each with his left hand full of spears, and one brandished in the right. It looked much more like a fighting party than a peace party; but it is the custom to make peace with the whole army, to convince the enemy that it is only for his accommodation that they are making peace, and not because they are afraid to fight him. It was about 12 o'clock when we reached the rendezvous. There was a fine charge of all, except a dozen of the more sedate of the party; they rattled their spears, and ran, and shouted, and jumped, even crossing the stream which was the neutral ground. We halted by the stream for some time; at last some Hané people came to their side; there was a charge again almost up to them, but they took it coolly. At about 10 o'clock the whole body of the Hané men came, and two or three from Wango went across to them. I was tired of waiting, and asked Taki if I should go. 'Yes, and tell them to bring the money,' he said.

While I was wading through the stream, the Hané men gathered up and advanced; I turned back with them. They rushed, brandishing their spears, to within ten or twelve paces of the Wango party, who had joined into a compact body, and so seated themselves as soon as they saw the movement.

Kara, a Hané man, made his speech, first running forwards and backwards, shaking his spear all the time; and at the end, he took out four strings of

Makira money, and gave it to Taki. Hané went back across the stream; and Wango went through the same performance, Taki making the speech. He seemed a great orator, and went on until one standing by him said, 'That's enough,' when he laughed, and gave over. He gave four strings of money, two shorter than the others, and the shortest was returned to him, I don't know why; but in this way the peace was signed.

After nineteen days, during which the Bishop had been cruising about, Mr. Atkin and his scholars were picked up again, and likewise Mr. Brooke, who had been spending ten days at Florida with his scholars, in all thirty-five; and then ensued a very tedious passage to Banks Island, for the vessel had been crippled by the gale off Norfolk Island, and could not be pressed; little canvas was carried, and the weather was unfavourable.

However, on September 6, Mota was safely reached; and great was the joy, warm the welcome of the natives, who eagerly assisted in unloading the vessel, through storms of rain and surf.

The old station house was in entire decay; but the orange and lemon trees were thirty feet high, though only the latter in bearing.

The new village, it was agreed, should bear the name of Kohimarama, after the old home in New Zealand, meaning, in Maori, 'Focus of Light.' After landing the goats, the Bishop, Mr. Atkin and five more crossed to Valua. They were warmly welcomed at Ara, where their long absence had made the natives fancy they must all be dead. The parents of Henry, Lydia, and Edwin were the first to approach the boat, eager to hear of their children left in Norfolk Island; and the mother

walked up the beach with her arm round Mr. Atkin's neck. But here it appeared that the vessels of the labour traffic had come to obtain people to work in the cotton plantations in Queensland, and that they had already begun to invite them in the name of the Bishop, whose absence they accounted for by saying his ship had been wrecked, he had broken his leg, he had gone to England, and sent them to fetch natives to him. No force had been used as yet, but there was evident dread of them ; and one vessel had a Mota man on board, who persuaded the people to go to Sydney. About a hundred natives had been taken from the islands of Valua, Ara, and Matlavo, and from Bligh Island twenty-three were just gone, but Mota's inaccessibility had apparently protected it. It will be remembered that it has a high fortification of coral all round the beach, with but one inconvenient entrance, and that the people are little apt to resort to canoes. This really has hitherto seemed a special Providence for this nucleus of Christianity.

They spent the night at Ara, making a fire on the sandy beach, where they boiled their chocolate, and made gravy of some extract of meat to season their yam, and supped in public by firelight, reclining upon mats. Afterwards they went up to the Ögamal, or barrack tent : it was not an inviting bed-chamber, being so low that they could only kneel upright in it, and so smoky that Stephen remarked, 'We shall be cooked ourselves if we stay here,' proving an advance in civilisation. One of the private houses was equally unattractive, and the party slept on the beach.

The next morning they started to walk round the island : taking two cork beds, a portmanteau and a basket of provision ; stopping wherever a few people

were found, but it was a thinly peopled place, and the loss of the men carried off was sensibly felt.

One village had had a fight with a boat's crew from Sydney. They made no secret of it, saying that they would not have their men taken away; and they had been sharp enough to pour water into the guns before provoking the quarrel.

Further on there was a closer population, where the Bishop was enthusiastically welcomed, and an Ögamal was found, making a good shelter for the night. Then they returned to Ara, where Mr. Atkin notes, in the very centre of the island, a curious rock, about 200 feet high, and on the top, 20 or 30 feet from the nearest visible soil, a she-oak stump, and two more, green and flourishing a little below. The rock was of black scoriæ, too hot in the middle of the day to sit upon, and near it was a pool of water. 'Such water, so rotten.' The water used by the visitors had been brought from Auckland. The natives do not trouble water much, I don't think they ever drink it, and they certainly don't look as if they ever washed.

On the following day they recrossed to Vanua Lava, where they spent a quiet calm Sunday in the vessel, landing in the afternoon to see Fisher Young's grave, which they found well-kept and covered with a pretty blue creeper.

The next Sunday they spent at Kohimarama: beginning with Celebration at 7.30 A.M. and in the afternoon making the circuit of the island, about ten miles. In one place Mr. Atkin bent over the edge of the natural sea wall, and saw the sea breaking 150 or 200 feet below!

After a fortnight spent in this manner, he and the other two clergymen carried off their Melanesians to Norfolk Island, leaving the Bishop to be fetched away

in a month's time. Here is the letter written during his solitude :—

Kohimarama, Mota Island : September 23, 1869.

My dearest Joan and Fan,—Here I am sitting in a most comfortable house in our new Kohimarama, for so the Melanesians determine to call our station in Mota. The house is 48 feet by 18, with a 9-foot verandah on two sides. It has one large room, a partition at each end, one of which is subdivided into two small sleeping rooms for George and his wife, and Charles and his wife. There is no ceiling, so that we have the full advantage of the height of the house, and plenty of ventilation, as the space beyond where the roof comes down upon the wall plates is left open.

The verandah is a grand lounging place; very commodious for school also, when other classes fill the large room, and a delightful place to sit or lie about on in this genial warm climate. These bright moonlight nights are indeed delicious. The mosquito gives no trouble here to speak of. The cocoa-nut trees, the bread-fruit trees, yam gardens, and many kinds of native trees and shrubs, are all around us, the fine wooded hill of Mota shows well over the house. The breeze always plays round it; and though it is very hot, it is only when the wind comes from the north and north-west, as in the midsummer, that the heat is of an oppressive and sickly nature.

About twenty lads and young men live here, and about forty attend daily school; but I think there is every indication of all Mota sending its young people here as soon as we have our crops of yams, &c. &c. to provide sufficient food. Improved native huts will, I think, soon be built all over our little estate here.

Many girls I hope to take to Norfolk Island. They could hardly be brought together with safety to this place yet. The parents see and admit this, and consent to my taking them. I tell them that their sons will not marry ignorant heathen girls (their sons I mean who have been and are still with us); that all the young fellows growing up at Kohimarama must have educated wives provided for them, and that I must therefore take away many young girls with me to Norfolk Island. The fashion here is to buy at an early age young girls for their sons, though occasionally a girl may be found not already betrothed, but almost grown up. I now say, 'I want to train up wives for my sons,' and the fashion of the place allows of my buying or appropriating them. You would be amused to see me engaged in this match-making. It is all the same a very important matter, for clearly it is the best way to secure, as I trust, the introduction of Christian family life among these people.

George and I are satisfied that things are really very promising here. Of course, much old heathen ignorance, and much that is very wrong, will long survive. So you recollect perhaps old Joe (great-Uncle Edward's coachman) declaring that C. S. was a witch, and there is little proof of practical Christianity in the morals of our peasants of the west, and of Wales especially.

It is not that one should acquiesce in what is wrong here, but one ought not to be surprised at it. Public opinion, the constraint of law, hereditary notions are more effective in preventing the outbreak of evil passions into criminal acts in very many cases and districts in England.

Now these restraints are, indeed, indirect conse-

quences of Christianity, but do not imply any religion in the individuals who are influenced by them. These restraints don't exist here. If they did, I think these Mota people now would live just as orderly decent lives as average English folk. Christianity would not be a vigorous power in the one case or in the other. Exceptional cases would occur here and there.

If I am asked for proofs of the 'conversion' of this people, I should say, 'Conversion from what to what?' and then I should say, 'Ask any close observer in England about the commercial and social morality existing in not only the most ignorant ranks of society: how much is merely formal, and therefore, perhaps, actually detrimental to a true spirit of religion! Here you don't find much that you associate with religion in England, in the external observances of it; but there are not a few ignorant people (I am not speaking of our trained scholars) who are giving up their old habits, adopting new ways, accepting a stricter mode of life, foregoing advantages of one kind and another, because they believe that this 'Good news,' this Gospel, is true, and because the simple truths of Christianity are, thank God, finding some entrance into their hearts.

I dread the imposition from without of some formal compliances with the externals of religion while I know that the meaning and spirit of them cannot as yet be understood. Can there be conceived anything more *formal*, more mischievous than inculcating a rigid Sabbatarian view of the Lord's Day upon a people who don't know anything about the Cross and the Resurrection? Time enough to talk about the observance when the people have some

knowledge of the vital living truth of a spiritual religion.

So about clothing. If I tried to do it, I think I could make the people here buy, certainly accept and wear, clothing. With what result at present? That they would think that wearing a yard of unbleached calico was a real evidence of the reception of the new teaching.

Such things are, in this stage of Mission work, actually hurtful. The mind naturally takes in and accepts the easy outward form, and by such treatment you actually encourage it to do so, and to save itself the trouble of thinking out the real meaning and teaching which must of course be addressed to the spirit.

These outward things all follow as a matter of course after a time, as consequences of the new power and light felt in the soul; but they may be so spoken of as to become substitutes for the true spiritual life, and train up a people in hypocrisy.

I beg your pardon really for parading all these truisms. Throw it in the fire.

I don't for a moment mean or think that religion is to be taught by mere prudence and common sense. But a spiritual religion is imperilled the moment that you insist upon an unspiritual people observing outward forms which are *to them* the essence of the new teaching. Anything better than turning heathens into Pharisees! What did our Lord call the proselytes of the Pharisee and the Scribe?

And while I see and love the beauty of the outward form when it is known and felt to be no more than the shrine of the inward spiritual power; while I know that for highly advanced Christians, or for persons trained in accurate habits of thought, all that

beauty of holiness is needful; yet I think I see that the Divine wisdom of the Gospel would guard the teacher against presenting the formal side of religion to the untaught and ignorant convert. 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' is the great lesson for the heathen mind chained down as it is to things of sense.

'He that hateth his brother is a murderer:' not the outward act, but the inward motive justifies or condemns the man. Every day convinces me more and more of the need of a different mode of teaching than that usually adopted for imperfectly taught people. How many of your (ordinary) parishioners even understand the simple meaning of the Prayer-book, nay, of their well-known (as they think) Gospel miracles and parables? Who teaches in ordinary parishes the Christian use of the Psalms? Who puts simply before peasant and stone-cutter the Jew and his religion, and what he and it were intended to be, and the real error and sin and failure?—the true nature of prophecy, the progressive teaching of the Bible, never in any age compromising truth, but never ignoring the state, so often the unreceptive state, of those to whom the truth must therefore be presented partially, and in a manner adapted to rude and unspiritual natures? What an amount of preparatory teaching is needed! What labour must be spent in struggling to bring forth things new and old, and present things simply before the indolent, unthinking, vacant mind! How much need there is of a more special training of the Clergy even now! Many men are striving nobly to do all this. But think of the rubbish that most of us chuck lazily out of our minds twice a week without method or

order. It is such downright hard work to teach well. Oh! how weary it makes me to try. I feel as if I were at once aware of what should be attempted, and yet quite unable to do it!

St. Michael's Day. [After an affectionate review of most of his relations at home].—When the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn pressed me a good deal to go with them to England, it obliged me a little to analyse my feelings. You won't suspect me of any want of longing to see you, when I say that it never was a doubtful matter to me for five minutes. I saw nothing to make me wish to go to England in comparison with the crowd of reasons for not doing so. They, good people, thought it would be rest and refreshment to me. Little they know how a man so unlike them takes his rest! I am getting it here, hundreds of miles out of reach of any white man or woman, free from what is to me the bother of society. I am not defending myself; but it is true that *to me* it is a bore, the very opposite of rest, to be in society. I like a good talk with Sir William Martin above anything, but I declare that even *that* is dearly purchased by the other accompaniments of society.

And I could not spend a quiet month with you at Weston. I should have people calling, the greatest of all nuisances, except that of having to go out to dinner. I should have to preach, and perhaps to go to meetings, all in the way of my business, but not tending to promote rest.

Seriously, I am very well now; looking, I am sure, and feeling stronger and stouter than I was in New Zealand in the winter. So don't fret yourself about me, and don't think that I shouldn't dearly love to chat awhile with you. What an idle, lazy letter,

You see I am taking my rest with you, writing without effort.

He was looking well. Kohimarama must be more healthily situated than the first station, for all his three visits there were beneficial to him; and there seems to have been none of the tendency to ague and low fever which had been the trouble of the first abode.

Mr. Codrington and Mr. Bice came back in the schooner early in October, and were landed at Mota, while the Bishop went for a cruise in the New Hebrides; but the lateness of the season and the state of the vessel made it a short one, and he soon came back with thirty-five boys. Meanwhile, a small harmonium, which was to be left with the Christian settlement, had caused such an excitement that Mr. Bice was nearly squeezed to death by the crowds that came to hear it. He played nearly all day to successive throngs of men, but when the women arrived, they made such a clatter that he was fain to close the instrument. Unbleached calico clothing had been made for such of the young ladies as were to be taken on board for Norfolk Island, cut out by the Bishop and made up by Robert, William, and Benjamin, his scholars; and Mr. Codrington says, 'It was an odd sight to see the Bishop on the beach with the group of girls round him, and a number of garments over his arm. As each bride was brought by her friends, she was clothed and added to the group.'

Æsthetically, clothes were no improvement. 'A Melanesian clothed,' the Bishop observes, 'never looks well; there is almost always a stiff, shabby-genteel look A good specimen, not disfigured by sores and ulcers, the well-shaped form, the rich warm colour of the skin, and the easy, graceful play of

every limb unhurt by shoe or tight-fitting dress, the flower stuck naturally into the hair, &c., make them look pleasant enough to my eye. You see in Picture Bibles figures draped as I could wish the Melanesians to be clothed.'

To continue Mr. Codrington's recollections of this stay in Mota:—

I remember noticing how different his manner was from what was common at home. His eyes were cast all about him, keeping a sharp look-out, and all his movements and tones were quick and decisive. In that steaming climate, and those narrow paths, he walked faster than was at all agreeable to his companions, and was dressed moreover in a woollen coat and waistcoat all the time. In fact, he thoroughly enjoyed the heat, though no doubt it was weakening him; he liked the food, which gave him no trouble at all to eat, and he liked the natives.

He felt, of course, that he was doing his work all the while; but the expression of his countenance was very different while sitting with a party of men over their food at Mota, and when sitting with a party in Norfolk Island.

The contrast struck me very much between his recluse studious life there, and his very active one at Mota, with almost no leisure to read, and very little to write, and with an abundance of society which was a pleasure instead of a burthen.

I think that the alert and decisive tone and habit which was so conspicuous in the islands, and came out whenever he was roused, was not natural to his disposition, but had been acquired in early years in a public school, and faded down in the quiet routine

of St. Barnabas, and was recalled as occasion required with more effort as time went on. No doubt, his habitual gentleness made his occasional severity more felt, but at Mota his capacity for scolding was held in respect. I was told when I was last there, that I was no good, for I did not know how to scold, but that the Bishop perfectly well understood how to do it. Words certainly would never fail him in twenty languages to express his indignation, but how seldom among his own scholars had he to do it in one!

This voyage is best summed up in the ensuing letter to one of the Norfolk relations :—

'Southern Cross' Schooner, 20 miles East of Star Island.

My dear Cousin,—We are drawing near the end of a rather long cruise, as I trust, in safety. We left Norfolk Island on the 24th June, and we hope to reach it in about ten days. We should have moved about in less time, but for the crippled state of the schooner. She fell in with a heavy gale off Norfolk Island about June 20th—23rd; and we have been obliged to be very careful of our spars, which were much strained. Indeed, we still need a new mainmast, main boom, and gaff, a main topmast, foretopmast, and probably new wire rigging, besides repairs of other kinds, and possibly new coppering. Thank God, the voyage has been so far safe, and, on the whole, prosperous. We sailed first of all to the Banks Islands, only dropping two lads at Ambrym Island on our way. We spent a week or more at Mota, while the vessel was being overhauled at the harbour in Vanua Lava Island, seven miles from Mota. It was a great relief to us to get the house for the station at Mota out of the vessel, the weight

of timber, &c., was too much for a vessel not built for carrying freight. After a few days we left Mr. Palmer, George Sarawia, and others at Mota, busily engaged in putting up the house, a very serious matter for us, as you may suppose.

Our party was made up of Mr. Atkin, Mr. Brooke, and two Mota volunteers for boat work, and divers Solomon Islanders. We were absent from Mota about seven weeks, during which time we visited Santa Cruz, and many of the Solomon Isles. Mr. Atkin spent three weeks in one of the isles, and Mr. Brooke in another, and we had more than thirty natives of the Solomon Islands on board, including old scholars, when we left Ulaya, the last island of the Solomon group at which we called.

Mr. Palmer, Mr. Atkin, and Mr. Brooke went on to Norfolk Island, the whole number of Melanesians on board being sixty-two. I had spent a very happy month at Mota when the vessel returned from Norfolk Island both with Mr. Codrington and Mr. Bice on board, bringing those of the Melanesians (nearly thirty in all) who chose to stay on Norfolk Island. Then followed a fortnight's cruise in the New Hebrides, and now with exactly fifty Melanesians on board from divers islands, we are on our way to Norfolk Island. We have fourteen girls, two married, on board, and there are ten already at Norfolk Island. This is an unusual number; but the people understand that the young men and lads who have been with us for some time, who are baptized and accustomed to decent orderly ways, are not going to marry heathen wild girls, so they give up these young ones to be taught and qualified to become fit wives for our rapidly increasing party of young men.

It is quite clear that we must aim at exhibiting, by God's blessing, Christian family life in the islands, and this can only be done by training up young men and women.

Three married couples, all Communicants, live now at Kohimarama, the station at Mota. George has two children, Benjamin one. It is already a small specimen of a little Christian community, and it must be reinforced, year by year, by accessions of new couples of Christian men and women.

About twenty lads live at the station, and about forty more come daily to school. It may grow soon into a real working school, from which the most intelligent and best conducted boys may be taken to Norfolk Island for a more complete education. I am hopeful about a real improvement in Mota and elsewhere.

But a new difficulty has lately been caused by the traders from Sydney and elsewhere, who have taken many people to work in the plantations at Brisbane, Mimea, (New Caledonia), and the Fiji Islands, actual kidnapping, and this is a sad hindrance to us. I know of no case of actual violence in the Banks Islands; but in every case, they took people away under false pretences, asserting that 'the Bishop is ill and can't come, he has sent us to bring you to him.' 'The Bishop is in Sydney, he broke his leg getting into his boat, and has sent us to take you to him,' &c., &c. In many of these places, some of our old scholars are found who speak a little English, and the traders communicated with them.

In most places where any of our young people happened to be on shore, they warned their companions against these men, but not always with success. Hindrances there must be always in the

way of all attempts to do some good. But this is a sad business, and very discreditable to the persons employed in it and the Government which sanctions it, for they must know that they cannot control the masters of the vessels engaged in the trade; they may pass laws as to the treatment the natives are to receive on the plantations, as to food, pay, &c., the time of service, the date of their being taken home, but they know that the whole thing is dishonest. The natives don't intend or know anything about any service or labour; they don't know that they will have to work hard, and *any* regular steady work is hard work to South Sea Islanders. They are brought away under false pretences, else why tell lies to induce them to go on board?

I dare say that many young fellows go on board without much persuasion. Many causes may be at work to induce them to do so, *e.g.*, sickness in the island, quarrels, love of excitement, spirit of enterprise, &c., but if they knew what they were taken for, I don't think they would go.

November 2nd.—In sight of Norfolk Island. All well on board.

November 4th.—Yesterday we all landed safely, and found our whole party quite well. Our new hall is finished, and in good time to receive 134 Melanesians.

I have no letters. The 'Southern Cross' left Auckland on June 4, and no vessel has brought any to us since that time. I can truly say I often think of you all. Much do I like to look at the photographs; it would be a great delight to see you all, but I can't manage it now. And you all show your zeal for the Mission, and your love to me by going on working for and with us, and not asking us to

leave our part of the work to urge upon you the duty of doing your part. You understand my meaning, I know full well.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

Before the full accumulation of letters arrived from Auckland, a report by a passing ship from Sydney stirred the hermit Bishop deeply, and elicited the following warm congratulation :—

Norfolk Island : November 17, 1869.

My dear Dr. Moberly,—Since my return—a fortnight since—from the islands a rumour has reached us, brought hither in a small trader, that the Bishop of Winchester has resigned his see, and that *you* are his successor. It is almost too good to be true. I am waiting with great anxiety for a vessel expected soon ; I have had no English news since letters of April. But in all seriousness, private news is of small moment compared with the news of what is to become of that great Diocese. And especially now, when almost all the south of England is so sadly in want of officers to command the Church's army. Exeter, Bath and Wells, Salisbury, Chichester (very old), and till now (if this rumour be true) Winchester, from old age or sickness almost if not quite unfit for work. If indeed I hear that God's Providence has placed you in charge of that great see, it will give a different hue to the prospect, dreary enough, I confess, to me ; though I hope I am mistaken in my gloomy forebodings of the results of all those many Dioceses being so long without active Bishops. Salisbury of course I except, and Chichester is a small Diocese comparatively, and the good Bishop, I know, works up to the maximum of his age and strength. But if

this be a true rumour, and I do sincerely trust and pray that it may be so, indeed it will give hope and courage and fresh life and power to many and many a fainting soul. If I may presume to say so, it is (as Mrs. Selwyn wrote to me when *he* was appointed to Lichfield) 'a solemn and anxious thing to undertake a great charge on the top of such great expectations.' But already there is one out here anyhow who feels cheered and strengthened by the mere hope that this story is true; and everywhere many anxious men and women will lift up their hearts to God in thankfulness, and in earnest prayers that you may indeed do a great work to His glory and to the good of His Church in a new and even greater sphere of usefulness. No doubt much of my thoughts and apprehensions about the religious and social state of England is very erroneous. I have but little time for reading about what is going on, and though I have the blessing of Codrington's good sense and ability—yet I should like to have more persons to learn from on such matters. I am willing and anxious to believe that I am not cheerful and faithful enough to see the bright side as clearly as I ought. Your letters have always been a very great help to me; not only a great pleasure, much more than a pleasure. I felt that I accepted, occasionally even that I had anticipated, your remarks on the questions of the day, the conduct of parties and public men, books, &c. It has been a great thing for me to have my thoughts guided or corrected in this way.

Your last present to me was your volume of 'Bampton Lectures,' of which I need not say how both the subject and the mode of treating it make them especially valuable just now. And there is a strong

personal feeling about the work and writings of one where the public man is also the private friend, which gives a special zest to the enjoyment of reading a work of this kind.

Certainly it is one of the many blessings of my life that I should somehow have been allowed to grow into this degree of intimacy with you, whom I have always known by name, though I don't remember ever to have seen you. I think I first as a child became familiar with your name through good Miss Rennell, whom I dare say you remember: the old Dean's daughter. What a joy this would have been to dear Mr. and Mrs. Keble; what a joy it is to Charlotte Yonge; and there may be others close to Winchester whose lives have been closely bound up with yours.

But, humanly speaking, *the* thing is to have Bishops who can command the respect and love and dutiful obedience of their clergy and laity alike.

One wants men who by solid learning, and by acquaintance too with modern modes of criticism and speculation, by scholarship, force of character, largeness of mind, as well as by their goodness, can secure respect and exercise authority. It is the lawlessness of men that one deplores; the presumption of individual priests striking out for themselves unauthorised ways of managing their parishes and officiating in their churches. And, if I may dare to touch on such a subject, is there not a mode of speaking and writing on the Holy Eucharist prevalent among some men now, which has no parallel in the Church of England, except, it may be, in some of the non-jurors, and which does not express the Church of England's mind; which is not the language of Pearson, and Jackson, and Waterland, and Hooker,

no, nor of Bull, and Andrewes, and Taylor, &c.? I know very little of such things—very little indeed. But it is oftentimes a sad grief to me, that I *cannot* accept some of the reasonings and opinions of dear Mr. Keble in his book on 'Eucharistic Adoration.' I know that I have no right to expect to see things as such a man saw them: that most probably the instinctive power of discerning truth—the reward of a holy life from early childhood—guided him where men without such power feel all astray. But yet, there is a something about the book, which may be quite right and true, but does not to me quite savour of the healthy sound theology of the Church of England; the fragrance is rather that of an exotic plant; here and there I mean—though I feel angry with myself for daring to think this, and to say it to you, who *can* understand him.

I shall read with anxious interest the 'Guardians,' which will be full of ecclesiastical news of great moment, no doubt. There is a tone almost of defiance about the Church Unionists' language which seems unwise if not actually wrong, and makes one feel that should a separation come, these new non-jurors would hardly be safe men to steer the ship through untried waters. I can't help regretting that Dr. Pusey is so much mixed up with them, though a paper or speech of his before the Union, urging moderation and speaking as a father to rather ungovernable children, was indeed admirable. I forget the date of it.

Of course I do not presume to criticise such a man, who does nothing without a good reason. I only mention these points in the hope that, if you can find time, I may know what you think about them.

November 27th.—I leave this as I wrote it, though

now I know from our mails, which have come to us, that you are Bishop of *Salisbury*, not of Winchester. I hardly stop to think whether it is Winchester or Salisbury, so great is my thankfulness and joy at the report being substantially true. Though it did seem that Winchester was a natural sphere for you, I can't help feeling that at Salisbury you can do (D.V.) what perhaps scarcely any one else could do. And now I rejoice that you have had the opportunity of speaking with no uncertain sound in your 'Bampton Lectures.' Any one can tell what the Bishop of Salisbury holds on the great questions of Church Doctrine and Church Government. The diocese knows already its Bishop, not only by many former but by his latest book. Surely you will have the confidence of all Churchmen, and be blessed to do a great work for the glory of God and the edification of the Church.

And now, my dear Bishop of Salisbury, you will excuse my writing on so freely, too freely I fear. I *do* like to think of you in that most perfect of Cathedrals. I hope and trust that you will have ere long right good fellow-workers in Exeter, Winton, and Bath and Wells.

But in the colonies you have a congeries of men from all countries and with every variety of creed jumbled up together, with nothing whatever to hold them together—no reverence—no thoughts of the old parish church, &c. They are restless, worldly people to a great extent, thinking of getting on, making money. To such men the very idea of the Church as a Divine Institution, the mystical Body of the Lord, on which all graces are bestowed, and through whose ministrations men are trained in holiness and truth, is wholly unknown. The personal

religion of many a man is sincere; his position and duty as a Churchman he has never thought about. I wish the clergy would master that part at all events of your Lectures which deals with this great fundamental point, and then, as they have opportunity, teach it to their people. And by-and-by, through the collective life of the Church in its synods, &c., many will come to see it, we may hope.

I think that I may give you a cheering account of ourselves. I was nineteen weeks in the islands—met with no adventures worth mentioning—only one little affair which was rather critical for a few minutes, but ended very well—and in some of the Solomon Islands made more way than heretofore with the people. We have 134 Melanesians here and a baby. George Sarawia with his wife and two children, and two other married couples—all Communicants—are at Mota, in a nice place, with some twenty-two lads 'boarding' with them, and about thirty more coming to daily school.

The vessel was much knocked about in a violent gale in June off Norfolk Island, and we had to handle her very carefully. The whole voyage was made with a mainmast badly sprung, and fore topmast very shaky. Mr. Tilly was very watchful over the spars, and though we had a large share of squally weather, and for some days at different times were becalmed in a heavy swell, the most trying of all situations to the gear of a vessel, yet, thank God, all went well, and I have heard of the schooner safe in Auckland harbour. About forty of our Melanesians here are Solomon Islanders, from seven different islands; a few came from the New Hebrides, the rest from the Banks Islands. We are already pretty well settled

down to our work. Indeed it took only a day or two to get to work; our old scholars are such great helpers to us. We number six clergymen here (G. Sarawia being at Mota). Ten or twelve of the sixth form are teachers.' If you care to hear more, I must refer you to a letter just written to Miss Yonge. But it is not easy to write details about 134 young people. Their temptations are very great when they return to their islands, every inducement to profligacy, &c., is held out to them. One of our young baptized lads fell into sinful ways, and is not now with us. He was not one of whom we had great expectations, though we trusted that he would go on steadily. Many others, thank God, were kept pure and truthful in the midst of it all, refusing even to sleep one night away from our little hut, and in some cases refusing even to leave the schooner. 'No, I will wait till I am married,' said two lads to me, who were married here to Christian girls on November 24th, 'and then go ashore for a time with my young wife. I don't think I should yield, but I don't want to put myself in the way of such temptations.' And so when I had naturally expected that they would take their six weeks holiday on shore, while the 'Southern Cross,' went from Mota to Norfolk Island and back (during my stay at Mota), they remained on board, rejoining me, as they were two of my boating crew, for the New Hebrides trip! This was very comforting. And when I married three couples on November 24th, and knew that they were *pure*, youths and girls alike, from the great sin of heathenism, you can well think that my heart was very full of thankfulness and hope.

I must end my long letter. How will you find

time to read it? Send me some day a photograph of your beautiful Cathedral.

Yours very faithfully,

J. C. PATTESON.

Before the letter to which Bishop Moberly is referred, Mr. Codrington's bit about the weddings seems appropriate:—

These wedding days were great festivals, especially before many had been seen. The Chapel was dressed with flowers, the wedding party in as new and cheerful attire as could be procured, the English Marriage Service translated into Mota. We make rings out of sixpences or threepenny bits. The place before is full of the sound of the hammer tapping the silver on the marlingspike. The wedding ceremony is performed with as much solemnity as possible, all the school present in their new clothes and with flowers in their hair. There is even a kind of processional Psalm as the wedding party enters the Chapel. There is of course a holiday, and after the service they all go off, taking with them the pig that has been killed for the feast. An enormous quantity of plum-pudding awaits them when, in the evening, they come back to prayers and supper. Rounds of hearty cheers, led off by the Bishop, used to complete the day. Weddings of this kind between old scholars, christened, confirmed, and trustworthy, represented much anxiety and much teaching and expense, but they promise so much, and that so near of what has been worked for, that they have brought with them extraordinary pleasure and satisfaction.

Norfolk Island: November 24, 1869.

My dear Cousin,—To-day we married three young couples: the bridegrooms, Robert Pantatun, William Pasvorang, and Marsden Sawa, who have been many years with us, and are all Communicants; the brides, Emily Milerauwe, Lydia Lastitia, and Rhoda Titrakrauwe, who were baptized a year ago.

The Chapel was very prettily dressed up with lilies and many other flowers. The bridegrooms wore white trousers, shirts, &c., the brides wore pretty simple dresses and flowers in their hair. We crowded as many persons as possible into our little Chapel. Mr. Nobbs and some ten or twelve of our Pitcairn friends were all the visitors that we could manage to make room for.

Great festivities followed, a large pig was killed yesterday and eaten to-day, and Mr. Palmer had manufactured puddings without end, a new kind of food to many of the present set of scholars, but highly appreciated by most of them. Then followed in the evening native dances and songs, and a supper to end with, with cheers for the brides and bridegrooms.

There are now six married couples here, three more at Mota, and one or two more weddings will take place soon. Very fortunately, a vessel came from Auckland only three or four days ago, the first since the 'Southern Cross,' in June. It brought not only five mails for us English folk, but endless packages and boxes for the Mission, ordered by us long ago, stores, clothing, &c. We had all ordered more or less in the way of presents for scholars, and though we keep most of these treasures for Christmas gifts, yet some are distributed now.

These presents are for the most part really good

things. It is quite useless for kind friends to send presents to Melanesians as they would do to an English lad or girl. To begin with, most of our scholars are grown up, and are more like English young people of twenty or eighteen years old than like boys and girls, and not a few are older still; and, secondly, no Melanesian, old or young, cares a rush about a *toy*. They, boys and girls, men and women, take a practical view of a present, and are the very reverse of sentimental about it, though they really do like a photograph of a friend. But a mere Brummagem article that won't stand wear is quite valueless in their eyes.

Whatever is given them, cheap or dear, is estimated according to its usefulness; and whatever is given, though it may cost but a shilling, must be good of its kind. For example, a rough-handled, single-bladed knife, bought for a shilling, they fully appreciate; but a knife with half-a-dozen blades, bought for eighteen-pence, they would almost throw away. And so about everything else. I mention this as a hint to kind friends. They *do* like to hear that people think of them and are kind to them, but they don't understand why useless things should be sent from the other end of the world when they could buy much better things with their own money out of the Mission store here.

They are very fond of anything in the way of note-books, 8vo and 12mo sizes (good paper), writing-cases (which must be good if given at all), patent safety inkstands—these things are useful on board ship, and can be carried to the islands and brought back again safely. Work-baskets or boxes for the girls, with good serviceable needles, pins, thread, scissors, thimbles, tapes, &c. &c., not a play-

thing. Here we can buy for them, or keep in the store for them to buy, many things that are much too bulky to send from a distance, the freight would be ruinous.' The 'Southern Cross' brings them usually to us. Such things I mean as good carpet-bags, from 5*s.* to 10*s.*, stout tin boxes with locks and keys, axes, tools, straw hats, saucepans, good strong stuff (tweed or moleskin) for trousers and shirts, which they cut out and make up for themselves, quite understanding the inferior character of 'slop' work, good flannel for under-shirts, or for making up into Crimean shirts, Nottingham drill, good towelling, huckaback, &c., ought to be worth while to send out, and if bought in large quantities at the manufacturers, it would pay us to get it in England, especially if the said manufacturer reduced the price a little in consequence of the use to be made of his goods.

Dull small blue beads are always useful, ditto red. Bright glittering ones are no use, few Melanesians would take them as a gift. Some islanders like large beads, as big or bigger than boys' marbles. These are some hints to any kind people who may wish to contribute in kind rather than in money.

Mr. Codrington has given these fellows a great taste for gardening. Much of their spare hours (which are not many) are spent in digging up, fencing in and preparing little pieces of land close about the station, two or three lads generally making up a party, and frequently the party consists of lads and young men from different islands. Then they have presents of seeds, cuttings, bulbs, &c. from Mr. Codrington chiefly, and Mrs. Palmer and others contribute. Some of these little gardens are really very nicely laid out in good taste and well looked after. They have an eye to the practically useful

here too, as every garden has its stock of bananas, and here and there we see the sugar-cane too.

From 3.30 P.M. to 6 P.M. is the play time, although they do not *all* have this time to themselves. For three lads must milk from 5 to 6, one or two must drive in the cows, seven or eight are in the kitchen, three or four must wash the horses, one must drive the sheep into the fold, all but the milkers have only their one week of these diverse occupations. There are about twelve head cooks, who choose their helpers (the whole school, minus the milkers and two or three overlookers, being included), and so the cooking work comes only once in twelve weeks. The cooks of the one week drive up the cows and water the horses the next week, and then there is no extra work, that is, nothing but the regular daily work from 9.30 A.M. after school to 1 P.M. Wednesday is a half holiday, Saturday a whole holiday. There are six milkers, one of whom is responsible for the whole. One receives 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, his chief mate 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the other four 1*s.* each. They take it in turns, three each week. This is the hardest work in one sense; it brings them in from their play and fishing, or gardening, &c., and so they are paid for it. We do not approve of the white man being paid for everything, and the Melanesian being expected to work habitually extra hours for nothing. There are many other little extra occupations for which we take care that those engaged in them shall have some reward, and as a matter of fact a good deal of money finds its way into the hands of the storekeeper, and a very fair amount of 3*d.*, 4*d.* and 6*d.* pieces may be seen every Sunday in the offertory bason.

Perhaps I should say that we have seldom seen

here any indications of these Melanesians *expecting* money or presents; but we want to destroy the idea in their minds of their being fags by nature, and to help them to have some proper self-respect and independence of character. We see very little in them to make us apprehensive of their being covetous or stingy, and indisposed to give service freely.

School hours 8–9.30, 2–3, 3.30, singing 7–8 P.M., chapel 6.45 A.M., 6.30 P.M.

Of the 134 Melanesians, besides the baby (Bana Mary's child), ten are teachers, and with their help we get on very fairly. There are sixteen of us teachers in all, so that the classes are not too large.

Mr. Codrington takes at present the elder Banks islanders, Mr. Palmer the next class, and Mr. Bice the youngest set of boys from the same group.

Mr. Atkin takes the Southern Solomon Islanders, and Mr. Brooke those from the northern parts of the same group. I have been taking some Leper's Islanders and Maiwo or Aurora Islanders as new comers, and other classes occasionally.

Out of so many we shall weed out a good number no doubt. At present we don't condemn any as hopelessly dull, but it will not be worth while to spend much time upon lads who in five months must go home for good, and some such there must be; we cannot attempt to teach all, dull and clever alike. We must make selections, and in so doing often, I dare say, make mistakes. But what can we do?

Our new hall is a great success. We had all the framework sawn out here; it is solid, almost massive work, very unlike the flimsy wooden buildings that are run up in a week or two in most colonial villages. It is so large that our party of 145, plus 9 English, sit in the aisles without occupying any part of the

middle of the room. This gives us ample accommodation for the present. Indeed we might increase our numbers to 200 without any more buildings being necessary. The married people give the most trouble in this respect, as they have their separate rooms, and four or five married couples take up more room than three times the number of single folk. However we have here room for all, I am thankful to say, though we must build again if more of our young people take it into their heads to be married. They pass on quickly, however, when married into the next stage, the life in their own islands, and so they leave their quarters here for some successors.

I hope you can understand this attempt at a description, but I never could write properly about such things, and never shall do so, I suppose. I like the life, I know, a great deal better than I can write about it. Indeed, it is a quiet *restful* life here, *comparatively*. Some anxieties always, of course, but, as compared with the distractions of New Zealand life, it is pleasant indeed. We have very few interruptions here to the regular employment of our time, and need not waste any of it in visits or small talk, which seems to be a necessary, though most wearisome part of civilised life.

Your namesake goes on well; not a clever girl, but very steady and good; her sister and brother are here; the sisters are much alike in character and ability, the brother is sharper. You will, I know, specially think of George Sarawia and his wife Sarah at Mota, with Charles and Ellen, Benjamin and Marion. They are all Communicants, but the temptations which surround them are *very* great, and early familiarity with heathen practices and modes of thought may yet deaden the conscience to the

quick apprehension of the first approaches of sin. They do indeed need the earnest prayers of all. . . .

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

How many sons who have lost a mother at fifteen or sixteen dwell on the thought like this affectionate spirit, twenty-seven years later?

Advent Sunday, November 20, 1869.

My dearest Brother and Sisters,—Once more the anniversary of our dear Mother's death, twenty-seven years ago; a long long time, yet how well we remember the time. I see her face now, and seem to hear her voice, and dear Father sitting in his dressing-gown with her hand in his, and Uncle James, and old Ferg, and Mr. T. coming in. I think it was the first time I ever saw anyone die, and it was well that a boy should see a peaceful holy death without terror or agony. How many deaths we have seen since then, I perhaps more frequently than you, and nearly all have been calm and 'free from extreme pain.' I don't think I remember new circumstances about that time; I remember each year just the same things—the staying at the Manor House, the walk once or twice (I think) to Mount Nebo to meet you girls there, the carriage coming for us on the night of the 27th, the waters out at Fenny Bridges; the awful feeling as I saw her death-like face, the peculiar smell of the sick-room, the fervent whispered blessing and kiss, the utter misery of it all, for the consolation did not come yet; the being called in the night, the end, the quiet visits to look on her calm face, the night when I was thankful that dear Father did not hear the knocking, the nailing the coffin, as

we sat after dinner in the dining-room, the funeral—oh! how I do remember it all! How much besides is all over, past and gone, thank God! 'Our salvation,' may God grant it, 'nearer than when we believed!' than when these sorrows came upon us.

It is a solemn thing to begin a new year on the anniversary of our dear Mother's death. I often think whether she would approve of this or that opinion, action, &c. Wright's painting is pleasant to look upon. I stand in a corner of my room, at father's old mahogany desk. Her picture and his, the large framed photographs from Richmond's drawing, and a good photograph of the Bishop are just above. I wish you could see my room. I write now on December 3, a bright summer day, but my room with its deep verandah is cool and shady. It is true that I refuse carpet and curtains. They only hold dust and make the room fusty. But the whole room is filled with books, and those pictures, and the Lionardo da Vinci over the fireplace, and Mr. Boxall's photograph over it, and his drawing *vis-à-vis* to it at the other end of the room, and by my window a splendid gloxinia with fine full flowers out in a very pretty porcelain pot, both Mr. Codrington's gift. On another glass stand (also his present) a Mota flower imported here, a brilliant scarlet hibiscus, and blossoms of my creepers and bignonia, most beautiful. So fresh and pretty. The steps of the verandah are a mass of honeysuckle. The stephanotis, with the beautiful scented white flowers and glossy leaves, covers one of the posts. How pleasant it is. Everyone is kind, all are well, all are going on well just now. Such are missionary comforts. Where the hardships are I have not yet discovered. Your chain, dear Joan, is

round my neck, and the locket (Mamma's) in which you, Fan, put the hair of you five, hangs on it.

I am dipping my pen into the old silver inkstand which used to be in the front drawing-room. Every morning at about 5 A.M. I have a cup of tea or coffee and use Grandmamma Coleridge's old-fashioned silver cream-jug, and the cup and saucer which Augusta sent out years ago, my old christening spoon, and the old silver tea-pot and salver. Very grand, but I like the old things.

This day fortnight (D.V.) I ordain J. Atkin and C. H. Brooke Priests.

I have no time to answer your April and September letters. I rejoice with all my heart to hear of Dr. Moberly's appointment. What a joyful event for Charlotte Yonge. That child Pena sent me Shairp's (dear old Shairp) book, which I wanted. I must write to Sophy as soon as I can. You will forgive if I have seemed to be, or really have been, unmindful of your sorrows and anxieties. Sometimes I think I am in too great a whirl to think long enough to realise and enter into all your doings.

Your loving Brother,

J. C. P.

The intended letter to Mrs. Martyn was soon written. The death there referred to was that of Mrs. William Coleridge, widow of the Bishop of Barbados :—

Norfolk Island: December 14, 1869.

My dear Sophy,—I should be specially thinking of you as Christmas draws nigh with its blessed thoughts, and hopes, and the St. Stephen's memories—in any case I should be thinking of you. But now I have lately received your long loving letter of last Eastertide, partly written in bed. Then your dear child's

illness makes me think greatly (and how lovingly!) of you three of the three generations. Lastly, I hear of dear Aunt William's death. You know that I had a very great affection for her, and I feel that this is a great blow probably to you all, though dear Aunty (as I have noticed in old persons, especially when good as well as old) takes this quietly, I dare say. The feeling must be, 'Well, I shall soon meet her again; a few short days only remain'

I suppose that you, with your quarter of a century's widowhood, still feel as if the waiting time was all sanctified by the thought of the reunion. Oh! what a thought it is: too much almost to think that, by His wonderful mercy, one may hope to be with them all, and for ever; to behold the faces of Apostles, and Apostolic men, and Prophets, and Saints, holy men and women; and, as if this were not enough, to see Him as He is, in His essential perfections, and to know Him. One can't sustain the effort of such a thought, which shows how great a change must pass on one before the great Consummation. Well, the more one can think of dear Father and Mother, and dear dear Uncle James and Uncle Frank, and Cousin George, and Uncle and Aunt William, others too, uncles and aunts, and your dear Fanny, and your husband, though it would be untrue to say I *knew* him, taken so early—the more one thinks of them all the better. And I have, Sophy, *so* many very different ones to think of: Edwin and Fisher, and so many Melanesians taken away in the very first earnestness and simplicity of a new convert's faith. How many have died in my arms—God be thanked—in good hope!

If by His *great* mercy there be a place for me there, I feel persuaded that I shall there find many

of those dear lads, whom indeed I think of with a full heart, full of affection and thankfulness.

I have been reading the 'Memoir of Mr. Keble,' of course with extreme interest. It is all about events, and chiefly about persons that one has heard about or even known. I think we get a little autobiography of our dear Uncle John in it too, for which I don't like it the less. There are passages, as against going to Rome, which I am glad to see in print; they are wanted now again, I fear. I am glad you like Moberly's 'Bampton Lectures.' His book on 'The Great Forty Days,' his best book (?) after all, has the germ of it all. I am *so* thankful for his appointment to Salisbury. I dare say you know that he is kind enough to write to me occasionally; and he sends me his books, one of the greatest of the indirect blessings of being known to Mr. Keble. I do *very little* in the way of reading, save that I get a quiet hour for Hebrew, 5–6 A.M., and I do read *some* theology. In one sense it is *easier* reading to me than other books, history, poetry, because though I don't know much about *it*, I know nothing about *them*.

My pleasure would be, if with you, in talking over such little insight as I may have received into the wondrous harmony and symmetry of the whole Bible, by tolerably close examination of the *text* of the Greek, and to some extent of the Hebrew. The way in which a peculiar word brings a whole passage or argument *en rapport* with a train of historical associations or previous statements is wonderful, *e.g.* the verb of which *Moses* is formed occurs only in Exodus ii. 10, 2 Samuel xxii. 17, Psalm xviii. 16. See how the magnificent description of the Passage of the Red Sea in Psalm xviii. is connected with

Moses by this one word. These undesigned coincidences, and (surely) proofs of inspiration are innumerable.

I do delight in it: only I want more help, far more. We have great advantages in this generation. Dear Uncle James had no Commentary, one might almost say, on Old Testament or New Testament. Ellicott, Wordsworth, and Alford on the New Testament were not in existence; and the Germans, *used with discrimination*, are great helps. An orthodox Lutheran, one Delitzsch (of whom Liddon wrote that Dr. Pusey thinks highly of his Hebrew scholarship), helps me much in Isaiah. He has sucked all the best part out of Vitringa's enormous book, and added much minute, and I am told correct criticism. And how grand it is! This morning—it is now 6.15 A.M.—I have been reading part of that wonderful chapter xxvi.

It strikes me that the way to teach a class or a congregation is to bring out the doctrine from the very words of Scripture carefully, critically examined and explained. Only think, Sophy, of the vague desultory way in which we all, more or less, read; and we have accepted a phraseology without enquiring to a great extent, and use words to which we attach no definite meaning. Few in the congregation could draw out in clear words what they mean when they talk of faith, justification, regeneration, conversion, &c. &c. All language denoting ideas and thoughts is transferred to the region of the mind from denoting at first only external objects and sensations. This is in accordance with the mystery of all, the union of mind and matter—which no pagan philosopher could comprehend—the extreme difficulty of solving which caused Dualism and Asceticism on the one hand, and

neglect of all bodily discipline on the other. Mind and matter must be antagonistic, the work of different beings: man must get rid of his material part to arrive at his true end and perfection.

So some said 'Mortify, worry the body, which is essentially and inherently evil.' 'No,' said others, 'the sins of the body don't hurt the mind; the two things are distinct, don't react on one another.' (St. Paul deals with all this in the Colossians.) The Incarnation is the solution or the culmination of the mystery.

What a prose! but I meant, that people so often use words as if the use of a word was equivalent to the knowledge of the thought, which, in the mind of an accurate thinker, accompanies the utterance of the word.

I should think that three-fourths of what we clergymen say is unintelligible to the mass of the congregation. We *assume* an acquaintance with the Bible and Prayer-book, thought, and a knowledge of the meaning of words which few, alas! possess. We must begin, then, with the little ones; as far as I see, all children are apt to fail at the point when they ought to be passing from merely employing the memory (in learning by heart, *e.g.*, the Catechism) by exercising the reasoning and thinking faculty.

'Well now, you have said that very well, now let us think what it means.'

How well Dr. Pusey says, in his Sermons, 'Not altogether intentional deliberate vice, but thoughtlessness is destroying souls.'

I run on at random, dear Sophy, hoping to give you one and a half hour's occupation on a sick bed or couch, and because, as you say, this is the only converse we are likely to have on earth.

I think I am too *exclusively* fond of this reading, very little else interests me. I take up a theological book as a recreation, which is, perhaps, hardly reverent, and may narrow the mind; but even Church history is not very attractive to me. I like Jackson and Hooker, and *some* of the moderns, of whom I read a good many; and I lose a good deal of time in diving into things too deep by half for me, while I forget or don't learn simple things.

All this modern rage for reviews, serials, magazines, I can't abide. My mind is far too much distracted already, and that fragmentary mode of reading is very bad for many people, I am sure.

Naturally enough at forty-two years of age ninety-nine hundredths of the 'lighter' books seem to me mere rubbish. They come to me occasionally. However, there are younger ones here, so it isn't sheer waste to receive such donations: they soon get out of *my* room. Not, mind you, that I think this the least evidence of my being wiser, or employing my time more carefully than other folk. Only I want you to know what I am, and what I think.

Pena has sent me a nice book which I wanted: 1st. Because I have a great personal liking for Shairp, a simple-minded, affectionate man, with much poetical feeling and good taste—a kindly-natured man. 2nd. Because he writes in an appreciative kind of way, and is the very opposite of . . . . whom I can't stand with his insufferable self-sufficiency, and incapacity for appreciating the nobler, simpler, more generous natures who are unlike him. Well! that is fierce. But there is a school of men whom I *can't stand.* Their nature repels me, and I hardly wish to like them; which is an evil feeling.

I shall add a line in a few days.

My very dearest love to Aunty—dear Aunty; and if I can't write to Pena, give her my best love and thanks for her book.

Dear Sophy, your loving Cousin,
J. C. P.

Two other letters, one to each of the sisters, were in progress at this time. To Joanna, who had been grieved for the poor girl whose transgression had occurred in the beginning of the year, he says:—

About Semtingvat, you must be comforted about her. For a poor child who, two short years before, had assumed as a matter of course that a woman simply existed to be a man's slave in every kind of way, her fault could not, I think, be regarded as very great. Indeed, there was much comfort from the first; and since that time they not only have gone on well, but I do believe that their religious character has been much strengthened by the kind of revelation they then obtained of what Christianity really does mean. Anyhow, all notice the fact that U—— has improved very much, and they all sing Semtingvat's praises. I had no difficulty about marrying them after a little while. I spoke openly in chapel to everyone about it. Their wedding was not as other weddings—no festivity, no dressing of the chapel, no feast, no supper and fun and holiday. It was perfectly understood to be in all respects different from a bright, happy wedding. But it was quite as much for the sake of all, for the sake of enforcing the new teaching about the sanctity of marriage, that we made so very much of what (as men speak) was under the circumstances a comparatively light fault, less than an impure thought on the part of such as have been taught their duty from their childhood.

The last despatches had filled the Bishop's mind with thoughts on the political and religious state of England, and he poured them out in both these letters.

What would dear Father (he wrote in the same which has just been quoted) have thought of the religious and political mind of England? It seems as if we in 1869 were separated by centuries from the men of ten years ago. And the Clergy must not ignore this. I don't mean that we are to move because everything else is moving; but it is a question whether we should not be more alive to the fact, that the old unchangeable truth must be presented to the men and women of this time in a manner not called for by the people of a few years ago.

I think, *e.g.* of what every religious person thought and taught about Sundays when we were children. The question did not occur to people of the meaning of the fourth Commandment for Christians. It was by most, as still by many persons regarded (more or less carelessly) as literally binding on Christians. So with many questions on which this—so often abused, so often mischievously employed—critical spirit has no doubt thrown great light. I should so like to sit and hear—whom shall I say? Dr. Moberly, Edwin Palmer, the Bishop of Oxford talk on many of these matters; hear them, I say, for I think I am not such a chatterbox as I was. Occasionally I do rattle away as of yore, but it is now, I think, because I very seldom talk, and never feel disposed to argue. I read in my spare time; lecture three times a week the three young clergymen, trying (as I really think not without some success) to give them some insight into and taste for Divinity. Otherwise I walk or ride for my hour and a half almost always alone or

with a Melanesian. I am up soon after 4 A.M., go to bed before 10 P.M., so my hours are rather peculiar; and the morning is my own, when I specially read Hebrew.

Oh, what a happy life mine is! How much I may be deceiving myself, I hardly dare to think. Certainly I can be, if I like, I fear I am, very selfish. Nothing contradicts my own wishes; everyone is kind, no one interferes with my doing just what I please.

The fellow letter to the younger sister goes into the Church questions. There had never been any direct answer to my letter, in which I had been desired to the best of my ability to express what I understood to be Mr. Keble's doctrine respecting the Holy Eucharist, accompanying it with the pamphlet on 'Eucharistic Adoration,' which of course was far more explicit than any report of recollected teachings could be. I think my Cousin regarded Mr. Keble as my master, and was unwilling to express to me a different view; but his conclusions upon the subject have been shown above in his letter to Bishop Moberly, and they again occur in the following: —

I am almost confused with the accounts from England. All seems in a state of turmoil and confusion; all the old landmarks being swept away by a deluge of new opinions as to all matters civil and ecclesiastical. I don't think that we ought to refuse to see these signs of a change in men's mode of regarding great political and religious questions. A man left high and dry on the sand-bank of his antiquated notions will do little good to the poor folk struggling in the sea way, though he is safer as far as he is himself concerned by staying where he is than by plunging in to help them.

It is a critical time in every sense. Men and women can hardly be indifferent, they must be at the pains of making up their minds. As for us clergy, everywhere but in Norfolk Island, we must know that people are thinking of matters which all were content a few years ago to keep back in silence, and that they expect us to speak about them. How thankful I am that we fortunate ones are exempt from this. Yet in my way I too try to think a bit about what is going on; and I don't want to be too gloomy or to ignore some good in all this ferment of men's minds. It is better than stagnation and indolent respectability. There is everywhere a consciousness of a vast work to be done, and sincere efforts are made to do it. I suppose that is a fact, many many poor souls are being taught and trained for heaven through all these various agencies which seem to a distant and idle critic to be so questionable in some ways.

Of old one thought that the sober standard of Church of England divinity was the rule to which all speculations should be reduced; and one thought that Pearson, Hooker, Waterland, Jeremy Taylor also, and Andrewes, and Bull, and Jackson, and Barrow, &c. stood for the idea of English divinity. Now we are launched upon a wider sea. Catholic usage and doctrine take the place of Church of England teaching and practice; rightly, I dare say, only it may be well to remember that men who can perhaps understand a good deal of the English divines can hardly be supposed to be equally capable of understanding the far wider and more difficult range of ecclesiastical literature of all ages and all writers.

Everyone knows and is struck by the fact that

passages of old writers are continually quoted by men of quite different schools of thought in favour of their own (different) views. Clearly they can't both understand the mind and spirit of these writers; and the truth is, isn't it, that only they who by very long study, and from a large share of the true historical imagination, sympathise with and really enter into the hearts and minds of these writers, are competent to deal with and decide upon such wide and weighty matters?

. . . . . .

And is the very high Ritualistic doctrine of the Eucharist really ancient? Who is to say? To whom do we appeal? In what sense do we understand the Eucharistic Service in the Prayer-book? Few men have worked as much as Freeman at ancient Liturgies, &c., and see what a very strange conclusion he arrives at. Then the common argument that the Invocation *followed* the Oblation—surely a strong fact, and admitted by Mr. Keble, ('Euch. Ador.' xi. n.)—in the ancient Liturgies. But then, he says:—'This argument assumes what ought to be proved,' &c. &c., and parries an opinion. Who is to *prove* that point which he raises?

Meanwhile, the actual usage and practice of the ancient Church are fairly well known. They are the best exponents of the ancient doctrine. The ancient Church, it is asserted, and (I think) admitted, knew nothing of non-Communicants, except in special cases, such as when I tell any Melanesian who is to receive his first Communion, on *e.g.* Easter Sunday, that he must or may remain in Chapel to be present, not communicating, on Palm Sunday, remaining during the Celebration and Administration. A great deal to my mind is involved in

this, the difference between the Communion, and the devout contemplation and adoration of a localized Presence, which, I fear, is thought now, and which, as an object of adoration, locally seated in the consecrated elements, and separated in thought and belief from the whole service, does at no time seem to have been the doctrine of the Church, till error on this point confessedly crept in.

I notice such points as this :—Wilberforce, in his work on the Eucharist, speaks of the Eucharist as the Antitype of the *Sin* offering; but Bishop Andrewes (v. 66) surely more truly says, 'It is of the nature of a *peace* offering.' And this involves a very great deal of doctrine, as anyone who will patiently study Leviticus, Exodus, and the whole question of Jewish Sacrifices, may see.

Then men like Mr. Carter use a language which may possibly be understood by them to mean nothing repugnant to what has ever seemed to be the true doctrine, but which sounds very strange, about the Priest offering the very same Body which was crucified. They say, 'What Body can it be, if it be not that Body?' But though we are in a region of mysteries here, yet we can, and do surely apprehend a difference between this natural Body of Christ on the Cross, and His Sacramental Body received through faith. Again, the Priest on earth is associated with the High Priest ever in Heaven presenting His Body before the Throne.

See what Pearson, Jackson, and Hammond say, quoting (Hammond preaching on) Acts iii. 26, of Christ exalted, sent (subsequent to His Exaltation, not spoken therefore of His Birth and Humiliation) blessing (as it should be, not 'to bless;' as one act once done, but the present participle 'blessing'—the

continuous function), the High Priest not now in respect of sacrificing (that is finished once for all), but in respect of the other function of the High Priest—blessing—the only priestly function which Melchizedek exercised, unless he be held to have '*sacrificed* bread and wine,' and this function of blessing is the turning away men from their iniquities by *applying* through Sacraments chiefly the virtue of the Passion.

But are such words as 'iteration,' 'repetition,' or even 'continuation' of the Sacrifice admissible?

It seems to me as if men who are in no sense divines, theologians, or well read, speak strongly and use expressions and teach doctrines, which, indeed, only very few men should think of uttering or teaching.

And yet, don't think I wish to be only an exclusive Anglican, without sympathy for East or West; still less that I wish to ignore the Catholic Church of the truly primitive times: but I take the real, so to say, representative teaching of the Church of England to be the divinity of the truly primitive Church, to which our formularies and reformers appeal. I know, moreover, that our dear Father accepted Jackson and Waterland; and I don't feel disposed to disparage them, as is the fashion to do nowadays. Few men, in spite of occasional scholastic subtlety, go so deep in their search right down into principles as Jackson. Few men so analyse, dissect, search out the precise, exact meaning of words and phrases, so carry you away from vague generalities to accurate defined meanings and doctrines. He had an honest and clear brain of his own, though he was a tremendous book-worm; and I think he is a great authority, though I know about him and his antagonism to Rome. I don't fear to weary you by this

kind of talk; but don't I wish I could hear three or four of our very best men discuss these points thoroughly. In all sincerity I believe that I should be continually convinced of error, shallow judgments, and ignorance. But then I should most likely get real light on some points where I would fain have it.

To this unconscious token of humility, another must be added, from the same letter, speaking of two New Zealand friends:—'To me she has always been kindness itself, with her husband overrating me to such an amusing extent that I don't think it hurt even *my* vanity.'

Full preparation was going on for the Ordination of the two Priests.

No special account of the actual service seems to have been written; and the first letter of January was nearly absorbed by the tidings of the three Episcopal appointments of the close of 1869, the Oxford choice coming near to Bishop Patteson by his family affections, and the appointment to Exeter as dealing with his beloved county at home.

But what he writes of living men may not at present be repeated; and from this letter respecting them, all that can be noted is another Epiphany wedding, the first Christian couple from Ysabel Island, Capel Oka and Sekahavi.

And now before turning the page, and leaving the period that had, on the whole, been full of brightness, will be the best time to give Mr. Codrington's account of the manner of life at St. Barnabas, while the Bishop was still in his strength:—

Certainly one of the most striking points to a stranger would have been the familiar intercourse between

the Bishop and his boys, not only the advanced scholars, but the last and newest comers. The kindly and friendly disposition of the Melanesians leads to a great deal of free and equal familiarity even where there are chiefs, and the obsequious familiarity of which one hears in India is here quite unknown. Nevertheless, I doubt very much whether other Melanesians live in the same familiarity with their Missionaries, *e.g.*, Carry, wife of Wadrokala, writes thus :—'I tremble very much to write to you, I am not fit to write to you, because, does an ant know how to speak to a cow? We at Nengonè would not speak to a great man like you, no, our language is different to a chief and a missionary.'

Making every allowance, and looking at the matter from within, that perfect freedom and affectionateness of intercourse that existed with him seems very remarkable.

The secret of it is not far to seek. It did not lie in any singular attractiveness of his manner only, but in the experience that every one attracted gained that he sought nothing for himself; he was entirely free from any desire to be admired, or love of being thought much of, as he was from love of commanding for the sake of being obeyed. The great temptations to missionaries among savage people, as it seems, are to self-esteem, from a comparison of themselves with their European advantages and the natives among whom they live; and to a domineering temper, because they find an obedience ready, and it is delightful to be obeyed. Bishop Patteson's natural disposition was averse to either, and the principles of missionary work which he took up suited at once his natural temper and his religious character. He was able naturally, without

effort, to live as a brother among his black brothers, to be the servant of those he lived to teach The natural consequence of this was, the unquestioned authority which he possessed over those with whom he lived on equal terms. No one could entertain the idea that any thing was ordered from a selfish motive, for any advantage to himself, or that anything was forbidden without some very good reason. This familiarity with a superior, which is natural with Melanesians, is accompanied, especially in Banks Islanders with a very great reserve about anything that touches the feelings or concerns character. Thus a boy, who would use the Bishop's room as if it were his own, coming in unasked, to read or write or sit by the fire there, would with very great difficulty get over the physical trembling, which their language implies, that would come upon him, if he wished to speak about his own feelings on religious matters, or to tell him something which he well knew it was his duty to make known. When one knows how difficult it is to them to speak openly, their openness with the Bishop is more appreciated, though he indeed often enough complained of their closeness with him. The real affection between the boys and the Bishop required no acquaintance with the character of either to discern, and could surprise no one who knew anything of the history of their relation one to another. It is well known that he wished his elder boys to stand in the place of the sixth form of a public school; and to some extent they did so, but being mostly Banks Islanders, and Banks Islanders being peculiarly afraid of interfering with one another, his idea was never reached. Still no doubt a good deal is attained when they arrive rather at the position of pupil-teacher in a National School; and this at least they occupy very

satisfactorily, as is shown by the success with which so large a school has been carried on since the Bishop's death. No doubt the Ordination of more from among their number would go far to raise them in their own estimation.

In truth, the carrying out of the principle of the equality of black and white in a missionary work, which is the principle of this mission, is very difficult, and cannot be done in all particulars in practice by anyone, and by most people, unless brought up to it, probably not at all. Nevertheless, it is practicable, and, as we think, essential, and was in all main points carried out by Bishop Patteson. But the effect of this must not be exaggerated. It is true that we have no servants, yet a boy regularly brought water, &c., for the Bishop, and a woman regularly swept and cleaned his rooms, and received regular wages for it. The Bishop never cooked his dinner or did any such work except upon occasions on which a bachelor curate in England does much of the kind, as a matter of course. The extraordinary thing is that it is, as he at any rate supposed, the custom in other missions to make scholars and converts servants as a matter of course; and the difference lies not in the work which is done or not done by the one party or the other, but in the social relation of equality which subsists between them, and the spirit in which the work is asked for and rendered.

The main thing to notice about the Bishop is that there was nothing forced or unnatural in his manner of taking a position of equality, and equality as real in any way as his superiority in another. Consequently, there was never the least loss of dignity or authority on his part

There never was visible the smallest diminution of freedom and affection in the intercourse that went on. It required some knowledge in one respect to appreciate the extraordinary facility with which he conversed with boys from various islands. A stranger would be struck with his bright smiles and sweet tones as he would address some little stranger who came into his room; but one who knew a little of the languages alone could know with what extraordinary quickness he passed from one language to another, talking to many boys in their own language, but accommodating his tongue with wonderful readiness to each in succession. It would be hard to say how many languages he could speak; those which he spoke quite freely, to my knowledge, were not so many; Mota, Bauro, Mahaga, and Nengonè, certainly; some others no doubt quite readily when among the people who spoke them; and very many only with a small vocabulary which was every instant being enlarged. It does not appear to me that his scientific philological acquirements were extraordinary; but that his memory for words giving him such a command of vocabulary, and so wide a scope for comparison, and his accurate and delicate ear to catch the sounds, and power of reproducing them, were altogether wonderful and very rarely equalled. A man of his faculty of expression and powers of mind could not speak like a native; he spoke better than a native, than a native of Mota at least. That is that, although no doubt he never was quite master of the little delicate points of Mota scholarship, which no one not a native can keep quite right, and no native can account for, yet his vocabulary was so large and accurate, and his feeling of the native ways of looking at things and repre-

senting them in words so true, that he spoke to them more clearly and forcibly than even any native spoke, and with the power of an educated mind controlling while following the native taste. He was an enthusiast, no doubt, about these languages, and jealous of their claim to be considered true languages, and not what people suppose them to be, the uncouth jargon of savages. I will only say that his translations of some of the Psalms into Mota are as lofty in their diction and as harmonious in their rhythm, in my estimation, as anything almost I read in any language. This no doubt sounds exaggerated and must be taken only for what it is worth.

It was probably in a great measure because his natural power of acquiring languages was so extraordinary, and needed so very little labour in him, that he did so very little to put on paper what he knew of all those many tongues. All there is in print I have put together. Besides this, he carried the same unfortunate way of leaving off what he had begun into these notes on language also. In the year '63–'64 he got printed a number of small grammatical papers in almost all the languages he knew, because he felt he ought not to subject them to the risk of being lost. Another reason why he did not go into any laborious manuscript or printing work with the various languages was, that he saw as time went on, first, that it was so very uncertain what language would come in practice into request; and, secondly, that one language would suffice for the use, in practice, of all natives of a neighbourhood. For example, the language of part of Mae (Three Hills), in the New Hebrides, was once studied and well known. Nothing whatever came of the intercourse with that island, once so constant, I don't know why,

and now the people themselves are destroyed almost, and hopes of doing them good destroyed by the slave trade. And, secondly, the use of the Mota language in our ordinary intercourse here has very much diminished the need for any one's knowing a particular language beyond the missionary who has charge of the boys who speak it. Thus the Bishop rather handed over the language of Bauro to Mr. Atkin, of Florida to Mr. Brooke, of Leper's Island to Mr. Price; and as the common teaching of all boys who belonged to either of the principal groups into which the school fell went on in Mota, there was no practical use in the other tongues the Bishop knew, except in his voyages, and in giving him more effectual powers of influencing those to whom he could speak in their own tongue. Besides, he saw so clearly the great advantage, on the one hand, of throwing together in every possible way the boys from all the islands, which was much helped by the use of one language, and, on the other hand, the natural tendency in a group of boys from one island or neighbourhood to keep separate, and of the teacher of a particular set to keep them separate with himself, that, without saying much about it, he discouraged the printing of other languages besides Mota, and in other ways kept them rather in the background. How things would have arranged themselves if Mota had not by circumstances come into such prominence I cannot say, but the predominance of Mota came in with the *internal* organisation of the Mission by Mr. Pritt. It is impossible for one who knew Bishop Patteson intimately, and the later condition of the Mission intimately, to lose sight for long of Mr. Pritt's influence and his useful work.

Perhaps this chapter can best be completed by the external testimony of a visitor to Norfolk Island, given in a letter to the Editor of the 'Australian Churchman:'—

> Daily at 7 A.M. the bell rings for Chapel about one minute, and all hands promptly repair thither. In spite of the vast varieties of language and dialect spoken by fifty or sixty human beings, collected from twenty or thirty islets of the Pacific main, no practical difficulty has been found in using the Mota as the general language in Chapel and school, so that in a short time a congregation of twenty languages are able to join in worship in the one Mota tongue, more or less akin to all the rest, and a class of, say, nine boys, speaking by nature five different languages, easily join in using the one Mota language, just as a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, a Pole, an Italian, and an Englishman, all meeting in the same café or railway carriage, on the same glacier or mountain-top, might harmoniously agree to use the French language as their medium of communication. So the service is conducted in Mota with one exception only. The collect for the day is read in English, as a brief allowable concession to the ears and hearts of the English members of the Mission. The service consists of the greater part of the Church of England Service translated. Some modifications have been made to suit the course of religious instruction. The Psalms are chanted and hymns sung *in parts*, and always in admirable tune, by the congregation. Noteworthy are the perfect attention, the reverent attitude, the hearty swing and unison of the little congregation, a lesson, I felt with shame, to many of our white congregations.

Immediately after service clinks out the breakfast bell, and with marvellous promptitude and punctuality, whites and blacks, lay and clerical, are seen flocking to the mess-room. The whites sit at the upper end of the table, but beyond the special privilege of tea, all fare alike, chiefly on vegetables, yams or sweet potatoes, and carrots or vegetable marrows, as may suit the season, with plenty of biscuit for more ambitious teeth, and plenty of milk to wash it down. Soon afterwards comes school for an hour and a half. Then work for the boys and men, planting yams, reaping wheat, mowing oats, fencing, carting, building, as the call may be, only no caste distinction or ordering about; it is not *go* and do that, but *come* and do this, whether the leader be an ordained clergyman, a white farm bailiff, or a white carpenter. This is noteworthy, and your readers will gain no clear idea of the Mission if they do not seize this point, for it is no matter of mere detail, but one of principle. The system is not that of the ship or the regiment, of the farm or the manufactory of the old country, but essentially of the family. It is not the officer or master saying '*Go*,' but the father or the brother saying '*Come*.' And to this, I firmly believe, is the hearty cheerful following and merry work of the blacks chiefly due. At 1 P.M. is dinner, much the same as breakfast. Meat, though not unknown, is the weak point of the Mission dietary. In the afternoon, work. At 6, tea. In the evening, class again for an hour or two; this evening class being sometimes a singing lesson, heartily enjoyed by the teacher. I forget precisely when the boys have to prepare matter arising out of the lessons they have received *vivâ voce*.

There are evening prayers, and bed-time is early.

Noteworthy are the happy conjunctions of perfect discipline with perfect jollity, the marvellous attainment of a happy familiarity which does *not* 'breed contempt.'

I presume I need scarcely say to your readers that besides education in reading, writing, and arithmetic, through the medium of the Mota language, instruction in the Holy Scriptures and the most careful explanations of their meaning and mutual relation, forms a main part of the teaching given. The men and boys of the senior classes take notes; notes not by order expressly to be inspected, but, so to say, private notes for the aid of their memories; and from the translation given to me by Bishop Patteson of some of these, I should say that few, if any, of the senior class of an English Sunday School could give anything like so close, and sometimes philosophical, an explanation of Scripture, and that sometimes in remarkably few words.

There remains to be noticed one most effectual means of doing good. After evening school, the Bishop, his clergy, and his *aides*, retire mostly into their own rooms. Then, quietly and shyly, on this night or the other night, one or two, three or four of the more intelligent of the black boys steal silently up to the Bishop's side, and by fits and starts, slowly, often painfully, tell their feelings, state their difficulties, ask for help, and I believe, with God's blessing, rarely fail to find it. They are not gushing as negroes, but shy as Englishmen; we Englishmen ought, indeed, to have a fellow-feeling for these poor black boys and help them with all our hearts.

Such is the routine for five of the six work days. Saturday is whole holiday, and all hands go to fish

if the sea permits; if not, to play rounders or what not. Merry lads they are, as ever gladdened an English playground.

On Sunday, the early Chapel is omitted. The full Liturgy is divided into two services—I forget the laws—and a kind of sermon in Mota is given; and in the afternoon, the Bishop, or one of the ordained members of the Mission, usually goes down to the town to relieve Mr. Nobbs in his service for the Pitcairners.

As regards the manual work of the station, this general principle is observed—women for washing and house-work; the men for planting and out-of-door work; but no one, white or black, is to be too grand to do his share. The Bishop's share, indeed, is to study and investigate and compare the languages and necessary translations, but no one is to be above manual labour. No one, because he is a white man, is to say, 'Here, black fellow, come and clean my boots.' 'Here, black people, believe that I have come to give you a treasure of inestimable price. Meantime, work for me, am I not your superior? Can I not give you money, calico, what not?'

This Christian democracy, if I may so call it, has worked well in the long run.

This observer does seem to have entered well into the spirit of the place; and there can be no doubt that the plan and organisation of the Mission had by this time been well tested and both found practicable, and as at present worked, more than ordinarily successful. The college was in full working order, with a staff of clergy, all save one formed under the Bishop, one native deacon and two teachers living with their wives

in a population that was fast becoming moulded by the influence of Christianity, many more being trained up, and several more islands in course of gradual preparation by the same process as was further advanced in Mota.

Such were the achievements which could be thankfully recounted by the end of 1869.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

1870-1871.

THE prosperous days of every life pass away at last. Suffering and sorrow, failure and reverse, are sure to await all who live out anything like their term of years, and the missionary is perhaps more liable than other men to meet with a great disappointment. 'Success but signifies vicissitude,' and looking at the history of the growth of the Church, it is impossible not to observe that almost in all cases, immediately upon any extensive progress, there has followed what seems like a strong effort of the Evil One at its frustration, either by external persecution, reaction of heathenism, or, most fatally and frequently during the last 300 years, from the reckless misdoings of unscrupulous sailors and colonists. The West Indies, Japan, America, all have the same shameful tale to tell—what wonder if the same shadow were to be cast over the Isles of the South?

It is one of the misfortunes, perhaps the temptations of this modern world, that two of its chief necessaries, sugar and cotton, require a climate too hot for the labour of men who have intelligence enough to grow and export them on a large scale, and who are therefore compelled, as they consider, to employ the forced toil of races able to endure heat. The Australian

colony of Queensland is unfit to produce wheat, but well able to grow sugar, and the islands of Fiji, which the natives have vainly implored England to annex, have become the resort of numerous planters and speculators. There were 300 white inhabitants in the latter at the time of the visit of the 'Curaçoa' in 1865. In 1871 the numbers were from 5,000 to 6,000. Large sheep farms have been laid out, and sugar plantations established.

South Sea Islanders are found to have much of the negro toughness and docility, and, as has been seen, when away from their homes they are easily amenable, and generally pleasant in manner, and intelligent. Often too they have a spirit of enterprise, which makes them willing to leave home, or some feud with a neighbour renders it convenient. Thus the earlier planters did not find it difficult to procure willing labourers, chiefly from those southern New Hebrides, Anaiteum, Tanna, Erromango, &c., which were already accustomed to intercourse with sandal-wood traders, had resident Scottish or London missionaries, and might have a fair understanding of what they were undertaking.

The Fiji islanders themselves had been converted by Wesleyan Missionaries, and these, while the numbers of imported labourers were small, did not think ill of the system, since it provided the islanders with their great need, work, and might give them habits of industry. But in the years 1868 and 1869 the demand began, both in Queensland and Fiji, to increase beyond what could be supplied by willing labour, and the premium, 8*l.* a head, on an able-bodied black, was sufficient to tempt the masters of small craft to obtain the desired article by all possible means. Neither in the colony nor in Fiji were the planters desirous of

obtaining workers by foul means, but labour they must have, and they were willing to pay for it. Queensland, anxious to free herself from any imputation of slave-hunting, has drawn up a set of regulations, requiring a regular contract to be made with the natives before they are shipped, for so many years, engaging that they shall receive wages, and be sent home again at the end of the specified time. No one denies that when once the labourer has arrived, these rules are carried out; he is well fed, kindly treated, not over worked, and at the end of three or five years sent home again with the property he has earned.

A recent traveller has argued that this is all that can be desired, and that no true friend of the poor islander can object to his being taught industry and civilisation. Complaints are all 'missionary exaggeration,' that easy term for disposing of all defence of the dark races, and as to the difficulty of making a man, whose language is not understood, understand the terms of a contract—why, we continually sign legal documents we do not understand! Perhaps not, but we do understand enough not to find ourselves bound to five years' labour when we thought we were selling yams, or taking a pleasure trip. And we have some means of ascertaining the signification of such documents, and of obtaining redress if we have been deceived.

As to the boasted civilisation, a sugar plantation has not been found a very advanced school for the American or West Indian negro, and as a matter of fact, the islander who has fulfilled his term and comes home, bringing tobacco, clothes and fire-arms, only becomes a more dangerous and licentious savage than he was in his simplicity. It is absolutely impossible, even if the planters wished it, to give any instruction to these poor

fellows, so scattered are the settlements, so various the languages on each, and to send a man home with guns and gunpowder, and no touch of Christian teaching, is surely suicidal policy.

Yet, as long as the natives went in any degree willingly, though the Missionaries might deplore their so doing for the men's own sakes, and for that of their islands, it was only like a clergyman at home seeing his lads engage themselves to some occupation more undesirable than they knew. Therefore, the only thing that has been entreated for by all the missions of every denomination alike in the South Seas, has been such sufficient supervision of the labour traffic as may prevent deceit or violence from being used.

For, in the years 1869 and 1870, if not before, the captains of the labour ships, finding that a sufficient supply of willing natives could not be procured, had begun to cajole them on board. When they went to trade, they were thrust under hatches, and carried off, and if the Southern New Hebrides became exhausted, and the labour ships entered on those seas where the 'Southern Cross' was a welcome visitor, these captains sometimes told the men that 'the Bishop gave no pipes and tobacco, he was bad, they had better hold with them.' Or else 'the Bishop could not come himself, but had sent this vessel to fetch them.' Sometimes even, a figure was placed on deck dressed in a black coat, with a book in his hand, according to the sailors' notion of a missionary, to induce the natives to come on deck, and there they were clapped under hatches and carried off.

In 1870, H.M.S. 'Rosario,' Captain Palmer, brought one of these vessels, the 'Daphne' into Sydney, where the master was tried for acts of violence, but a conviction could not be procured, and, as will be seen in the correspondence, Bishop Patteson did not regret the

failure, as he was anxious that ships of a fair size, with respectable owners should not be deterred from the traffic, since the more it became a smuggling, unrecognised business, the worse and more unscrupulous men would be employed in it.

But decoying without violence began to fail; the natives were becoming too cautious, so the canoes were upset, and the men picked up, while struggling in the water. If they tried to resist, they were shot at, and all endeavours at a rescue were met with the use of fire-arms.

They were thus swept off in such numbers, that small islands lost almost all their able-bodied inhabitants, and were in danger of famine for want of their workers. Also, the Fiji planters, thinking to make the men happier by bringing their wives, desired that this might be done, but it was not easy to make out the married couples, nor did the crews trouble themselves to do so, but took any woman they could lay hands on. Husbands pursued to save the wives, and were shot down, and a deadly spirit of hatred and terror against all that was white was aroused.

There is a still lower depth of atrocity, but as far as enquiry of the Government at Sydney can make out, unconnected with labour traffic, but with the tortoise-shell trade. Skulls, it will be remembered, were the ornament of old Iri's house at Bauro, and skulls are still the trophies in the more savage islands. It seems that some of the traders in tortoise-shell are in the habit of assisting their clients by conveying them in their vessels in pursuit of heads. There is no evidence that they actually do the work of slaughter themselves, though suspicion is strong, but these are the 'kill-kill' vessels in the patois of the Pacific, while the kidnappers are the 'snatch-snatch.' Both together, these causes were working up the islanders to a perilous pitch of suspicion

and exasperation during the years 1870, 1871, and thus were destroying many of the best hopes of the fruit of the toils of all these years. But the full extent of the mischief was still unknown in Norfolk Island, when in the midst of the Bishop's plans for the expedition of 1870 came the illness from which he never wholly recovered.

Already he had often felt and spoken of himself as an elderly man. Most men of a year or two past forty are at the most vigorous period of their existence, generally indeed with the really individual and effective work of their lives before them, having hitherto been only serving their apprenticeship; but Coleridge Patteson had begun his task while in early youth, and had been obliged to bear at once responsibility and active toil in no ordinary degree. Few have had to be at once head of a college, sole tutor and steward, as well as primary schoolmaster all at once, or afterwards united these charges with those of Bishop, examining chaplain and theological professor, with the interludes of voyages which involved intense anxiety and watchfulness as well as the hardships of those unrestful nights in native huts, and the exhaustion of the tropical climate. No wonder then that he was already as one whose work was well-nigh done, and to whom rest was near. And though the entrance into that rest was by a sudden stroke, it was one that mercifully spared the sufferings of a protracted illness, and even if his friends pause to claim for it the actual honours (on earth) of martyrdom, yet it was no doubt such a death as he was most willing to die, full in his Master's service—such a death as all can be thankful to think of. And for the like-minded young man who shared his death, only with more of the bitterness thereof, the spirit in which he went forth may best be seen in part of a letter

written in the January of 1870, just after his Ordination.

The right way must be to have a general idea of what to aim at, and to make for the goal by what seem, as you go, the best ways, not to go on a course you fixed to yourself before starting without having seen it. It is so easy for people to hold theories, and excellent ones too, of the way to manage or deal with the native races, but the worst is that when you come to work the theory, the native race will never be found what it ought to be for properly carrying it out. I am quite sure that nothing is to be done in a hurry; a good and zealous man in ignorance and haste might do more harm in one year than could be remedied in ten. I would not root out a single superstition until I had something better to put in its place, lest if all the weeds were rooted up, what had before been fertile should become desert, barren, disbelieving in anything. Is not the right way to plant the true seed and nourish it that it may take root, and out-grow and choke the weeds? My objection to Mission reports has always been that the readers want to hear of 'progress,' and the writers are thus tempted to write of it, and may they not, without knowing it, be at times hasty that they may seem to be progressing? People expect too much. Those do so who see the results of Mission work, who are engaged in it, those do so who send them. We have the precious seed to sow and must sow it when and where we can, but we must not always be looking out to reap what we have sown. We shall do that 'in due time' if we 'faint not. Because missionary work looks like a failure, it does not follow that it is.

> Our Saviour, the first of all Christian Missionaries, was thirty years of His life preparing and being prepared for His work. Three years He spake as never man spake, and did not His work at that time look a failure? He made no mistakes either in what he taught or the way of teaching it, and He succeeded though not to the eyes of men. Should not we be contented with success like His? And with how much less ought we not to be contented! No! The wonder is that by our means any result is accomplished at all.

These are remarkable words for a young man of twenty-seven, full of life, health and vigour, and go far to prove the early ripening of a spirit chastened in hopes, even while all was bright.

In the latter end of February, Bishop Patteson, after about six days of warning, was prostrated by a very severe attack of internal inflammation, and for three days—from the 20th to the 22nd was in considerable danger as well as suffering. Mr. Nobbs's medical knowledge seems, humanly speaking, to have brought him through, and on the 28th, when an opportunity occurred of sending letters, he was able to write a note to his brother and sisters—weak and shattered-looking writing indeed, but telling all that needed to be told, and finishing with 'in a few days (D.V.) I may be quite well;' then in a postscript: 'Our most merciful Father, Redeemer and Sanctifier is merciful indeed. There was a time when I felt drawing near the dark valley, and I thought of Father, Mother, of Uncle Frank, and our little ones, Frankie and Dolly,'—a brother and sister who had died in early infancy.

But it was not the Divine will that he should be well

in a few days. Day after day he continued feeble; and suffering much, though not so acutely as in the first attack, Mr. Nobbs continued to attend him, and the treatment was approved afterwards by the physicians consulted. All the clergy took their part in nursing, and the Melanesian youths in turn watched him day and night. He did not leave his room till the beginning of April, and then was only equal to the exertion of preparing two lads for Baptism and a few more for Confirmation. On Easter Sunday he was able to baptize the first mentioned, and confirm the others; and, the 'Southern Cross' having by this time arrived for the regular voyage, he embarked in her to obtain further advice at Auckland.

Lady Martin, his kind and tender hostess and nurse, thus describes his arrival:—

> We had heard of his illness from himself and others, and of his being out of danger in the middle of March. We were therefore much surprised when the 'Southern Cross,' which had sailed a fortnight before for Norfolk Island, came into the harbour on the morning of the 25th of April, and anchored in our bay with the Bishop's flag flying. We went down to the beach with anxious hearts to receive the dear invalid, and were greatly shocked at his appearance. His beard, which he had allowed to grow since his illness, and his hair were streaked with grey; his complexion was very dark, and his frame was bowed like an old man's.
>
> The Captain and Mr. Bice almost carried him up the hill to our house. He was very thankful to be on shore, and spoke cheerfully about the improvement he had made on the voyage. It was not very apparent to us who had not seen him for two years.

Even then he was looking worn and ill, but still was a young active man. He seemed now quite a wreck. For the first fortnight his faithful attendant Malagona slept in his room, and was ready at all hours to wait upon his beloved Bishop. Day by day he used to sit by the fire in an easy chair, too weak to move or to attend to reading. He got up very early, being tired of bed. His books and papers were all brought out, but he did little but doze.

Yet, in his despatch of the 2nd of May, where the manuscript is as firm, clear, and beautiful as ever, only somewhat less minute, he says that he had improved wonderfully on the voyage, though he adds that the doctor told him 'At an office, they would insure your life at fifty, instead of forty-three years of age.'

Dr. Goldsboro' had, on examination, discovered a chronic ailment, not likely, with care and treatment, to be dangerous to life, but forbidding active exertion or horse exercise, and warning him that a sudden jar or slip or fall on rugged ground would probably bring on acute inflammation, which might prove fatal after hours of suffering.

After, in the above-mentioned letter, communicating his exact state, he adds :—The pain has been at times very severe, and yet I can't tell you of the very great happiness and actual enjoyment of many of those sleepless nights ; when, perhaps at 2 A.M., I felt the pain subsiding, and prayer for rest, if it were His will, was changed into thanksgiving for the relief ; then, as the fire flickered, came restful, peaceful, happy thoughts, mingled with much, I trust, heart-felt sorrow and remorse. And Psalms seemed to have a new meaning, and prayers to be so real, and somehow there was a sense of a very near Presence,

and I felt almost sorry when it was 5.30, and I got up, and my kind Melanesian nurse made me my morning cup of weak tea, so good to the dry, furred tongue.

Well, that is all past and gone; and now the hope and prayer is, that when my time is really come, I may be better prepared to go.

Sir William and Lady Martin are pretty well; and I am in clover here, getting real rest, and gaining ground pretty well. I have all confidence in the prudence of the other missionaries and leave the work thankfully in their hands, knowing well Whose work it is, and to Whose guidance and protection we all trust.

On the 9th, in a letter sent by a different route, he adds :—

So I think it will come to my doing my work on Norfolk Island just as usual, with only occasional inconvenience or discomfort. But I think I shall have to forego some of the more risky and adventurous part of the work in the islands. This is all right. It is a sign that the time is come for me to delegate it to others. I don't mean that I shall not take the voyages, and stop about on the islands (D.V.) as before. But I must do it all more carefully, and avoid much that of old I never thought about. Yet I think it will not, as a matter of fact, much interfere with my work.

I have, you understand, no pain now, only some discomfort. The fact that I can't do things, move about, &c., like a sound healthy person is not a trial. The relief from pain, the *resty* feeling, is such a blessing and enjoyment that I don't seem, as yet at at all events, to care about the other.

So of that restful state Lady Martin says:—Indeed, it was a most happy time to us, and I think on the whole to him. It was a new state of things to keep him without any pricks of conscience or restlessness on his part. He liked to have a quiet half-hour by the fire at night; and before I left him I used to put his books near him: his Bible, his Hebrew Psalter, his father's copy of Bishop Andrewes. Sometimes I would linger for a few minutes to talk about his past illness. He used to dwell specially on his dear father's nearness to him at that time. He spoke once or twice with a reverent holy awe and joy of sleepless nights, when thoughts of God had filled his soul and sustained him.

His face, always beautiful from the unworldly purity of its expression, was really as the face of an angel while he spoke of these things and of the love and kindness he had received. He seemed to have been standing on the very brink of the river, and it was yet doubtful whether he was to abide with us. Now, looking back, we can see how mercifully God was dealing with His servant. A time of quiet and of preparation for death given to him apart from the hurry of his daily life, then a few months of active service, and then the crown.

At the end of a fortnight (? you must please to rectify dates) the 'Southern Cross' sailed again, with Mr. Bice and Malagona on board; when, just as we were expecting she would have reached Norfolk Island, she was driving back into the harbour.

The following letter to the Bishop of Lichfield gives an account of her peril:—

Taurarua: May 11, 1870.

My dear Bishop,—I have to tell you of another great mercy. The 'Southern Cross' left Auckland on May 3—fair wind and fine weather.

On May 5 she was within 185 miles of Norfolk Island.

Then came on a fearful gale from the east and north-east to north-west. They were hove-to for three days, everything battened down; port boat and davits carried away by a sea; after a while the starboard boat dashed to pieces.

Malagona, my nurse at Norfolk Island, who was brought up for a treat, was thrown completely across the cabin by one lurch, when she seemed almost settling down. It was dark. The water in the cabin, which had come through the dead-light, showed a little phosphoric glimmer. 'Brother,' he said to Bice, 'Are we dying?' 'I don't know. It seems like it; we are in God's hands.' 'Yes, I know.'

Mr. (Captain) Jacobs was calm and self-possessed. He even behaved excellently. Once, *all* on deck were washed into the lee-scuppers, and one man washed overboard; but he held a rope, and with it and the recoil was borne in again upon the deck. Lowest barometer, 28° 65′! We were startled yesterday at about 4 P.M. with the news of the reappearance of the vessel. I think that some 30*l.* and the replacing the boats will pay damages, but one doesn't think about that.

We hope to get, at all events, *one* ready-made boat, so as to cause no delay. The good people at Norfolk Island will be anxious if the vessel does not reappear soon.

Auckland, June 6th.—'Southern Cross' could not sail till May 23. If I am not found by them at Norfolk Island on their return they are to come on for me. I hope to make a two months' cruise.

General health quite well, no pain for weeks past.

Dr. Goldsboro' says I shall be better in a hot climate; but he won't let me out of his hands yet.

I really think I shall do very well by-and-by.

Your very affectionate

J. C. PATTESON.

The repairs took some time (continues Lady Martin). The delay must have been very trying to the Bishop in his weak state, as it threw out all the plans for the winter voyage; but he showed no signs of fretfulness or of a restless desire to go himself to see after matters. The winter was unusually cold after the vessel sailed again; and I used to wonder sometimes whether he lay awake listening to the wind that howled in gusts round the house; he may have, but certainly there was always a look of unruffled calm and peace on his face when we met in the morning.

'Tis enough that Thou shouldst care,
Why should I the burden bear?

Our dear friend mended very slowly. It was more than a month before he could bear even to be driven up to Bishop's Court to receive the Holy Communion in the private Chapel, and some time longer before he could sit through the Sunday services. I cannot be sure whether he went first on Ascension Day. His own letters may inform you. I only remember how thankful and happy he was to be able to get there. He had felt the loss of the frequent Communions in which he could join all through his illness.

He was making a real step towards recovery, as can be seen in all his letters, which are again full of home interests and controversial subjects:—

Many thanks for Père Gratry; I much wanted his letters. I shall be glad to have 'Janus,' which I

have read, but it is a book that is more required for reference than to be read once and put aside.

No one can, I think, doubt that whatever be the issue of this Council, it has forced all thoughtful Romanists to think, and they will surely wake up to the consciousness of their position as a false one. Continental Protestantism can never be a home for one brought up as a Roman Catholic, and they know so little of the English Church. The Anglo-Continental Society may have done something. If only we were what we ought to be, they might learn from us to reform themselves, which is of course the real thing to hope and pray for. Proselytism is quite a mistake on all accounts. It seems to me that the immediate result will be a great increase of scepticism and infidelity, and general licentiousness; and then, after the seething process of fermentation, some hopeful change.

This letter was written on June 3; and by the 10th he was able to go and stay at St. Sepulchre's parsonage with Mr. Dudley, and attend the gathering at the Bishop of Auckland's Chapel on St. Barnabas Day; but the calm enjoyment and soothing indifference which seems so often a privilege of the weakness of recovery was broken by fuller tidings respecting the labour traffic that imperilled his work. A schooner had come in from Fatè with from fifteen to twenty natives from that and other islands to work in flax mills; and a little later a letter arrived from his correspondent in Fiji, showing to what an extent the immigration thither had come, and how large a proportion of the young men working in the sugar plantations had been decoyed from home on false pretences.

This was the point, as far as at the time appeared

in New Zealand. If violence had then begun, no very flagrant instances were known; and the Bishop was not at all averse to the employment of natives, well knowing how great an agent in improvement is civilisation. But to have them carried off without understanding what they were about, and then set to hard labour, was quite a different thing.

The difficulty is (he writes) to prove in a court of law what everyone acknowledges to be the case, viz. that the natives of the islands are inveigled on board these vessels by divers means, then put under the hatches and sold, ignorant of their destination or future employment, and without any promises of being returned home.

It comes to this, though of course it is denied by the planters and the Queensland Government, which is concerned in keeping up the trade.

There will always be some islanders who from a roving nature, or from a necessity of escaping retaliation for some injury done by them, or from mere curiosity, will paddle off to a ship and go on board. But they can't understand the white men: they are tempted below to look at some presents, or, if the vessel be at anchor, are *allowed* to sleep on board. Then, in the one case, the hatches are clapped on; in the other, sail is made in the night, and so they are taken off to a labour of which they know nothing, among people of whom they know nothing!

It is the regulation rather than the suppression of the employment of native labourers that I advocate. There is no reason why some of these islanders should not go to a plantation under proper regulations. My notion is that—

1. A few vessels should be licensed for the pur-

pose of conveying these islanders backwards and forwards.

2. That such vessels should be in charge of fit persons, heavily bound to observe certain rules, and punishable summarily for violating them.

3. That the missionaries, wherever they be situated, should be informed of the names of the vessels thus licensed, of the sailing masters, &c.

4. That all other vessels engaged in the trade should be treated as pirates, and confiscated summarily when caught.

5. That a small man-of-war, commanded by a man fit for such work, should cruise among the islands from which islanders are being taken.

6. That special legislative enactments should be passed enabling the Sydney Court to deal with the matter equitably.

Something of this kind is the best plan I can suggest.

It is right and good that the 'Galatea' should undertake such work; and yet we want a little tender to the 'Galatea' rather than the big vessel, as I think my experience of large vessels is that there is too much of routine; and great delay is occasioned by the difficulty of turning a great ship round, and you can't work near the shore, and even if chasing a little vessel which could be caught at once in the open sea, you may be dodged by her among islands. Yet the sense of the country is expressed very well by sending 'Captain Edinburgh' himself to cruise between New Caledonia, Fiji, and the Kingsmill Islands, *for the suppression of the illegal deportation of natives*. So reads the despatch which the Governor showed me the other day. He asked me to give such information as might be useful to the 'Galatea.'

With the Governor, Sir George Bowen, an old Oxford friend, Bishop Patteson spent several days, and submitted to him a memorial to Government, on the subject, both at home and in Queensland, stating the regulations, as above expressed.

His official letter to Sir George Bowen on the subject here follows :—

Auckland : July 4, 1870.

My dear Sir George,—You will, I am sure, allow me to remind you of our conversation on the subject of the intended cruise of H.M.S. 'Galatea' among some of the South Sea Islands to prevent the 'illegal deportation of natives from those islands' to the labour markets in Queensland and the Fiji Archipelago. You thought that it would be well for me to give you such information as I possess on this matter, and also to suggest some remedy for the present confessedly illegal traffic.

In the despatch which you kindly showed me, the Banks' Islands and New Hebrides' Islands are not mentioned. But as many natives have been taken away from those islands, and not improbably from the Santa Cruz Islands also, I think that they ought to be visited by any vessel instructed to prevent the illegal deportation of the natives.

1. I have requested Mr. Tilly to forward tracings of such of our charts of these islands as have not been already published by the Admiralty. You are aware that Mr. Tilly sailed the 'Southern Cross' for several years, and we have often tested and can rely on the accuracy of these charts.

2. I ascertained last winter that about 350 natives were taken during the year 1868 and a part of 1869 from the Banks Islands.

3. Some of these islanders were taken to Queensland and some to the Fiji Islands.

4. I enclose extracts from the Auckland 'Weekly News' of June 18, 1870, to show the necessary demand for labourers in the Fiji Islands.

5. With regard to *Queensland*, it rests with the Colonial Legislature to regulate this traffic by carrying out laws respecting the vessels licensed for the trade; the prohibition of any deception or violence being used towards the natives; the humane treatment while on board of such natives as freely offer themselves to labour in the plantations.

The Colonial Government is also charged with the duty of seeing that the natives are justly treated and honestly paid while on the plantations, and of enforcing the agreement made by the employers of labourers to take and send home the natives when their time of labour has expired.

It should also be provided that a certain time should also be allowed for the instruction of the natives wheresoever a teacher can be placed among them. Power should be given to a Board constituted for the purpose to watch carefully the working of these rules, and to punish summarily any violation of them.

6. With regard to the *Fiji Islands*, the difficulty is much greater. Many of the settlers and many of the sailing masters of vessels engaged in the traffic are not, or may not be British subjects.

Moreover, the subjects of the Queen settled in or trading to the Fiji Islands are not under the control of any Colonial Legislature.

7. On this ground and for other reasons also, it seems that *Imperial* Legislation is needed. It is clearly desirable that a uniform mode of dealing with

this question should be adopted in these or any similar fields of labour which may be created in countries not within the Queen's dominions.

The mode of licensing vessels.

The character and fittings of the vessels.

The number of natives that may be carried in vessels of a certain tonnage.

The rules concerning the seizure and forfeiture of unlicensed vessels engaging illegally in the trade, with other similar points, should be laid down by the Imperial Parliament.

8. The evidence of natives is not admissible in the Supreme Court of New South Wales, as it is in New Zealand. Yet without such evidence it is clearly impossible to secure to the islanders the protection of the law.

9. A man-of-war, the smaller the better, provided that she carries men enough to furnish prize crews, should be constantly cruising among the islands visited by these traders.

10. I do not advocate the suppression, but the regulation of this traffic. Deception, inhumanity, unjust detention of natives, and violation of agreements, are not necessary for the purpose of procuring and maintaining a supply of labourers for the plantations. Even on the ground of mere self-interest, it would pay the planters to deal kindly and honestly with their workmen.

As things now are, it is admitted that this 'system of so-called emigration is likely to degenerate, and probably has sometimes degenerated, into a practice approaching a slave trade, and perhaps actually amounting to it.' (Sir William Manning, Attorney-General of New South Wales.)

It is very difficult for even well-intentioned men to carry on this traffic honestly.

The dialects spoken in the Western Islands of the Pacific are almost innumerable.

There are no interpreters. Men employed by owners of vessels or by settlers as interpreters are quite unable to communicate freely, if at all, with the various islanders. A few sentences of broken English, with here and there a native word imperfectly understood and falsely pronounced, are supposed to convey to the native's mind an intelligible idea of what is called a contract. The vast majority of natives taken from their homes have no notion of the distance or character of the place to which they are carried, and of the work they have to do; of the length of time they are to be kept at work each day; of the time, whether months or years, when they are to be brought home, if indeed they are taken home at all. A *native* interpreter (*i.e.* an islander who has learned some English, and is used as a decoy to entice away his own people) is invariably an untrustworthy man, in the pay of the trader and ready with any lying story to induce natives to leave their home.

So also it is very difficult for the captain of a man-of-war to obtain reliable information of what is taking place in these islands. How, *e.g.*, at Santa Cruz Island is he to find out whether any violence has been committed by the islanders or traders? There is absolutely no means of communication with these natives. I am sure that no white man has set foot on Santa Cruz for many years, except myself, and I cannot speak a sentence of their language properly. A natural retaliation upon some perhaps unoffending boat's crew is in such circumstances the first

indication (in all probability) of some unhappy intercourse with some trading vessel. I do not see what good can be done by a man-of-war visiting islands, or rather attempting to communicate with islanders, where the languages are almost or wholly unknown.

The natives are naturally afraid of the 'Great Ship,' the guns, the number of men, except where missionaries have taught them that these are the very ships they need not fear, because they are specially sent to provide that justice shall be done to the white and coloured men alike.

A man-of-war can to some extent check an illegal traffic by occasionally intercepting vessels engaged in the trade without a licence, and by boarding licensed vessels and seeing that they have only the proper number of natives on board, &c.

But it is not possible to obtain from the great majority of the islanders of the Western Pacific any trustworthy account of what may have taken place among them, and it is useless to hope for any disinterested statement from the traders.

I remain, my dear Sir George,

Very truly yours,

J. C. PATTESON.

The 'Rosario,' Captain Palmer, had actually captured the 'Daphne,' a vessel engaged in capturing natives, and brought her into Sydney, where the master was tried; but though there was no doubt of the outrage, it was not possible to obtain a conviction; and a Fiji planter whom the Bishop met in Auckland told him that the seizure of the 'Daphne' would merely lead to the exclusion of the better class of men from the trade, and that it would not stop the demand for native labourers. It would

always pay to 'run' cargoes of natives into the many islets of Fiji; and they would be smuggled into the plantations. And there the government was almost necessarily by the whip. 'I can't talk to them,' said the planter: 'I can only point to what they are to do; and if they are lazy, I whip them.'

It was no wonder that Mr. Dudley thought the Bishop depressed; and, moreover, he over-exerted himself walking a mile and a half one day, and preaching in the little Church of St. Sepulchre's. He longed to return to St. Barnabas, but was in no state to rough it in a common little sailing vessel, so he waited on. 'I am very lazy,' he says: 'I can't do much work. Sir William and I read Hebrew, and discuss many questions in which his opinion is most valuable. I have business letters to write, *e.g.* about the deportation of islanders and about a clergyman whom the Melbourne people are helping to go to Fiji . . . This is perhaps a good trial for me, to be sitting lazily here and thinking of others at work!'

This was written about the middle of July, when the convalescent had regained much more strength, and could walk into town, or stand to read and write according to his favourite custom, as well as thoroughly enjoy conversations with his hosts at Taurarua.

> I never saw (observes Lady Martin) a larger charity united to a more living faith. He knew in Whom he believed; and this unclouded confidence seemed to enable him to be gentle and discriminating in his judgments on those whose minds are clouded with doubt.
>
> It was pleasant to see how at this time his mind went back to the interests which he had laid aside for years. He liked to hear bits of Handel, and other old masters, and would go back to recollec-

tions of foreign travels and of his enthusiasm for music and art as freshly and brightly as he had done in the first days of our acquaintance. But this was only in the 'gloaming' or late in the evening when he was resting in his easy chair.

At the end of July we were expecting a young relation and his bride to spend a week with us before returning to England, and we gave the Bishop the option of going to Bishop's Court for the time, where he was always warmly welcomed. Some years before, he would certainly have slipped away from the chatter and bustle; but now he decided to remain with us, and throw himself into the small interests around, in a way which touched and delighted the young couple greatly. He put away his natural shrinking from society and his student ways, and was willing to enjoy everything as it came. We had a curious instance at this time of the real difficulty the Bishop felt about writing sermons. He had not attempted to preach, save at Mr. Dudley's Church; but a week or two before he left us, Archdeacon Maunsell came to beg of him to preach at St. Mary's, where he had often taken service formerly. He promised to do so without any apparent hesitation, and said afterwards to us that he could not refuse such a request. So on Wednesday he began to prepare a sermon. He was sitting each morning in the room where I was at work, and he talked to me from time to time of the thoughts that were in his mind. The subject was all that was implied in the words, 'I have called thee by thy name,' the personal knowledge, interest, &c.; and I was rejoicing in the treat in store, when, to my dismay, I saw sheet after sheet, which had been written in his neat, clear hand as though the thoughts

flowed on without effort, flung into the fire. 'I can't write,' was said again and again, and the work put by for another day. At last, on Saturday morning, he walked up to the parsonage to make his excuses. Happily Dr. Maunsell would not let him off, so on Sunday the Bishop, without any notes or sermon, spoke to us out of the fulness of his heart about the Mission work, of its encouragements and its difficulties. He described, in a way that none can ever forget who heard the plaintive tones of his voice and saw his worn face that day, what it was to be alone on an island for weeks, surrounded by noisy heathen, and the comfort and strength gained then by the thought that we who have the full privileges of Christian worship and communion were remembering such in our prayers.

Our young friends sailed on Sunday, August 7; and we expected the Bishop to sail the next day, but the winds were foul and boisterous, and we had him with us till Tuesday morning, the 12th. Those last days were very happy ones. His thoughts went back to Melanesia and to his work; and every evening we drew him to tell of adventures and perils, and to describe the islands to us in a way he had scarcely ever done before. I think it was partly to please our Maori maiden, who sat by his side on a footstool in the twilight, plying him with questions with so much lively natural interest that he warmed up in return. Generally, he shrank into himself, and became reserved at once if pressed to tell of his own doings. He spoke one evening quite openly about his dislike to ship life. We were laughing at some remembrance of the Bishop of Lichfield's satisfaction when once afloat; and he burst into an expression of wonder, how anyone could go to sea for

pleasure. I asked him what he disliked in particular, and he answered, Everything. That he always felt dizzy, headaching, and unable to read with comfort; the food was greasy, and there was a general sense of dirt and discomfort. As the time drew nigh for sailing, he talked a good deal about the rapidly growing evil of the labour trade. He grew very depressed one day, and spoke quite despondingly of the future prospects of the Mission. He told us of one island, Vanua Lava, I think, where, a few years ago, 300 men used to assemble on the beach to welcome him. Now, only thirty or forty were left. He saw that if the trade went on at the same rate as it had been doing for the last year or two, many islands would be depopulated, and everywhere he must expect to meet with suspicion or open ill-will.

The next morning the cloud had rolled away, and he was ready to go forth in faith to do the work appointed him, leaving the result in God's hands. We accompanied him to the boat on Friday morning. Bishop and Mrs. Cowie came down, and one or two of the clergy, and his two English boys who were to go with him.

It was a lovely morning. We rejoiced to see how much he had improved in his health during his stay. He had been very good and tractable about taking nourishment, and certainly looked, and was all the better for generous diet. He had almost grown stout, and walked upright and briskly. Sir William parted with him on the beach, where we have had so many partings; and I meant to do so too, but a friend had brought another boat, and invited me to come, so I gladly went off to the 'Southern Cross,' which was lying about half-a-mile off. The Cowies were very anxious to see the vessel, and the Bishop

showed them all about. I was anxious to go down to his cabin, and arrange in safe nooks comforts for his use on the voyage. In half an hour the vessel was ready to sail. One last grasp of the hand, one loving smile, and we parted—never to meet again on earth.

So far this kind and much-loved friend! And to this I cannot but add an extract from the letter she wrote to his sisters immediately after the parting, since it adds another touch to the character now ripened :—

I think you are a little mistaken in your notion that your brother would feel no interest in your home doings. He has quite passed out of that early stage when the mind can dwell on nothing but its own sphere of work. He takes a lively interest in all that is going on at home, specially in Church matters, and came back quite refreshed from Bishop's Court with all that Bishop Cowie had told him.

What he would really dread in England would be the being lionised, and being compelled to speak here and preach here, there, and everywhere. And yet he would have no power to say nay. But the cold would shrivel him up, and society—dinners, table talk—would bore him and he would pine for his warmth and his books. Not a bit the less does he dearly love you all.

The brother and sisters knew it, and forebore to harass him with remonstrances, but resigned themselves to the knowledge that nothing would bring him home, save absolute disqualification for his mission.

His own last letter from Taurarua dwells upon the enjoyment of his conversations with Sir William Martin and Bishop Cowie; and then goes into details of a vision of obtaining young English boys to whom a

good education would be a boon, bringing them up at St. Barnabas, and then, if they turned out fit for the Mission there, they would be prepared—if not, they would have had the benefit of the schooling.

Meantime the 'Southern Cross,' with three of the clergy, had made the voyage according to minute directions from the Bishop. Mr. Atkin made his yearly visit to Bauro. He says :—

I hardly expected that when we came back we should have found the peace still unbroken between Wango and Hanè, but it is. Though not very good friends, they are still at peace. In the chief's house I was presented with a piece of pork, about two pounds, and a dish of *tauma* (their favourite), a pudding made of yams, nuts and cocoa-nut milk, and cooked by steaming. Fortunately, good manners allowed me to take it away. Before we left the village, it took two women to carry our provisions. A little boy came back with us, to stay with Taki. The two boys who ought to have come last year are very anxious to do so still.

July 12*th.*—We anchored the boat on the beach at Tawatana, and I went into the *oka* (public house) to see the tauma prepared for the feast. There were thirty-eight dishes. The largest, about four feet long, stood nearly three feet high. I tried to lift one from the ground, but could not, it must have been five hundredweight; the smallest *daras* held eighty or a hundred pounds. I calculated that there was at least two tons. When freshly made it is very good, but at these feasts it is always old and sour, and dripping with cocoa-nut oil. The *daras*, or wooden bowls, into which it is put, are almost always carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl shell.

There was a great crowd at the landing-place at Saa (Malanta) to meet us. Nobody knew Watè at first, but he was soon recognised. The boat was pulled up into a little river, and everything stealable taken out. We then went up to the village, passing some women crying on the way; here, as at Uleawa, crying seems to be the sign of joy, or welcome. Watè's father's new house is the best I have seen in any of these islands. It has two rooms; the *drawing-room* is about forty-five feet long by thirty wide, with a roof projecting about six feet outside the wall at the end and four feet at the eaves; the bed-room is about eighteen feet wide, so that the whole roof covers about seventy feet by forty. Watè's father lives like a chief of the olden time, with large property, but nothing of his own; all that he has or gets goes as soon as he gets it to his retainers.

August 3rd.—Went to Heuru. The *bwea* began about ten o'clock. A *bwea* means *a stage*, but the word is used as we speak of 'the stage.' There is a stage in this case about three feet square, twenty feet from the ground, walled in to three feet height on three sides, with a ladder of two stout poles. On the bwea sit or stand two or three men, on either side having a bag; visitors run up the ladder, put their money or porpoise teeth into the bags if small, give it to the men if large; and, if their present is worth it, make a speech a little way down the ladders. A party from a village generally sends up a spokesman, and when he has done go up in a body, and give their money. Taki was orator for Waüo, and I led the party with my present of beads, which if red or white pass as money. The object of a bwea is to get money, but it may only be held on proper occasions. The occasion of this was the adoption of

a Mara lad by the chief man at Heuru; to get money to pay the lad's friends he held a bwea that all his friends might help him. As he was a connection of Taki's, and Waüo is the richest of the settlements, he got great spoils from thence. . . . At Tawatana the young men put on *petticoats* of cocoanut leaves, and danced their graceful 'mao.' I had only seen it before at Norfolk Island; it is very pretty, but must be very difficult to learn; they say that not many know it. At Nora they danced another most dirty dance: all the performers were daubed from head to foot with mud, and wore masks covered with mud and ashes; the aim of the dance, as far as I could see, was to ridicule all sorts of infirmities and imbecilities, tottering, limping, staggering, and reeling, but in time and order. One man had a basket of dripping mud on his head which was streaming down his face and back all the time. A great point is that the actors should not be recognised.

Mr. Brooke was likewise dropped at Florida.

After this the rest of the party had gone on to Mota, where George Sarawia was found working away well at his school, plenty of attendants, and the whole place clean, well-ventilated, and well-regulated, in spite of which both Ellen and Marion had lost their infants.

A watch sent out as a present to Sarawia was a delight which he could quite appreciate, and he had sent back very sensible right-minded letters. Of Bishop Patteson's voyage the history is pieced together from two letters, one to the sisters, the other to the Bishop of Lichfield. Neither was begun till September, after which they make a tolerably full diary.

More than five weeks have passed since I left New

Zealand, more than three since I left Norfolk Island. Mr. Codrington and I reached Mota on the morning of the eighth day after leaving Norfolk Island. I spent but half an hour on shore with George Sarawia and his people; sailed across to Aroa and Matlavo, where I landed eight or ten of our scholars; and came on at once to the Solomon Islands. On Sunday morning (September 4) what joy to find Mr. Atkin well and hearty!

Joe had Stephen Taroniara with him, Joseph Watè, Samuel Rau-ma-rau, Benjamin Taronisako. He has done his work excellently. He has not Brooke's readiness in learning a language, and does not attempt therefore to speak to a great number of people, but his steady good sense and right-mindedness in dealing with the people is producing a great effect. He has boys waiting for us in five or six places.

Mr. Brooke, who took up his abode at the village of Mboli, had with him Dudley Lankana and Richard Maru, but they were a good deal absorbed by their relations, and not so useful to him as had been hoped, though they kept out of heathen habits, and remained constant to their intention of returning.

'Brooke,' says the Bishop, 'knows and speaks the one language of Anudha very well, for there is but one language, with a few dialectical varieties of course.'

A nice little house was built for him at Mboli, which I have always thought to be a very healthy place.

The coral grit and sand runs a long way in shore under cocoa-nut groves, but there is no very dense undergrowth. The wind when easterly blows freely along and is drawn rather upon the shore there.

Two miles to windward of Mboli is the good harbour of Sara, where the vessel anchored with us.

Brooke's house was raised on poles, five feet from the ground; the floor made of neat smooth bamboos, basket-worked. He had his table and two benches, one easy cane chair, cork beds, boxes, harmonium, and plenty of food.

Close to his house is the magnificent *kiala*, or boat house, about 180 feet long, 42 high, and about as many feet broad, a really grand, imposing place. Here Brooke, in surplice, with his little band, had his Sunday services, singing hymns, and chanting Psalms, in parts, in the presence of from 150 to 300, once nearly 400 people, to whom he spoke of course, usually twice, making two sermonets.

The island is unlike any other; much more open, much less bush, but it is not coral crag that crops out, but almost bare reddish rock, with but little soil on it, and the population, which is large, finds it hard to procure food.

Three brothers, Takua, Savai, and Dikea, are the principal men. Local chiefs exercise some small authority in each village. Anudha, or Aunta, is properly the name of a small island, for there is no one great mainland, but many islands separated by very narrow salt-water creeks and rivers, along which a skiff may be sculled.

Brooke has been over every part of it. His only difficulties arose from jealousy on the part of Takua and Savai, who, living at Mboli, were very wroth at his not being their tame *Pakeha*, at his asserting his independence, his motive in coming to teach all, and make known to all alike a common message. Especially they were indignant at his making up small parties of boys from different parts of the island, as

they of course wanted to monopolise him, and through him the trade. He has evidently been firm and friendly too, keeping his temper, yet speaking out very plainly. The result, as far as bringing boys goes, is that we have now thirteen on board, including Dudley and Richard, from six different parts of the island. But so vexed was Takua, that he would not fulfil his promise of sending his two little girls.

The fortnight spent in the Solomon Islands has been very fine; winds very light, and very little rain. We have at length got Stephen Taroniara's child, a little girl of about seven years old, Paraitaku, from the old grandmother and aunts. So, thank God, she will be brought up as a Christian child. She is a dear little thing.

This work of Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke in the easterly and more north-westerly parts of the Solomon Islands respectively, is the nearest approach that has yet been made to regular missionary operations there. Our short visits in the 'Southern Cross,' or my short three to ten days' visits on shore are all useful as preparing the way for something more. But it is the quiet, lengthened staying for some months among these islanders that gives opportunities for knowing them and their ways. They do everything with endless talk and discussion about it; and it is only by living with, and moving about constantly among them, that any hold can be gained over them. I think that the Mission is now in a more hopeful state than ever before in these islands.

Our parties of scholars are large. They trust quite little fellows with us, and for any length of time. True, these little fellows cannot exercise any influence for years to come; but if we take young men

or lads of sixteen or eighteen years old, it needs as many years to qualify them (with heathen habits to be unlearned, and with the quickness of apprehension of new teaching already gone) for being useful among their people, as would suffice for the arrival of these young children at mature age.

Three Tikopian giants had made a visit at Mota in the course of this year, attracted by the fame of the hospitality and fertility of the place. George Sarawia had got on well with them, and tried to keep them to meet the Bishop, but one of them fell sick, and the others took him away. This was hailed as a possible opening to those two curious isles, Oanuta and Tikopia, in so far as the 'Southern Cross' work was concerned. The Bishop continues, to his former Primate :—

On the whole, things seem to be going on favourably. The Banks Islanders are very shy now of the vessels sent to carry off men to Fiji or Queensland. They will find their way into the Solomon Islands soon. One, indeed, a cutter, has taken about twenty men from Ulava. They were all kept under hatches. We warn the people wherever we go.

The pressing question now is how to supply our young men and women, married Christian couples, with proper occupations to prevent their acquiescing in an indolent, useless, selfish life.

When their 'education is finished,' they have no profession, no need to work to obtain a livelihood for themselves, wives, and children. They can't all be clergymen, nor all even teachers in such a sense as to make it a calling and occupation.

Some wants they have—houses fit for persons who like reading and writing, a table, a bench,

a window becomes necessary. Coral lime houses would be good for them. They make and wear light clothing, they wash and cook on new principles, &c.; but these wants are soon supplied. Only a practical sense of the duty of helping others to know what they have been taught will keep them from idleness and its consequences. And how few of us, with no other safeguard against idleness, would be other than idle!

Some, I think, may be helped by being associated with us, and with their friends of the Solomon Isles, New Hebrides, in spending some months on shore, where they would soon acquire a fair knowledge of the language, and might be of great use to less advanced friends. This would be a real *work* for them. Just as Mission work is the safeguard of the settled Church, so it must be the safeguard of these young native Churches.

No doubt the Missionary spirit infused into the Samoan and Rarotongan Churches kept them living and fruitful. I am trying to think upon these points.

If the contrast be too violent between the Mission station with its daily occupations and the island life, it becomes very difficult for the natives to perpetuate the habits of the one amidst the circumstances of the other.

The habits acquired at Norfolk Island ought to be capable of being easily transferred to the conditions of the Melanesian isles.

They ought, I think, to wear (in the hot summer and on week days) light loose clothing, which could be worn at home; or clothing of the same shape and fit (though perhaps of warm materials) might be worn.

The circumstances of the two places must be dif-

ferent, but we must minimise the difference as much as possible,

I often think of the steady-going English family, with regular family prayers, and attendance twice at Church on Sunday, and the same people spending two months on the Continent. No opportunity is *made* for family prayers before the *table d'hôte* breakfast; and at least one part of the Sunday is spent in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, or in a different way from the home use. And if this be so with good respectable folk among ourselves, what must be the effect of altered circumstances on our Melanesians?

It is not easy to keep up the devotional life on shore at home, or in the islands, or on board ship with the same regularity. And where the convert must be more dependent than we ought to be on external opportunities, the difficulty is increased. So if the alteration be as little as possible, we gain something, we make it easier to our scholars to perpetuate uninterruptedly the Norfolk Island life.

To live with them and try to show them how, on their island, to keep up the religious life unchanged amidst the changed outward circumstances is a good way, but then we can't live among them very long, and our example is so often faulty.

Curiously do these practical difficulties make us realise that there may really be some benefit in artificial wants; and that probably the most favourable situation for the development of the human character is a climate where the necessaries of life are just sufficiently difficult of production to require steady industry, and yet that nature should not be so rigorous as to make living so hard a matter as to occupy the whole attention, and dwarf the mental faculties.

How remarkable is the date of the following thoughts, almost like a foreboding :—

September 19th, 10 A.M. (to the sisters).—We are drawing near Santa Cruz, about 100 miles off. How my mind is filled with hopes, not unmingled with anxiety. It is more than eleven years since we sought to make an opening here, and as yet we have no scholar. Last year, I went ashore at a large village called Taivè, about seven miles from the scene of our disaster. Many canoes came to us from that spot, and we stood in quite close in the vessel, so that people swam off to us.

They are all fighting among the various villages and neighbouring islets of the Reef Archipelago, twenty miles north of the main island. It is very difficult what to do, how to try to make a beginning. God will open a door in His own good time. Yet to see and seize on the opportunity when given is difficult. How these things make one feel more than ever the need of Divine guidance, the gift of the Spirit of Wisdom and Counsel and ghostly strength. To human eyes it seems almost hopeless. Yet other islanders were in a state almost as hopeless apparently. Only there is a something about Santa Cruz which is probably very unreal and imaginary, which seems to present unusual difficulties. In a few days, I may, by God's goodness, be writing to you again about our visit to the group. And if the time be come, may God grant us some opening, and grace to use it aright!

At Piteni, Matama, Nupani, Analogo, I can talk somewhat to the people, who are Polynesians, and speak a dialect connected with the Maori of New Zealand. I think that the people of Indeni (the native name for Santa Cruz) are also more than half

Polynesians; but I don't know a single sentence of their language properly. I can say nothing about it. They destroy and distort their organs of pronunciation by excessive use of the betel-nut and pepper leaf and lime, so that no word is articulately pronounced. It is very hard to catch the sounds they make amidst the hubbub on deck or the crowds on shore; yet I think that if we had two or three lads quietly with us at Norfolk Island, we should soon make out something.

Don't think I am depressed by this. I only feel troubled by the sense that I frequently lose opportunities from indolence and other faults. I am quite aware that we can do very little to bring about an introduction to these islanders; and I fully believe that in some quite unexpected way, or at all events in some way brought about independently of our efforts, a work will be begun here some day, in the day when God sees it to be fit and right.

(To the Bishop of Lichfield.)

September 27th.—Leaving Santa Cruz, we came to this group from Ulava with light fair winds; left Ulava on Saturday at 6 P.M., and sighted the island, making the west side of Graciosa Bay on the next Wednesday; sea quite smooth; thermometer reached 92½ degrees.

On Wednesday and Thursday becalmed. On Friday becalmed still, but by this time drifted to within three miles of Guerta Island. I knew little of the people there before. More than a hundred canoes visited us, and they 'had change' of us, for we could not move till a light breeze sprung up at noon. For six hours they were with us, and behaved very well. I can't to this day understand or speak a

sentence of the Santa Cruz tongue, so I could do nothing but make them as much at home as possible till one Maikè, a Matena man, came on board. He talks a pure Polynesian dialect, and with him I got on. I could not succeed at all in getting any volunteers.

On Saturday, dead calm near the volcano, Tenakulu ; streaks of fire at night, but not near so grand as in 1859.

Sunday.—Very calm, but a light breeze took us into Nukapu. A canoe came off, I made them understand that it was our day of rest, and that I would visit them *atainu* (to-morrow), a curious word. I gave a few presents, and we slowly sailed on.

Monday, 6 A.M.—Off Piteni, canoe off, went ashore, low tide, got into a canoe, and so reached the beach, people well behaved, much talk of taking lads, quite well understood. The speech is (you remember) very Maori indeed. There were some nice lads, but no one came away. Four canoes from Taumaho were here, and two Piteni men came back from Taumaho while I was on shore.

At Nukapu at 2.30 P.M. High water, went in easily over the reef by a short cut, not by our old winding narrow passage. I was greatly pleased by the people asking me on board, 'Where is Bisambe?' 'Here I am.' 'No, no, the Bisambe tuai (of old). Your *matua* (father). Is he below? Why doesn't he come up with some hatchets?'

So you see they remember you. A tall middle-aged man, Moto, said 'that he was with us in the boat in 1859, and he and I remembered the one-eyed man who piloted us.

I went here also into the houses. Here is a quaint place ; many things, not altogether idols, but uncanny, and feared by the people. Women danced

in my honour, people gave small presents, &c., but *no volunteers*. I could talk with them with sufficient ease ; and took my time, lying at my ease on a good mat with cane pillow, Anaiteum fashion. I told them that they had seen on board many little fellows from many islands ; that they need not fear to let their children go; that I could not spend time and property in coming year by year and giving presents when they were unwilling to listen to what I said, but they only made unreal promises, put boys in the boat merely to take them out again, and so we went away ἄπρακτοι.

There is a little weariness of spirits—not of spirit—in the contemporaneous words to the home party :—

I don't know what to write about this voyage. You have heard all about tropical vegetation, Santa Cruz canoes, houses, customs, &c. If indeed I could draw these fellows, among whom I was lying on a mat on Monday ; if you could see the fuzzy heads, stained white and red, the great shell ornaments on the arms, the round plate of shell as big as a small dinner plate hanging over the chest, the large holes in the lobes of the ears filled with perhaps fifteen or twenty rings of tortoise-shell hung on to one another ; the woven scarves and girdles stained yellow with turmeric and stamped with a black pattern : then it would make a curious sight for you ; and your worthy brother, much at his ease, lying flat on his back on two or three mats, talking to the people about his great wish to take away some of the jolly little fellows to whom he was giving fish-hooks, would no doubt be very 'interesting.' But really all this has become so commonplace, that I can't write about it with any freshness. The volcano in this group, Tenakulu, is

now active, and was a fine sight at night, though the eruption is not continuous as it was in 1859.

October 9th.—Near Ambrym [to the Bishop]. Some people from Aruas, the large western bay of Vanua Lava, had been taken by force to Queensland or Fiji. The natives simply speak of 'a ship of Sydney.'

Wednesday.—Aroa and Matlavo.

Henry Tagalana and Joanna and their baby Elizabeth, William Pasvorang and Lydia, and six others, all baptized, and four communicants among them, had spent five weeks on shore; a very nice set. Six of them lived together at Aroa, had regular morning and evening prayers, sang their hymns, and did what they could, talking to their people. Codrington went over in a canoe, and spent four days with them, much pleased. We brought three scholars for George from thence.

Thursday, Mota.—Codrington says the time is come, in his opinion, for some steps to be taken to further the movement in Mota. Grown-up people much changed, improved, some almost to be regarded as catechumens.

We left Mota, bringing all that were to come; indeed, we scarcely know what it is nowadays to lose a boy or man—a great blessing. There had been another visit of eleven canoes of Tikopians; friendly, though unable to converse, and promising to return again in two months.

October 11th.—A topsail schooner in sight, between Ambrym and Paama—one of those kidnapping vessels. I have any amount of (to me) conclusive evidence of downright kidnapping. But I don't think I could prove any case in a Sydney Court. They have no names painted on some of their vessels, and the natives can't catch nor pronounce

the names of the white men on board. They describe their appearance accurately, and we have more than suspicions about some of these fellows.

The planters in Queensland and Fiji, who create the demand for labourers, say that they don't like the kidnapping any more than I do. They pay occasionally from 6*l.* to 12*l.* for an 'imported labourer,' and they don't want to have him put into their hands in a sullen irritable state of mind. I *think* the traffic is dying out in the New Hebrides and Banks Islands.

First, the natives are very shy of these vessels.

Secondly: the more moveable part of the population has been already deported from the quieter islands, *e.g.*, those where the people have been somewhat influenced by intercourse with our scholars.

October 17th. About 300 *miles north of Norfolk Island.*—I called at Nengonè on Saturday. There has been much trouble, war between Naisilene and one chief, against the four heathen chiefs, who were supported by the two French priests. After some three weeks' desultory fighting, and the death of eighteen on the heathen and only one on the Christian side, the heathen people all made submission to Naisilene. Mr. Creagh looks on this as the final extinction of heathenism in Nengonè, for the heathens came to Neake, and said they would receive the Word. Naisilene is less hopeful.

Mr. Creagh had been in New Caledonia, whither Basset, the poor chief who had been banished to Tahiti for refusing to receive a French priest, had been allowed to return, on the Emperor Napoleon forbidding interference with Protestant missionaries or their converts.

Wadrokala and his wife and child were brought away, making up a number of 65 black passengers, besides the 60 scholars already at Norfolk Island. The weather throughout the voyage had been unusually still, with frequent calms, the sea with hardly any swell. And this had been very happy for the Bishop; but he was less well than when he had left Taurarua, and was unequal to attending the General Synod in New Zealand, far more so to another campaign in Australia, though he cherished the design of going to see after the condition of the labourers in Fiji.

He finishes his long letter to his former Primate:—

> It is perhaps cowardly to say that I am thankful that I am not a clergyman in England. I am not the man even in a small parish to stand up and fight against so many many-headed monsters. I should give in, and shirk the contest. The more I pray that you may have strength to endure it. I don't think I was ever pugnacious in the way of controversy; and I am very very thankful to be out of it.'

Indeed, the tone of the references to Church matters at home had become increasingly cautious; and one long letter to Mrs. Martyn he actually tore up, lest it should do harm. His feeling more and more was to wish for patience and forbearance, and to deprecate violent words or hasty actions—looking from his hermit life upon all the present distress more as a phase of Church history that would develop into some form of good, and perhaps hardly sensible of the urgency of the struggle and defence. For peace and shelter from the strife of tongues was surely one of the compensating blessings conferred on him. But, as all his companions agree, he was never the same man again

after his illness. There was a lower level of spirits and of energy, a sensitiveness to annoyances, and an indisposition to active exertion, which distressed him.

His day began as early as ever, and was mapped out as before, for classes of all kinds, Hebrew and reading; but he seldom left his room, except for Chapel and meals, being unable to take much out-door exercise. He did not see so much of his elder scholars as before, chiefly because the very large number of newer pupils made it necessary to employ them more constantly; but he never failed to give each of them some instruction for a short time every day, though with more effort, for indeed almost everything had become a burthen to him. Mr. Codrington's photograph taken at this time shows how much changed and aged he had become. The quiet in which he now lived resulted in much letter-writing, taking up correspondences that had slumbered in more busy times, as his mind flew back to old friends: though, indeed, the letters given in the preceding Memoir must not be taken by any means to represent the numbers he wrote. When he speaks of sending thirty-five by one mail, perhaps only one or two have come into my hands; and of those only such portions are of course taken as illustrate his life, work, character, and opinions without trenching on the reserve due to survivors. Thus multitudes of affectionate letters, participating in the joys and sorrows of his brother, his cousins and friends, can necessarily find no place here; though the idea of his character is hardly complete without direct evidence of the unbroken or more truly increasing sympathy he had with those whom he had not met for sixteen years, and his love for his brother's wife and children whom he had never seen.

Soon after his return to Norfolk Island came a

packet with a three months' accumulation of home despatches. He read and replied in his old conversational way, with occasionally a revelation of his deep inner self :—

I have been thinking, dear old Fan, about your words, 'There would be a good deal to give and take if you came home for a time;' less perhaps now, than before I was somewhat tamed by my illness. I see more of the meaning of that petition, 'From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; and from all uncharitableness.'

Alas! you don't know what a misspent life I looked back upon, never losing hold, God be praised, of the sure belief in His promises of pardon and acceptance in Christ. I certainly saw that a want of sympathy, an indifference to the feelings of others, want of consideration, selfishness, in short, lay at the bottom of very much that I mourned over.

There is one thing, that I don't mention as an excuse for a fault which really does exist, but simply as a fact, viz., that being always, even now, pressed for time, I write very abruptly, and so seem to be much more positive and dogmatic than I hope, and really think, is the case. I don't remember ever writing you a letter in which I was able to *write out* as I would have *talked out* the matter under discussion in all its bearings. This arises partly from impatience, my pen won't go fast enough; but as I state shortly my opinion, without going through the reasons which lead me to adopt it, no doubt much that I say seems to be without reason, and some of it no doubt is.

I need make no excuse for giving as much as possible of the correspondence of these last few months, when—

though the manner of his actual departure was violent, there was already the shadow, as it were, of death upon him.

"Norfolk Island: St. Andrew's Day, 1870.

My dearest old Tutor,—Many thanks for your loving letter of September 16. Indeed I ought to be ashamed of myself, leaving you so long without a letter. It is true that I am busy up to my full power of work now. From before 5 A.M. till soon after 9 P.M. when I go off to bed quite tired, I am *very* seldom alone. It is not all school time, of course; but so much of my work is done out of school hours, translations, a large business correspondence, accounts, and boys and girls coming quietly in to me to speak about their Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, &c. All very, *very* delightful, but all taking time, and taking it a good deal out of me. This is a great self-glorification, I see, in my attempt to make some excuse for not writing.

I *should* like to spend a quiet week with you and my aunt at Mapledurham! Just now I am much urged by friends on both sides of the world to go to England; but I should gain nothing by having medical advice there. I am quite satisfied that I know what is the matter with me, and the way to treat my malady; and the voyages, and the life in England, and the climate would be all much against my health. And I get on very well again now. Humanly speaking, I may do a good deal of work yet, rather in a quieter way perhaps than of old; but then I need not have any more adventures, except at one or two places perhaps like Santa Cruz. That stage of the Mission is past in a good many islands, and I can devolve some part of it on my really excel-

lent and very dear friends and helpers in the other islands. Brooke and Atkin (both in Priest's Orders) spent three months in their respective fields of work in the Solomon Islands, among wild fellows, (still practising at times cannibalism), and when you can get fellows to do this cheerily and making nothing of it, doing it as a matter of course, you may feel pretty sure you have fellows of the right stuff. So I think that, if needs be, I can afford to be lazy now.

English politics are beyond my ken altogether. I see society in a very rude state, and am almost tempted to think that an overwrought state of so-called civilisation is no great exchange for the better. But I am thankful that I need not try to understand it.

Church matters interest me more. It seems, indeed, as if this dogma of the Roman Council must drive all who regard Romanism as equivalent to Christianity into infidelity, while there is a good hope that the thoughtful, well-informed Romanists will look to the Church of England as their natural home. Would that we were united, and that former generations of English Christians had taken care to make the real doctrine of the English Church known on the Continent.

Then comes this fearful war! And all European politics will be changed. Just at this moment, Spain without a government; France weakened and infuriated; Italy ready, I suppose, for another attempt at Republicanism. What hope is there for peace and gradual advance in public happiness and prosperity?

It is almost a satire upon our boasted nineteenth century civilisation. I get bewildered with thinking

of it all; and am content to think in a general way, and pray for mercy to all as sufferers and sinners.

Good-bye, my dear Uncle. My kind love to my Aunt.

Your loving old Pupil and Nephew,
J. C. PATTESON.

December 2, 1870.

My dearest Joan,—Fancy my surprise at hearing that the box was actually come. All things in it are quite safe, and just what I wanted.

I am very glad to have Mr. Keble's Psalter. It helps one much to understand the meaning of the Psalms. The little boxes from Switzerland are very pretty, I think I must give away one or two. My daughter Lilgalson has just been baptized, a nice girl of some sixteen years, engaged to Wola, a communicant: she must have a present.

. . . . . .

Sunday Morning, December 4th.—At 7 A.M. we have presently our Communion Service. At 11 the regular Morning Prayer, no Litany, and to-day ten more young Melanesians will be baptized. On Thursday we marry three couples. More are coming on—are already Catechumens, *i.e.* regarded as soon to be baptized. Bice will be ordained Priest this day fortnight, when the new Church built by the Pitcairn people will be first consecrated and then used for the Ordination.

I see that the Liberal Bishops begin to take their line in the House of Lords.

My own continual hope and longing is to see the Synods of the Church real efficient bodies for the government of all those who choose to be so governed. This is the true panacea, I feel sure.

How great an interest you must feel in all the daily events taking place. We read all about them—three months' news at once, and even so it is difficult to keep calm.

A really thoughtful, well-informed French priest, who was with me some twelve years ago at Lifu wrote me a volume a year ago, congratulating me on not having compromised myself by attending the Lambeth Conference, &c.; and then went on, most earnestly and kindly, to urge upon me the consideration of many points, not one new or not known to me, in the course of which he admitted that the Blessed Virgin was only held to be occupying towards Our Lord on our behalf something of the same position that He occupies on our behalf towards the Godhead. He wrote it all quite innocently, as if no one could dispute it. But I know that the really learned Romanist is not really the slave of the system, only he defends a system which subjects nine-tenths of those who submit to it to ignorance and error confessedly—a thing not denied by their own candid apologist. I must end. Goodbye, you dear ones, and God bless you.

Your loving Brother,
J. C. PATTESON.

To Sir J. T. Coleridge the letter was:—

December 9, 1870.

My dearest Uncle,—How long it is since I wrote to you! . . . And yet it is true that I think more often of you than of anyone, except Jem, Joan and Fan. In fact, your name meets me so often in one way or another—in papers from England, and much more in books continually in use, that I could not fail to think of you if I had not the true, deep love that

brings up the old familiar face and voice so often before my eyes. . . .

I wish I could talk with you, or rather hear you answer my many questions on so many points. I get quite bewildered sometimes. It is hard to read the signs of our times; so hard to see where charity ends and compromise begins, where the old opinion is to be stoutly maintained, and where the new mode of thought is be accepted. I suppose there always was some little difference among divines as to 'fundamentals,' and no ready-made solution exists of each difficult question as it emerges.

There is reason for that being so, because it is part of our duty and trial to exercise our own power of discretion and judgment. But *so much* now seems to be left to individuals, and so little is accepted on authority. In Church matters I have for years thought Synods to be the one remedy. If men meet and talk over a difficulty, there is a probability of men's understanding each other's motives, and thus preserving charity. If one-twentieth part of a diocese insists upon certain observances which nineteen-twentieths repudiate, it seems clear that the very small minority is put out of court. Yet how often the small minority contains more salt than the large majority!

I know indeed I am speaking honestly, that I am not worthy to understand dear Mr. Keble on many points. 'The secret of our Lord' is with such men, and we fail to understand him, *nous autres* I mean, outside the sanctuary. Yet there is, I must confess it to you, my dear uncle, a something about his book on Eucharistic Adoration which has the character to me of foreign rather than of English divinity. I don't want to be exclusive, far from it. I don't want

to be Anglican *versus* Primitive; but yet somehow, to me, there is a something which belongs more to French or Italian than to English character about some parts of the book. It is no doubt because I can't see what to *his* eye was plain.

[An account of the voyage follows as before given.]

The islanders are beginning to find out the true character of the many small vessels cruising among them, taking away people to the plantations in Queensland, Fiji, &c. So now force is substituted for deceit. Natives are enticed on board under promises (by signs of course, for nowhere can they talk to them) of presents, tempted down below into the hold to get tomahawks, beads, biscuit, &c., then the hatches are clapped on, and they are stolen away. I have to try and write a statement about it, which is the last thing I can do properly.

[Then the history of the weddings and baptisms.]

There is another pleasant feature to be noticed. The older scholars, almost all of whom are Banks Islanders, talk and arrange among themselves plans for helping natives of the islands. Thus Edward Wogale, of Mota, volunteers to go to Anudha, 300 or 400 miles off, to stay there with his friend Charles Sapinamba of that island, to aid him in working among his people. Edward is older and knows more than Charles. They talk in Mota, but Edward will soon have to speak the tongue of Anudha when living there. B—— and his wife offer to go to Santa Maria, Robert Pantatun and his wife to go to Matlavo, John Nonono to go to Savo, and Andrew Lalena also. This is very comforting to me. It is *bonâ fide* giving up country and home. It is indicative of a real desire to make known the Gospel to other lands. So long as they will do this, so long I think

we may have the blessed assurance that God's Holy Spirit is indeed working in their hearts. Dear fellows! It makes me very thankful.

My clerical staff is increased by a Mr. Jackson, long a friend and supporter of the Mission. . . .

Atkin is a steady-going fellow, most conscientious, with a good head-piece of his own, diligent and thoughtful rather than quick. He and Bice read Hebrew daily with me, and they will have soon a very fair knowledge of it. Joe Atkin knows his Greek Testament very fairly indeed: Ellicott, Trench, Alford, Wordsworth and others are in use among us.

I wish you could see some of these little fellows. It is, I suppose, natural that an old bachelor should have pleasure in young things about him, ready-made substitutes for children of his own. I *do* like them. With English children, save and except Pena, I never was at my ease, partly I think from a worse than foolish self-consciousness about so ugly a fellow not being acceptable to children. Anyhow, I don't feel shy with Melanesians; and I do like the little things about me, even the babies come to me away from almost anyone, chiefly, perhaps, because they are acquainted at a very early age with a corner of my room where dwells a tin of biscuits.

To this day I shut up and draw into my shell when any *white* specimen of humanity looms in sight. How seldom do one's natural tastes coincide with one's work. And I may be deceiving myself all along. It is true that I have a very small acquaintance with men; not so very small an acquaintance with men passed from this world who live in their books; and some living authors I read—our English Commentators are almost all alive.

I think that I read too exclusively one class of

books. I am not drawn out of this particular kind of reading, which is alone really pleasant and delightful to me, by meeting with persons who discuss other matters. So I read divinity almost if not quite exclusively. I make dutiful efforts to read a bit of history or poetry, but it won't do. My relaxation is in reading some old favourite, Jackson, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, &c. Not that I know much about them, for my real studying time is occupied in translating and teaching. And so I read these books, and others, some German, occasionally (but seldom) French. Reuss, for example, and Guizot. And on the whole I read a fair amount of Hebrew; though even now it is only the narrative books that I read, so to say, rapidly and with ease.

I wish some of our good Hebrew scholars were sound Poly- and Mela- nesian scholars also. I believe it to be quite true that the *mode of thought* of a South Sea islander resembles very closely that of a Semitic man. And their state of mental knowledge or ignorance, too. It is certainly a mistake to make the Hebrew language do the work of one of our elaborated European languages, the products of thoughts and education and literary knowledge which the Hebrew knew nothing of. A Hebrew grammar constructed on the principle of a Greek or a Latin grammar is simply a huge anachronism.

How did the people of the time of Moses, or David, or Jeremiah *think*? is the first question. How did they *express their thoughts*? is the second. The grammar is but the mode adapted in speech for notifying and communicating thoughts. That the Jew did not think, consequently did not speak, like a European is self-evident. Where are we to find people, children in thought, keenly alive to the

outer world, impressible, emotional, but devoid of the power of the abstract thought, to whom long involved processes of thought and long involved sentences of speech are unknown? Consequently, the contrivances for stringing together dependent clauses don't exist. Then some wiseacre of an 18th or 19th century German writes a grammar on the assumption that a *paulò-post-futurum* is necessarily to be provided for the unfortunate Israelite who thought and talked child's language. Now, we Melanesians habitually think and speak such languages. I assure you the Hebrew narrative viewed from the Melanesian *point of thought* is wonderfully graphic and lifelike. The English version is dull and lifeless in comparison. No modern Hebrew scholar agrees with any other as to the mode of construing Hebrew. Anyone makes anything out of those unfortunately misused tenses. Delitzsch, Ewald, Gesenius, Perowne, Thrupp, Kay too, give no rule by which the scholar is to know from the grammar whether the time is past, present, or future, *i.e.*, whether such and such a verse is a narrative of a past fact or the prophecy of a future one. It is much a matter of exegesis; but exegesis not based on grammar is worth very little.

Really the time is not inherent in the *tense* at all. But that is a strong assertion, which I think I could prove, give me time and a power of writing clearly. Sir William Martin is trying to prove it.

All languages of the South Seas are constructed on the same principle. *We* say, 'When I get there, it will be right.' But all South Sea islanders, 'I *am* there, and it is right.' The time is given by something in the context which indicates that the speaker's mind is in past, present, or future time.

'In the beginning God *made*,' rightly so, but not because the tense gives the past sense, for the same tense *very* often *can't* have anything to do with a past sense, but *in the beginning* indicates a past time.

The doctrine of the *Vau conversive* is simply a figment of so-called grammarians; language is not an artificial product, but a natural mode of expressing ideas.

And if they assume that Hebrew has a perfect and imperfect, or past and future (for the grammars use all kinds of names), why on earth should people who have, on their showing, a past tense, use a clumsy contrivance of turning a future tense into a past, and *vice versâ*?

If people had remembered the language is not a trick invented and contrived by scholars at their desks, but a natural gift, simple at first, and elaborated by degrees, they could not have made such a mess.

The truth is, I think, that such a contrivance was devised to make Hebrew do what European scholars decided it must do, these very men being ignorant of languages in a simple uncivilized form.

But, my dear Uncle, what a prose! Only, as I think a good deal about it, you will excuse it, I know.

Well, it is time for the weddings! The Chapel looks so pretty, and (you can't believe it) so do the girls, Emma, Eliza, and Minnie, to be married to Edwin, Mulewasawasa, Thomas. The native name is a baptismal one, nevertheless, and a good fellow he is, my head nurse in my illness.

I can't write about politics. Then comes the astounding news of this fearful war. What am I to say to my Melanesians about it? Do these nations believe in the Gospel of peace and good will? Is

the Sermon on the Mount a reality or not? Is such conduct a repudiation of Christianity or not? Are nations less responsible than individuals? What possible justification is there for this war? It is fearful, fearful on every ground. Oh, this mighty belauded nineteenth-century civilisation!

Yet society has improved in some ways. Even war is not without its accompaniment of religion. And it brings out kindly sympathy and stimulates works of charity. But what a fearful responsibility lies upon the cause of the war. It is hard to acquit Louis Napoleon of being really the cause.

. . . . . .

There would be great pleasure in seeing all the younger ones, not equal of course to that of seeing *you* all; but as I get older in my ways and habits, I think that my mind goes back more to the young ones. True, I have a large family about me, 145 Melanesians here now. Yet there is the want of community of thought on some subjects, and the difficulty of perfectly easy communication with them. No Melanesian tongue is like English to me.

I wrote a first sheet, but filled it up with mere stupid thoughts about questions of the day, not worth sending. And this long letter, badly written, too, will weary your eyes.

I must end. My kindest love to Aunt, Mary, and all. Always, my dearest Uncle,

Your loving and grateful Nephew,

J. C. PATTESON.

Two letters of December 12 follow; the first to Bishop Abraham:—

St. Andrew's : November 28, 1870.

My dear Friend,—How can I thank you for your letters of August and September, so full of kind thoughts of me and for me.

The 'Guardians' up to September 7 are here ; and I have seen enough and too much of the difficulties thrown in the way of Revision by the Westminster scandal.

. . . . Sir Robert Phillimore's judgment is important indeed. The fact that Bennett's side was not represented accounts for the judgment occasionally having the appearance to me of the advocate's mind rather than the Judge's. But unquestionably the whole weight of learning, argument, historical evidence is on one side.

Yet I hardly dare to hope that men will accept it generally.

I should indeed deeply regret men leaving the Church because they were not allowed to hold what Sir R. Phillimore's judgment recognises as permissible.

Cosin has the phrase of the 'Presence for the purpose of the Sacrament,'—for the purpose of the intent and object of the institution, including, as an essential part, participation.

Ken says, 'Thou art present throughout the whole sacramental action to every devout receiver.'

I think these phrases express something of what I have been wont, vaguely enough, to think. Does it not seem as if in this great mystery it was not possible for men to express themselves consistently at all times ? From the early days down to our own time passages abound in the same writers, which, by a little ingenuity, might be worked into a catena expressing the different ways of regarding the

Eucharist. Unquestionably the sacrificial aspect has been almost wholly lost sight of in our Church for many years.

It seems a paradox to say that men miss the truth in regard to great mysteries by attempting to be consistent, *i.e.* consistent as it seems to men's minds. Was not that to some extent the account of Calvin's Predestination theory? and doesn't one see it even in St. Augustine? And so when a theory comes forward which accounts for everything and puts everything in its place, it has at once a *human* look about it, it is felt at once to be quite inadequate to express a Divine reality. There is to my mind something of this in such a book as Keble's 'Eucharistic Adoration.' The parallelism, symbolism, &c. are dealt with almost too scientifically. I think I like better Butler's way of showing the general principles to be harmonious and consistent, but of reserving a large province for simple, wondering adoring Faith. 'Our ignorance' is the proper answer to *such* enquiries, or your quotation from the Talmud, 'Teach my tongue to say, I do not know.'

I think that if I were in England, witnessing a quarter of what you see, I should find it natural and right to accept a great deal in the way of language and practice that seems rather strange to a person long unused to any congregational fervour or any vivid dogmatic teaching.

Much that is now taught in the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, is almost new to me: the Sacrificial side (so to call it) of the institution. Sir R. Phillimore's Judgment I read with great interest. Yet I want to know more. Even lengthy quotations don't satisfy. The whole tone and *animus* of the writer must be gathered from his whole work.

I confess that I don't find my ears accustomed to such expressions as 'Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.' If it is an accepted phrase nowadays with a meaning strictly ascertained and limited, it is of course, like any other phrase which has a clear meaning, useful in its place. But I can't but think that to the common mind—the vulgar—such expressions are always dangerous. The devotion is paid to the special Presence of the Lord. Will nine-tenths of our people be able to distinguish this from the assertion of a local Presence?—a Presence localised in the elements? Will not this have a material significance to them?

Judging from myself, I think many persons find it difficult to use such language without being entangled either in erroneous notions, or without, at all events, the necessity of going through a short mental process to preserve the mind from such notions, which interferes with simple devotion to some extent. Please give the enclosed to Mrs. Abraham.

Your very affectionate,

J. C. PATTESON.

My dear Friend,—I must find time to write a line, though I reserve my answer to your two kind letters to some other time.

This war is frightful! I have 'Guardians' up to September 7. What is to be the end?

I am reading Guizot's second set of 'Meditations' (1866), which have but just reached me: the clear and thoughtful sketch he gives of prominent modern schools of philosophy. I can't generally understand all those puzzles; but really I think I can take in something from him.

Codrington has just sent me over such a magnolia

blossom, the third seen in Norfolk Island. We have many and beautiful flowers; my room is fragrant now with familiar sweet-peas.

Our scholars here cost 4*l.* 17*s.* for the twelve months, but then I charge 10*l.*, because there are buildings, stipends, ship, to be paid, and we can't have scholars without houses and teachers and means of transport. The farm yielded about 400*l.*, putting our kumaras and maize at a cheap figure.

At *one* meal we consume nearly three hundredweight of kumaras. Our plum-puddings (29) on last Thursday, when three couples were married, took a hundredweight of flour, &c. Five more girls are to be baptized before long, and many lads.

Your affectionate

J. C. P.

Mrs. Palmer's picture of the brides, and of this, the last of the weddings the Bishop so enjoyed, may be acceptable. It went to Mrs. Abraham by the same opportunity.

Three were married a short time before Christmas; they, with five others, were baptized on Advent Sunday. They had been here about thirteen months, and had got on very well during that time, improved in every way. I think some of them are loveable girls, and it is pleasant to see them so happy and at home here.

They were a queer looking set when they first came, or I suppose I thought them so.

I got some of the older girls to give them a good wash all over in warm water, and then gave them the new clothes. They looked at me in such a curious way. They had heard of me, 'Palmer's wife,' from the others, but had not seen an English-

woman before. A few days after they came, I ran into their room with my hair down, and they exclaimed with wonder '*We ura ras*' ('very good'), almost shouting, and then I told them to feel it, and some kissed it with gentle reverence, as though it were something very extraordinary.

They are very kind and obliging in doing anything I want. They have to be looked after a good bit, but are very obedient. I did not imagine they would give so little trouble. They are great chatterboxes, and very noisy, but all in an innocent way. They seldom quarrel among themselves. I don't think their feelings are so strong as those of the Maoris, either of love or hate.

I wish you could have been present at the baptism. They looked so solemn, and spoke out very distinctly. They wore white calico jackets, and the Font was prettily decorated. The whole service was impressive, and not less so our good Bishop's voice and manner. They looked very nice, and it was amusing to see how they took it. Only one could I get to look in the glass; and she said the flowers were too large: the other two only submitted to being beautified.

I return to the Bishop's correspondence:—

Norfolk Island: Fourth Sunday in Advent, 1870.

My dearest Joan,—I am choosing a strange moment to write in. It is 8.30 A.M., and in an hour I am going to the New Church, built by the Pitcairners, to ordain Mr. C. Bice, Priest. I was up as usual early this morning, and I am not well, and feeling queer, and having already read and had Morning Chapel Service, I take now this means of quieting

myself. You see it is nearly three miles to the 'town;' the service will be nearly three hours; I don't quite know how I shall get through it. I thought of having the service here; but our little Chapel won't hold even our Melanesian party (80 out of 145) who attend public prayers, and of course the islanders want to see, and it is good for them to see an Ordination.

This is my first expedition to the town since I came from the islands. I shall have a horse in case I am very tired, but I would rather walk all the way if I can.

Just now I am headachy, and seedy too; but I think it is all coming right again. I hope to have a bright happy Christmas.

After this day's Ordination we shall number one Bishop, six Priests, and one Deacon. There are three or four Melanesians who ought soon to be ordained; and if it is possible for me to spend two or three months this next winter at Mota, I must read with George, and perhaps ordain him Priest. It troubles me much that during all these summer months there can be no administration of the Holy Communion, though there are six communicants, besides George, now living for good at Mota. There will be four or five next year taking up their abode at the neighbouring island of Aroa.

Dear Joan! At such times as these, when one is engaged in a specially solemn work, there is much heart-searching, and I can't tell you how my conscience accuses me of such systematic selfishness during many long years. I do see it now, though only in part. I mean, I see how I was all along making self the centre, and neglecting all kinds of duties, social and others, in consequence.

I think that self-consciousness, a terrible malady, is one's misfortune as well as one's fault. But the want of any earnest effort at correcting a fault is worse perhaps than the fault itself. And I feel such great, such very great need for amendment here. This great fault brings its punishment in part even now. I mean, there is a want of brightness, cheerfulness, elasticity of mind about the conscious man or woman. He is prone to have gloomy, narrow, sullen thoughts, to brood over fancied troubles and difficulties; because, making everything refer to and depend on self, he naturally can get none of that comfort which they enjoy whose minds naturally turn upwards for help and light.

In this way I do suffer a good deal. My chariot wheels often drag very heavily. I am not often in what you may call good spirits. And yet I am aware that I am writing now under the influence of a specially depressing disorder, and that I may misinterpret my real state of mind. No one ought to be happier, as far as advantages of employment in a good service, and kindness of friends, &c., can contribute to make one happy. And, on the whole, I know my life is a happy one. I am sure that I have a far larger share of happiness than falls to the lot of most people. Only I do feel very much the lack, almost the utter lack of just that grace which was so characteristic of our dear Father, that simplicity and real humility and truthfulness of character!

Well, one doesn't often say these things to another person! But it is a relief to say them. I know the remedy quite well. It is a very simple case for the doctor to deal with; but it costs the patient just everything short of life, when you have to dig right down and cut out by the roots an evil of a whole

life standing. I assure you that it is hard work, because these feelings of ours are such intangible, untractable things! It is hard to lay hold of, and mould and direct them.

But I pray God that I may not willingly yield to these gloomy unloving feelings. As often as I look out of myself upon Him, His love and goodness, then I catch a bright gleam. I think that you will not suspect me of being in a morbid state of mind. You will say, 'Poor old fellow! he was seedy and depressed when he wrote all that.' And that's true, but not the whole truth. I have much need of your prayers, indeed, for grace and strength to correct faults of which I am conscious, to say nothing of unknown sin.

The Ordination is over, a quiet solemn service. The new Church, which I had not seen, is very creditable to the people, who built it themselves. It is wooden, about thirty-six or thirty-eight feet high, will hold 500 people well.

Mr. Nobbs preached a very good sermon. I got on very well. Singing very good. Five Priests assisting in this little place!

Christmas Eve.—What a meaning one of my favourite hymns (xxxviii. in 'Book of Praise') has, when one thinks of this awful war, how hard to realize the suffering and misery; the rage and exasperation; the pride and exaltation! How hard to be thankful enough for the blessings of peace in this little spot!

Our Chapel is beautifully decorated. A star at the east end over the word Emmanuel, all in golden everlasting flame, with lilies and oleanders in front of young Norfolk Island pines and evergreens.

Seven new Communicants to-morrow morning.

And all things, God be praised, happy and peaceful about us. All Christmas blessings and joys to you, dear ones!

Christmas Day, 3 P.M.—Such a happy day! Such a solemn, quiet service at 7 A.M., followed by a short joyous 11 A.M. service. Christmas Hymn, one with words set to the tune for 'Hark! the herald Angels sing.'

You know we never have the Litany on Sundays, because everybody is in Chapel twice a day, and we of course have it on Wednesday and Friday, and every native Communion Sunday, *i.e.*, every alternate Sunday; we have no Communion Service at 11 A.M. as our Communicants have been in Chapel at the 7 o'clock service; so to-day, the Lessons being short, the service, including my short service, was over by 11.20.

Now we have a week's holiday, that is, no school; though I think it is hard work, inasmuch as the preparing plans for school lessons, rearranging classes, sketching out the work, is tiring to me.

Then I have such heaps of letters, which do worry me. But, on the other hand, I get much quiet time for some reading, and I enjoy that more than anything. Ten of our party were in Chapel at 11 A.M. with us for the first time. You know that we don't allow everyone to come, but only those that we believe to be aware of the meaning of Prayer, and who can read, and are in a fair way to be Catechumens. All these ten will, I hope, be baptized this summer.

We are obliged, seriously, to think of a proper Chapel. The present one is 45 ft. by 19 ft. and too small. It is only a temporary oblong room; very nice, because we have the crimson hangings, hand-

some sandal-wood lectern, and some good carving. But we have to cram about eighty persons into it, and on occasions (Baptisms and Confirmations, or at an Ordination) when others come, we have no room. Mr. Codrington understands these things well, and not only as an amateur archæologist; he knows the principle of building well in stone and wood. Especially useful is this knowledge here, where we work up our own material to a great extent. Our notion—his notion rather—is to have stone foundations and solid stone buttresses to carry a light roof. Then the rest will be wood. It ought to be about sixty feet by thirty, exclusive of chancel and apse. When we get all the measurements carefully made, we shall send exact accounts of the shape and size of the windows, and suggest subjects for stained glass by Hardman, or whoever might now be the best man. I hope that it won't cost very much, perhaps 500*l.*

December 21*st.*—We have not had a fine Christmas week, heavy rain and hot winds. But the rain has done much good. The Norfolk Islanders have much influenza, but we are at present quite free from it.

Yesterday I spent two hours in training and putting to rights my stephanotis, which now climbs over half my verandah. I have *such* Japanese lilies making ready to put forth their splendours. Two or three azaleas grow well. Rhododendrons won't grow well. My little pines grow well, and are about seven feet high. It is very pleasant to see the growth of these things when I return from the voyage. The 'pottering about' the little gardens, the park-like paddocks, with our sheep and cattle and horses, gives me some exercise every day. I go about quietly, and very often by myself, with a book.

After thinking of all kinds of things and persons, I think that my increased and increasing unwillingness to write is one proof of my not being so strong or vigorous. I can't tell you what an effort it is to me to write a business letter; and I almost dread a long effusion from anyone, because, though I like reading it, I have the thought of the labour of answering it in my mind.

Then again, I who used to be so very talkative, am taciturn now. Occasionally, I victimize some unfortunate with a flow of language about some point of divinity, or if I get a hearer on South Sea languages, I can bore him with much satisfaction to myself. But I am so stupid about small talk. I cannot make it. When I have to try with some Norfolk Islander, *e.g.* it *does* weary me so! Mind, I don't despise it. But instead of being a relaxation, it is of all things the hardest work to me. I am very dull in that way, you know. And sometimes I think people must take me to be sullen, for I never know how to keep the talk going. Then if I *do* talk, I get upon some point that no one cares for, and bore everybody. So here, too, I fall back on my own set of friends, who are most tolerant of my idiosyncrasies, and on my Melanesians who don't notice them.

Your loving Brother,

J. C. P.

In spite of this distate for writing, a good many letters were sent forth during the early months of 1871, most of them the final ones to each correspondent. The next, to Miss Mackenzie, is a reply to one in which, by Bishop Wilkinson's desire, she had sought for counsel regarding the Zulu Mission, especially on

questions that she knew by experience to be most difficult, *i.e.*, of inculcating Christian modesty, and likewise on the qualifications of a native ministry.

Norfolk Island : Jan. 26, 1871.

My dear Miss Mackenzie,—In addition to a very long and interesting letter of yours, I have a letter from my sister, who has just seen you at Havant, so I must lose no more time in writing.

First, let me say that I am as sure as I can be of anything that I have not registered, that I wrote to thank you for the prints long ago. Indeed, all these many gifts of yours are specially valuable as having been once the property of your brother, of whom it seems presumptuous for me to speak, and as having actually been used in Mission work in so distant a part of the world.

I need not say that Thomas à Kempis, his sextant, and his pedometer, are among my few real valuables. For the *use* of the prints, I can't say much on my own knowledge. My classes are for the most part made up of lads and young men, teachers, or preparing for Confirmation or Holy Communion. One class, always of younger ones, being prepared for Baptism ; and sometimes youths, new-comers, when we have to take in hand a new language. Those prints are not of much use, therefore, to my special classes. Most of them have passed beyond the stage of being taught by pictures, though they like to look at them. But Mrs. Palmer has been using them constantly with the girls' classes, and so with the less advanced classes throughout the school.

One difficulty will to the end be, that by the time we can talk freely to our scholars, and they can

understand their own language *employed as a vehicle for religious teaching*, they are not sufficiently supplied with books. True, we have translations of such parts of the Bible as quite enable us to teach all that a Christian need know and do; but I often wish for plenty of good useful little books on other subjects, and I don't see my way to this. Our own press is always at work printing translations, &c. It is not easy to write the proper kind of book in these languages, and how are they to be printed? We haven't time to print them here, and who is to correct the press elsewhere? The great fact in your letter is the account of Bishop Wilkinson's Consecration. I am heartily glad to hear of it, and I will send, if I can, now, if not, soon, an enclosure to him for you to forward. I doubt if I can help him by any means as to qualifications of candidates for Holy Orders, &c. Our work is quite in a tentative state, and I am sometimes troubled to see that this Mission is supposed to be in a more advanced state than is really the case.

For example, the report of a man going ashore dressed as a Bishop with a Bible in his hand to entice the natives away, assumes islands to be in a state where the conventional man in white tie and black tail-coat preaches to the natives. My costume, when I go ashore, is an old Crimean shirt, a very ancient wide-awake. Not a syllable has in all probability ever been written, except in our small note-books, of the language of the island. My attention is turned to keeping the crowd in good-humour by a few simple presents of fish-hooks, beads, &c. Only at Mota is there a resident Christian; and even there, people who don't know what Mota was, and what a Melanesian island, for the

most part, alas! still is, would see nothing to indicate a change for the better, except that the people are unarmed, and would be friendly and confiding in their manner to a stranger.

I hardly know how to bring my Melanesian experience to bear upon Zululand. The immorality, infanticide, superstition, &c., seem to be as great in a Melanesian island as in any part of the heathen world. And with our many languages, it is not possible for us to know the 'slang' of the various islands.

We must be cheery about it all. Just see what the old writers, *e.g.* Chrysostom, say about Christian (nominally) morals and manners at wedding feasts, and generally. Impurity is *the* sin, *par excellence*, of all unchristian people. Look at St. Paul's words to the Corinthians and others. And we must not expect, though we must aim at, and hope, and pray for much that we don't see yet.

What opportunity will Bishop Wilkinson have for testing the practical teaching power and steady conduct of his converts?

Many of our Melanesians have their classes here, and we can form an opinion of their available knowledge, how far they can reproduce what they know, &c. We can see, too, whether they exercise any influence over the younger ones.

Twelve (this season) are counted as sixth form, or monitors, or whatever you please to call them. [Then ensues an account of the rotation of industrial work, &c.]

The other day I was examining an Ysabel lad, not formally in school, but he happened to be in my room, as they are always hanging about (as you know). He knew much more than I expected: 'Who taught you all this? I am very well pleased.'

'Wogale,' was the answer.

Edward Wogale is George Sarawia's own brother, volunteering now to go to Anudha (Florida), near Ysabel Island. If I see that a young man (by his written notes, little essays so to say, analysis of lessons) understands what he has been taught; and if I see (by the proficiency of his pupils) that he can reproduce and communicate this teaching to others, then one part of the question of his fitness is answered. If he has been here for years, always well conducted, and if when at home occasionally he has always behaved well and resisted temptation; and perhaps I should add, if he is respectably married, or about to be married, to a decent Christian girl, then we may hope that the matter of moral fitness may be hopefully settled. Assuming this, and thank God, I believe I may assume that it is the case with several here now, as soon as a Deacon is required in any place that he is willing to work in, I should not hesitate to ordain him; but I can't specify exactly what his qualifications ought to be, because I can't undertake to settle the difficult question of what constitutes absolutely essential teaching for a Christian, *i.e.*, the doctrine of fundamentals. Practically one can settle it; and that quite as well as in England, where there is, and must be any amount of inequality in the attainments and earnestness of the candidates, and where no examination can secure the fitness or even the mental capacity of the minister.

I say to myself, 'Here is an island or a part of an island from which we have had a good many scholars. Some married ones are going back to live permanently. They are Christians, and some are Communicants. They wish to do what they can to get

the young ones about them for regular school and to talk to the older people. They all have and can use their Prayer-books. The people are friendly. Is there one among them of whom I can (humanly speaking) feel sure that, by God's blessing, he will lead a good life among them, and that he can and will teach them faithfully the elements of Christian truth and practice? If we all agree that there is such a one, why not ordain him?

But I want to see people recognising the office of Deacon as something very distinct indeed from that of the Priest. It is a *very* different matter indeed, when we come to talk about candidates for Priest's orders.

Again, look at the missionary clergy of old times. No doubt in mediæval times so much stress was laid upon the mere perfunctory performance of the ministerial act, as apart from careful teaching of the meaning and purport of the act, that the mediæval missionary is *so far* not a very safe model for us to imitate.

But I suppose that multitudes of men did good work who could no more comprehend nor write out the result of lessons that Edward, Henry, Edmund, Robert and twenty others here are writing at, than our English peasant can comprehend a learned theological treatise.

And we must consider the qualifications of one's native clergy in relation to the work that they have to do. They have not to teach theology to educated Christians, but to make known the elements of Gospel truth to ignorant heathen people. If they can state clearly and forcibly the very primary leading fundamental truths of the Gospel, and live as simple-minded humble Christians, that is enough indeed.

Perhaps this is as likely to make the Bishop understand my notions on the subject as any more detailed account of the course of instruction. I really have not time to copy out some ten or twelve pages of some older lad's note-book. I think you would be satisfied with their work. I don't mean, of course, the mere writing, which is almost always excellent, but there is a ready apprehension of the meaning of any point clearly put before them, which is very satisfactory. I am now thinking of the twenty or thirty best among our 145 scholars. This is a confused, almost unintelligible scrawl; but I am busy, and not very fresh for work.

Yours very truly,
J. C. PATTESON.

A letter to Bishop Abraham was in hand at the same time, full of replies to the information in one newly received from this much valued friend. After deploring an attack of illness from which Mrs. Abraham had been suffering, comes the remark—

You know what one always feels, that one can't be unhappy about good people, whatever happens to them. I do so enjoy your talk about Church works in England. It makes the modern phraseology intelligible. I know now what is meant by 'missions' and 'missioners' and 'retreats.'

I was thinking lately of George Herbert at Hereford, as I read the four sermons which Vaughan lately preached there, one on the Atonement, which I liked very much indeed. The Cathedral has been beautifully restored, has it not? Then, I think of you in York Minster on November 20, with that good text from Psalm xcvi. I read your letter on Tuesday; on which day our morning Psalms in Chapel are

always chanted, xcv xcvi, xcvii. The application seems very natural, but to work out those applications is difficult. The more I read sermons, and I read a good many, the more I wonder how men can write them!

Mind, I will gladly pay Charley ten shillings a sermon, if he will copy it out for me. It will do the boy good. Dear old Tutor used to fag me to write copies of the Bishop's long New Zealand letters, as I wrote a decent hand then. Don't I remember a long one from Anaiteum, and how I wondered where on earth or sea Anaiteum could be!

. . . . I want to hear men talk on these matters (the Eucharistic question) who represent the view that is least familiar to me. And then I feel, when it comes to a point of Greek criticism, sad regret and almost remorse at my old idleness and foolish waste of time when I might have made myself a decent scholar. I cram up passages, instead of applying a scholarly habit of mind to the examination of them. And now too, it is harder than ever to correct bad habits of inattention, inaccuracy, &c. I am almost too weary oftentimes to do my work anyhow, much less can I make an effort to improve my way of doing it. But I must be content, thankful to get on somehow or other, and to be able to teach the fellows something.

It is quite curious to see how often one is baffled in one's attempts to put oneself *en rapport* with the Melanesian mind. If one can manage it, they really show one that they know a good deal, not merely by heart, or as matter of memory, that is worth little; but they show that they can think. But often they seem utterly stupid and lost, and one is perplexed to know what their difficulty can possibly be. One

thing is clear, that they have little faculty of generalization. As you know, they seldom have a name for their island, but only names for each tiny headland, and bay, and village. The name for the island you must learn from the inhabitants of another island who view the one whose name you are seeking as one because, being distant, it must appear to them in its oneness, not in its many various parts. Just so, they find it very difficult to classify any ideas under general heads. Ask for details, and you get a whole list of them. Ask for general principles, and only a few can answer.

For example, it is not easy to make them see how all temptations to sin were overcome in the three representative assaults made upon Him in the wilderness; how love is the fulfilling of the Law; or how the violation of one Commandment is the violation (of the principle) of all.

Then they have much difficulty (from shyness partly, and a want of teaching when young) in expressing themselves. They really know much that only skilful questioning, much more skilful than mine, can get out of them. It wants—all teaching does—a man with lots of animal spirits, health, pluck, vigour, &c. Every year I find it more difficult.

To another of the New Zealand friends who had returned to England there was a letter on Jan. 31 :—

My dear Mr. Lloyd,—I must send you a line, though I have little to say. And I should be very sorry if we did not correspond with some attempt at regularity.

What can one think of long without the mind running off to France? What a wonderful story it is!

Only Old Testament language can describe it, only a Prophet can moralise upon it. It is too dreadful in its suddenness and extent. One fears that vice and luxury and ungodliness have destroyed whatever of chivalry and patriotism there once was in the French character. To think that this is the country of St. Louis and Bayard! The Empire seems almost systematically to have completed the demoralisation of the people. There is nothing left to appeal to, nothing on which to rally. It is an awful thing to see such judgments passing before our very eyes. So fearful a humiliation may do something yet for the French people, but I dread even worse news. It nearly came the other day to a repetition of the old Danton and Robespierre days.

Here we are going on happily . . . . I would give something to spend a quiet Sunday with you in your old Church. How pleasant to have an *old* Church.

Always yours affectionately,

J. C. PATTESON.

One of the letters to old friends, written at this time, was to the Rev. C. H. Travers, of St. Giles's, Reading:—

Norfolk Island: February 12, 1871.

My dear Friend,—I have lately seen the papers, and I find that you are moved off to Reading. I am very glad of this; you have, no doubt, work enough to satisfy anyone, and, I trust, strength to do it. How my mind goes back to old times! Sixteen years pass quickly, and yet it seems a long time since I saw the old faces.

I hear from time to time of you and Mrs. Travers from Joanna and Fanny, who are the best sisters that ever were; they never miss a single mail, and

write long chatty family letters about everyone and everything.

How you manage to live in the midst of such a turmoil and distraction, I can't make out. Not only wars and rumours of wars, but the daily distractions of penny and, I verily believe, halfpenny postage, congresses, meetings, missions, functions, &c. &c. Life in the islands is child's play to it.

I read something of the movements in Church and State; continually wondering and thinking, 'What would my dear Father say of it all?'

I have lately seen a capital, excellent little book, which you know of course: Canon Norris's 'Key to the New Testament.' Such books are valuable. There is evidence of much reading and more thought, and all condensed into a *2s. 6d.* book. His 'Catechism' is very valuable too, I think. Then I put much faith in Vaughan. He knows what is in men's thoughts, speaks fearlessly, with clear plain convictions of his own. His books, 'Characteristics of Church Teaching,' 'Comment on the Sermon on the Mount,' and many others, are very often in my hands.

Here we go on pretty well. I am greatly blessed in having such dear excellent friends and helpers. We are really one family, 145 Melanesians and even 12 or 14 whites.

My days for hard work are numbered, I think; but I do a good deal in a quiet way, and have little or no pain, though continual discomfort.

But you know that I have had infinitely great mercies and blessings all my life long. My kind regards to Mrs. Travers.

Always, my dear Dean,

Yours affectionately,

J. C. PATTESON.

Here is another renewal, evoked by the book above mentioned :—

Norfolk Island : February 14, 1871.

My dear Norris,—You have, I dare say, forgotten me. So many years have passed since we met in Balliol and Trinity rooms.

But the other day, when I was obliged to be in Auckland under the doctor's hands, I saw in Bishop Cowie's house two such admirable books by your brother, the Canon, that it stirred me up to think of, and now to write a line to you.

Those books, which are the result of much experience and much reading and more thought, are so valuable. Anyone who knows anything about such things can see the evident result of much hard work in every page, though there is no display of learning. Bishop Cowie tells me that the Canon is at work on the 'Acts,' and hopes to go to work before long upon the Old Testament.

If he can give us such a Key to the Old Testament as he has given to the New Testament, he will have done no small work in his generation.

We are now a party of eight clergymen, including George Sarawia of Mota Island, who is now the only Deacon among us ; all the rest are in Priest's orders.

Our Melanesians here number 145 of all ages, from, say, 28 or 30 to 6 months. But only three are under, say, 8 years of age, and not many under 10 or 12. Of these, 62 are baptized, and 10 or 12 will (D.V.) be baptized in a few days ; 24 are Communicants.

The trade—almost a regular slave trade—carried on by masters of small vessels, procuring, by fair means or foul, labourers for the Queensland and Fiji plantations, is interfering a good deal with the work-

ing of the Mission. Any of these natives that may be taken back to his island will be sure to do harm. Under such circumstances, the South Sea islander acquires all the low vulgar vices of the worst class of white men, and becomes, of course, demoralised, and the source of demoralisation to his people. Any respectable traveller among ignorant or wild races will tell you the same thing.

Codrington you know, I think. He is indeed invaluable. I don't know what we should do without him; and to me personally he is more than I can attempt to describe.

You meet, I suppose, Meyrick and others occasionally. Pray remember me to any old friends who may come across you.

I remain, my dear Norris,
Very truly yours,
J. C. PATTESON.

Norfolk Island: February 15, 1871.

My dear Bishop of Salisbury,—It is very kind of you to write to me. I have greatly enjoyed reading several times your letter of November 14. Your letters tell me more and make me understand more about Church and State affairs than any other letters I receive. So *if you can* find time to write occasionally, pray do so; it is a *very* great pleasure and much more than a pleasure to me to read your letters.

I feel sure that a small vessel which was wrecked on its way from Norfolk Island to New Zealand nearly two years ago, and in which many of my letters were lost, was carrying, among others, a letter to you. I am sure that I could not have let your gift of the 'Bampton Lectures' remain so long un-

acknowledged. I read and re-read them with very great interest. I find, as I think, the germ of them in quite early books of yours, in Winchester sermons, and in a little (in bulk) book of yours, which is a great favourite of mine, 'The Law of the Love of God;' besides 'The Great Forty Days,' &c. As for my lighting the match: well, a very tiny spark makes a very large cannon go off, it is true; but I am really quite unconscious of having had anything to do with it, though I would thankfully claim a one ten-thousandth share in it, if I could. I see that you read a paper on the same subject at the late Congress. I can't understand the view of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Joyce, and others. If historical precedent is to be employed always and rigidly in their way, it seems almost to interfere with the organic life and governing power of the Church. Unless, indeed, the exclusion of the laity from Synods is with them an essential fundamental part of Christianity, which can hardly be the case. My sister writes that a box was sent off in November—no doubt your gift of a photograph of your most beautiful Cathedral is in it. I hope it will arrive safely. Many thanks for it by anticipation. I see that the difficulty you mention about finding important and continuous work for Synods, without divesting the Bishops of duties and responsibilities which by law devolve on them, is a very real one. To call bodies into existence, and then leave them without sufficiently arduous and honourable employment, is not a very safe experiment. On the other hand, the Church must learn to govern itself now, that it may not be taken by surprise when the necessity for self-government arises. But you in England are surrounded and oppressed with difficulties; and it astonishes me to

see how you work on, and with such great success in the face of such trials and opposition.

I have not had time to read much about the Westminster case. And I feel sure that it is scarcely possible to arrive at a just conclusion on such a matter without knowing much more about it than can be gained from newspaper correspondence. I gather one thing from it—and that makes me sad—that the disposition to exaggerate and push questions of that kind to their utmost consequences (however improbable in fact) is by no means decreasing. There is surely what for want of a better word I may call a religious common sense, which ought to be allowed to have some weight in such matters. I did not like the tone of some part of the discussion in the Upper House of Convocation. But the few letters I have read in the papers I liked much less. It is a treat to be told a little from one of the Revision Committee of the work being done there. I have, but have not read, Bishop Ellicott's little book. I am tempted to reserve it as a great pleasure to look forward to, when (as often) weary and somewhat squeamish on board the 'Southern Cross.' Is there any hope of Bishop Ellicott ever giving us a Commentary on the Corinthians or Romans or Hebrews? I think I want, for myself especially, a Commentary from him on the Corinthians, in spite of your 'Five Clergymen's Revision,' which is, indeed, admirable. How much is being done for students of Holy Scripture. *Entre nous*, I don't expect quite as much from the Speaker's Bible as I hope to find in it. From Canon Cook's book on the 'Acts' I should feel much confidence in his editorship and his share of the work. Kay's book on the Psalms I like very much. But what is really the state of Hebrew

scholarship in England? It is very presumptuous of me to say anything about it; and yet the more I read of the English and German grammarians and commentators, the more I *seem* to see that they fail to understand a very essential point in the study of Hebrew, viz., the fact of Hebrew being the language of an illiterate people, being in fact a spoken language written down without being manipulated by the existence of a literature and an educated class of authors into the artificial style of a classical composition. In England and Germany alike men try to force Hebrew grammar into the forms of Greek and Latin or English or German grammars—try to make the Hebrew language express the thoughts of Jews of the time of Moses or David or the Prophets after the fashion of Plato or Thucydides or Cicero or Tacitus expressing the thoughts of the Greeks or Romans of their times.

Now we here have to do with only spoken languages, and we find (putting all theory aside, and *I have no theory*) that, as a matter of fact, all through the whole range of Polynesian and Melanesian languages, these races *say out* their thoughts almost precisely as Moses and the rest *wrote out* the thoughts of their own or their people's minds.

It is very hard to render Greek into a Melanesian tongue; but the Hebrew runs into it naturally. The great Hebraists have no daily intercourse with illiterate uneducated men; and they perhaps do not know or believe that there are millions of people now alive who *think* and *utter their thoughts* very much after the fashion of the Hebrew man. In some ways the Jew of old was more likely to resemble our friends here than he would resemble a modern German or Englishman. Unless we learn by years

of experience of uncivilised life among a people without books to divest ourselves of our artificial modes of thought and speech, we can't approximate to the mind of the Hebrew of old. Their laws on the question of the Hebrew tenses! No two grammarians are even agreed as to their names. Take many a verse of the Psalms, and you find Thrupp, Kay, Perowne, Delitzsch and others all rendering the unfortunate two tenses as present, perfect, future. There is a contrivance of an ingenious kind, unknown in any other language, unknown even in Arabic and Syriac, for converting one tense into another. This is not the way that people speak—it is a device of a school of grammarians. But the Hebrew could make his friend understand well enough that he meant the past or the present or the future; and such language as 'converting present or future into past,' and *vice versâ*, is applicable only to an artificial arrangement of scholars. This again bears on the interpretation of the Prophetical Books. Does the *tense* used really imply a prophecy of some future event? I can't get at any fixed *grammatical* rules from all our scholars put together. The *exegetical* interpretation rules the grammatical construction; which is an inversion of the true principle.

Dr. Pusey has some valuable notes in his 'Commentary on the Minor Prophets.'

Men like Delitzsch are determined that Hebrew grammar shall do the work of an elaborately constructed language. They don't know that millions of men say: 'I am there, it is night,' and understand each other just as well as we do with our cumbrous 'By the time I reach that spot it will be night.'

The Hebrew's mind (and his speech) moved on with his thought, and was present with the whole

range of ideas included in the thought. You agree with a Maori to make a long journey to-morrow ; to start very early at 4 A.M. to avoid being benighted. At 4.30 A.M. the Maori wakes you in your tent with the words '*Kua po*' = it is already night. What can be neater? more condensed? A native of our island looks on a poor fellow lying very ill, and turns away saying: 'He has died' = there is no hope of his living.

But I can't explain myself clearly. My sisters tell me I can't write English, and I think they must be right.

Only I do wish these points were taken up first, before we assume that the grammar of the Old Testament is understood.

To me with my very small knowledge of Hebrew, but with my mind accustomed to the mode of thought of people like the Hebrews without books and without an artificially constructed mode of expressing thoughts, the Historical Books are so graphic and vivid and lifelike in the Hebrew, and often so tame by comparison in the English—the rude primitive living speech is gone out of the words. The Books were meant to be read out with intonation, gesticulation, the inimitable living commentary of look and voice, and feeling in the voice supplying what commas and semicolons, and notes of interrogation, &c., never can supply. Well: I really beg your pardon for taking up your time with such a rhapsody.

I must try to find time for a letter to G. Ridding. I am thankful that the work of transforming the grand old College into some agreement with modern ideas has fallen into such good hands. It needs, indeed, a good earnest religious man to attempt such a work.

I see that everywhere you are hard at work to bring your schools up to the efficiency mark. I think that your diocese is in the very front of the education movement; a larger proportion of the people receiving already education there than in any other diocese.

You will like to hear of us. We have now eight Clergy in all, including George Sarawia, who is at Mota. There are here 140 Melanesians; the majority of them between twenty and twelve, some 10 or 12 between twenty and twenty-six, and some there are quite young. Of these 62 are baptized and 13 more will (D.V.) be baptized soon: 24 are Communicants + 7 in Mota. We are going on happily and with good hope; though I don't look for great or speedy results.

I am pretty well, but my illness has left permanent effects: I have a good deal of discomfort, and can't move about much; but I do pretty well, and have indeed many many blessings. I must leave off. With many thanks for your very kind letter, I remain, my dear Bishop,

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. C. PATTESON.

N.B. Does the verb express time? Does it not state a fact? 'In the beginning God *created*,' and Psalm xcvii. 'The Lord is King' = reigneth. The time is indicated in Genesis i. 1 by the words 'In the beginning,' not by the tense, for the same tense is used in Psalm xcvii. 1: 'The Lord *reigneth*.' but it would require a long *talk* to make my meaning at all clear. I notice in some grammars dissatisfaction with the common way of speaking of Hebrew tenses; and Dr. Pusey has some notes which, I really do think, indicate a possibility of his listening to Sir

William Martin (my teacher and the Bishop of Lichfield's great friend and adviser) if he (Sir William) were in England to expound his thoughts.

My own last letter came at the same time.

Norfolk Island: February 16, 1871.

My dear Cousin,—I must not leave your letter of last October without an instalment of an answer, though this is only a chance opportunity of sending letters by a whaler, and I have only ten minutes.

Your account of the Southampton Congress is a regular picture. I think I can see the Bishops of Winton, Sarum, and Oxon; and all that you say by way of comment on what is going on in the Church at home interests me exceedingly. You can't think what a treat your letters are.

You see Mr. Codrington is the only one of my age, and (so to say) education here, and so to commune with one who thinks much on these matters, which of course have the deepest interest for me, is very pleasant and useful. On this account I do so value the Bishop of Salisbury's letters, and it is so very kind of him to write to me in the midst of the overwhelming occupations of an English diocese.

I don't think you have mentioned Dr. Vaughan. I read his books with much interest. He doesn't belong to the Keble theology; but he seems to me to be a thoughtful, useful, and eminently practical writer. He seems to know what men are thinking of, and to grapple with their difficulties. I am pleased with a little book, by Canon Norris, 'Key to the New Testament': the work of a man who has read a good deal, and thought much.

He condenses into a *2s. 6d.* book the work of years.

You are all alive now, trying to work up your parochial schools to 'efficiency' mark—rather you were doing so, for I think there was only time allowed up to December 31, 1870. I hope that the efforts were successful. At such times one wishes to see great noble gifts, men of great riches giving their 10,000*l.* to a common fund. Then I remember that the claims and calls are so numerous in England, that very wealthy men can hardly give in that way.

Certainly I am spared the temptation myself of seeing the luxury and extravagance which must tempt one to feel hard and bitter, I should fear. We go on quietly and happily. You know our school is large. Thank God, we are all well, save dear old Fisher, who met with a sad boating accident last week. A coil of the boat raft caught his ankle as the strain was suddenly tightened by a rather heavy sea, and literally tore the front part of his foot completely off, besides dislocating and fracturing the ankle-bone. He bears the pain well, and he is doing very well; but there may be latent tetanus, and I shall not feel easy for ten days more yet.

His smile was pleasant, and his grasp of the hand was an indication of his faith and trust, as he answered my remark, 'You know, Fisher, He does nothing without a reason: you remember our talk about the sparrows and the hairs of our heads.'

'I know,' was all he said; but the look was a whole volume. . . .

Your Charlotte is Fisher's wife, you know, and a worthy good creature she is. Poor old Fisher, the first time I saw tears on his cheeks was when his wife met him being carried up, and I took her to him.

The mail goes. Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

It may as well be here mentioned that Fisher Pantatun escaped tetanus, lived to have his limb amputated by a medical man, who has since come to reside at Norfolk Island, and that he has been further provided with a wooden leg, to the extreme wonder and admiration of his countrymen at Mota, where he has since joined the Christian community.

The home letter, finished the last, had been begun before the first, on Feb. 11, '*his* birthday,' as the Bishop writes, adding :—'How as time goes on we think more and more of him and miss him. Especially now in these times, with so many difficult questions distressing and perplexing men, his wise, calm judgment would have been such a strength and support. You know I have all his letters since I left England, and he never missed a mail. And now it is nearly ten years since he passed away from this world. What would he say to us all? What would he think of all that has taken place in the interval? Thank God, he would certainly rejoice in seeing all his children loving each other more and more as they grow older and learn from experience the blessedness and infrequency of such a thoroughly united, happy set of brothers and sisters. Why, you have never missed a single mail in all these sixteen years; and I know, in spite of occasional differences of opinion, that there is really more than ever of mutual love, and much more of mutual esteem than ever. There is no blessing like this. And it is a special and unusual blessing. And surely, next to God, we owe it to our dear parents, and perhaps especially to him who was the one to live on, as we grew up into men and women. What should I have done out here without a perfect trust in you three, and without your letters and loving remem-

brances in boxes, &c.? I fancy that I should have broken down altogether, or else have hardened (more than I have become) to the soft and restful influences of the home life. I see some people really alone in these countries, really expatriated. Now I never feel that; partly because I have your letters, partly because I have the knowledge that, if ever I did have to go to England, I should find all the old family love, only intensified and deepened. I can tell you that the consciousness of all this is a great help, and carries one along famously. And then the hope of meeting by-and-by and for ever!'

'True to the kindred points of heaven and home.' Surely such loyalty of heart, making a living influence of parents so long in their graves, has been seldom, at least, put on record, though maybe it often and often has existed.

Again, on March 8:—Such a fit came over me yesterday of old memories. I was reading a bit of Wordsworth (the poet). I remembered dear dear Uncle Frank telling me how Wordsworth came over to Ottery, and called on him, and how he felt so honoured; and so I felt on thinking of him, and the old (pet) names, and most of all, of course, of Father and Mother, I seemed to see them all with unusual clearness. Then I read one of the two little notes I had from Mr. Keble, which live in my 'Christian Year,' and so I went on dreaming and thinking.

Yes, if by His mercy I may indeed be brought to the home where they dwell! But as the power of keen enjoyment of this world was never mine, as it is given to bright healthy creatures with eyes and teeth and limbs sound and firm, so I try to remember dear Father's words, that 'he did not mean that he

was fit to go because there was little that he cared to stop here for.' And I don't feel morbid like, only with a diminished capacity for enjoying things here. Of the mere animal pleasures, eating and drinking are a serious trouble. My eyes don't allow me to look about much, and I walk with 'unshowing eye turned towards the earth.' I don't converse with ease; there is the feeling of difficulty in framing words. I prefer to be alone and silent. If I must talk, I like the English tongue least of all. Melanesia doesn't have such combinations of consonants and harsh sounds as our vernacular rejoices in. If I speak loud, as in preaching, I am pretty clear still; but I can't read at all properly now without real awkwardness.

I am delighted with Shairp's 'Essays' that Pena sent me. He has the very nature to make him capable of appreciating the best and most thoughtful writers, especially those who have a thoughtful spirit of piety in them. He gives me many a very happy quiet hour. I wish such a book had come in my way while I was young. I more than ever regret that Mr. Keble's 'Prælectiones' was never translated into English. I am sure that I have neglected poetry all my life for want of some guide to the appreciation and criticism of it, and that I am the worse for it. If you don't use Uncle Sam's 'Biographia Literaria,' and 'Literary Remains,' I should much like to have them.

Do you, Fan, care to have any of my German books? I have, indeed, scarce any but theological ones. But no one else reads German here, and I read none but the divinity; and, indeed, I almost wish I had them in translations, for the sake of the

English type and paper. My eyes don't like the German type at all.

Moreover, now (it was not so years ago), all that is worth reading in their language is in a good serviceable English dress, and passed, moreover, through the minds of clear English thinkers—and the Germans are such wordy, clumsy, involved writers. A man need not be a German scholar to be well acquainted with all useful German theology. Döllinger is almost the only clear, plain writer I know among them. Dorner, the great Lutheran divine, gives you about two pages and a half of close print for a single sentence—awful work, worse than my English! . . . But I know that if I read less, and thought more, it would be better. Only it is such hard work thinking, and I am so lazy! I was amused at hearing, through another lad, of Edward Wogale's remark, 'This helping in translation' (a revisal of the 'Acts' in Mota) 'is such hard work!' 'Yes, my boy, brain work takes it out of you.' I wish I had Jem's power of writing reports, condensing evidence into clear reliable statements. Lawyers get that power; while we Clergymen are careless and inaccurate, because, as old Lord Campbell said, 'there is no reply to our sermons.'

What would I give to have been well drilled in grammar, and made an accurate scholar in old days! Ottery School and Eton didn't do much for me in that way, though of course the fault was chiefly in myself.

But most of all, I think that I regret the real loss to us Eton boys of the weekly help that Winchester, Rugby, and Harrow boys had from Moberly, Arnold,

and Vaughan in their sermons! I really think that might have helped to keep us out of harm!

It is now 4.30 P.M., calm and hot. Such a tiger-lily on my table, and the pretty delicate achimenes, and the stephanotis climbing up the verandah, and a bignonia by its side, with honeysuckle all over the steps, and jessamine all over the two water-tanks at the angle of the verandah. The Melanesians have, I think, twenty-nine flower-gardens, and they bring the flowers, &c.—lots of flowers, and the oleanders are a sight! Some azaleas are doing well, verbenas, hibiscus of all kinds. Roses and, alas! clove carnations, and stocks, and many of the dear old cottage things won't grow well. Scarlet passion flowers and splendid Japanese lilies of perfect white or pink or spotted. The golden one I have not yet dared to buy. They are most beautiful. I like both the red and the yellow tritoma; we have both. But I don't think we have the perfume of the English flowers, and I miss the clover and buttercup. And what would I give for an old-fashioned cabbage rose, as big as a saucer, and for fresh violets, which grow here but have little scent, and lilies of the valley! Still more, fancy seeing a Devonshire bank in spring, with primroses and daisies, or meadows with cowslip and clover and buttercups, and hearing thrushes and blackbirds and larks and cuckoos, and seeing trout rise to the flies on the water! There is much exaggeration in second-rate books about tropical vegetation. You are really much better off than we are. No trees equal English oaks, beeches, and elms, and chestnuts; and with very little expense and some care, you have any flowers you like, growing out of doors or in a greenhouse. You can make a warmer climate, and we

can't a colder one. But we have plenty to look at for all that. There, what a nice hour I have spent in chatting with you!

This same dreamy kind of 'chat,' full of the past, and of quiet meditation over the present, reminding one of Bunyan's Pilgrims in the Land of Beulah, continues at intervals through the sheets written while waiting for the 'Southern Cross.' Here is a note (March 14) of the teaching:—

I am working at the Miracles with the second set, and I am able to venture upon serious questions, viz. the connection between *sin and physical infirmity or sickness*, the *Demoniacs*, the *power of working miracles as essential to the Second Adam*, in whom the prerogative of the *Man* (the ideal man according to the idea of his original condition) was restored. Then we go pretty closely into detail on each miracle, and try to work away till we reach a general principle or law.

With another class I am making a kind of Commentary on St. Luke. With a third, trying to draw out in full the meaning of the Lord's Prayer. With a fourth, Old Testament history. It is often very interesting; but, apart from all sham, I am a very poor teacher. I can *discourse*, or talk with equals, but I can't teach. So I don't do justice to these or any other pupils I may chance to have. But they learn something among us all.

He speaks of himself as being remarkably well and free from the discomforts of illness during the months of March and April: and these letters show perfect peace and serenity of spirit; but his silence and inadequacy for 'small talk' were felt like depression or

melancholy by some of his white companions, and he always seemed to feel it difficult to rouse himself. To sit and study his Hebrew Isaiah with Delitzsch's comment was his chief pleasure; and on his birthday, April 1, Easter Eve, and the ensuing holy days, he read over all his Father's letters to him, and dwelt, in the remarks to his sisters, upon their wisdom and tenderness.

Mr. Codrington says: 'Before starting on the voyage he had confirmed some candidates in the Church in town: on which occasion he seemed to rouse himself with difficulty for the walk, and would go by himself; but he was roused again by the service, and gave a spirited and eloquent address, and came back, after a hearty meal and lively conversation, much refreshed in mind and body.' This was on Palm Sunday. On Easter Day he held his last confirmation of three girls and two Solomon Island boys.

Then came the 'Southern Cross,' bringing with her from New Zealand a box with numerous books and other treasures, the pillow that the old Bishop of Exeter was leaning on when he died; a photograph, from the Bishop of Salisbury, of his Cathedral, and among the gifts for the younger Melanesians, a large Noah's ark, which elicited great shouts of delight.

Well! [after mentioning the articles in order] all these things, and still more the thought of the pains taken and the many loving feelings engaged in getting them together, will help me much during the coming months. All the little unexpected things are so many little signs of the care and love you always have for me, and that is more than their own value, after all. I always feel it solemn to go off on these voyages. We have had such mercies. Fisher is

doing quite well, getting about on crutches; and that is the only hospital case we have had during the whole summer.

Then follows :—

April 27th.—We start in a few hours (D.V.). The weather is better. You have my thoughts and hopes and prayers. I am really pretty well: and though often distressed by the thought of past sins and present ones, yet I have a firm trust in God's mercy through Christ, and a reasonable hope that the Holy Spirit is guiding and influencing me. What more can I say to make you think contentedly and cheerfully about me? God bless you all!

So the last voyage was begun. The plan was much the same as usual. On the way to Mota, the Bishop landed on Whitsuntide Island, and there was told that what the people called a 'thief ship' had carried off some of their people. Star Island was found nearly depopulated. On May 16, the Bishop, with Mr. Bice and their scholars, landed at Mota, and the 'Southern Cross' went on with Mr. Brooke to Florida, where he found that the 'Snatch-snatch' vessels, as they were there called, had carried off fifty men. They had gone on board to trade, but were instantly clapped under hatches, while tobacco and a hatchet were thrown to their friends in the canoe. Some canoes had been upset by a noose from the vessel, then a gun was fired, and while the natives tried to swim away, a boat was lowered, which picked up the swimmers and carried them off. One man named Lave, who jumped overboard and escaped, had had two fingers held up to him, which he supposed to mean two months, but which did mean two years.

It was plain that enticing having failed, violence

was being resorted to; and Mr. Brooke was left to an anxious sojourn, while Mr. Atkin returned to Mota on his way to his own special charge at Bauro. He says, on June 9:—

> The Bishop had just come back from a week's journeying with William in his boat. They had been to Santa Maria, Vanua Lava, and Saddle Island; the weather was bad, but the Bishop, although he is tired, does not think he is any the worse for his knocking about. He is not at all well; he is in low spirits, and has lost almost all his energy. He said, while talking about the deportation of islanders to Fiji, that he didn't know what was to be done; all this time had been spent in preparing teachers qualified to teach their own people, but now when the teachers were provided, all the people were taken away. The extent to which the carrying off of the natives has gone is startling. It certainly is time for us to think what is to be done next. I do not think that it is an exaggerated estimate, others would say it is under the mark, that one half the population of the Banks Islands over ten years of age have been taken away. I am trying not to expect anything about the Solomon Islands before we are there, but we have heard that several vessels have cargoes from there. If the people have escaped a little longer for their wildness, it will not be for long.
>
> The Bishop still remained at Mota, while I went back to the Solomon Islanders. The cliffs of Mota, and perhaps the intelligence of the people, had comparatively protected it, though Port Patteson had become a station of the 'labour ships.' The village of Kohimarama was not a disappointment.

Bishop Patteson proceeds:—

Things are very different. I *think* that we may, without danger, baptize a great many infants and quite young children—so many parents are actually seeking Christian teaching themselves, or willing to give their children to be taught. I think that some adults, married men, may possibly be baptized. I should think that not less than forty or fifty are daily being taught twice a day, as a distinct set of Catechumens. Besides this, some of the women seem to be in earnest.

About two hours and a half are spent daily by me with about twenty-three grown-up men. They come, too, at all hours, in small parties, two or three, to tell their thoughts and feelings, how they are beginning to pray, what they say, what they wish and hope, &c.

There is more indication than I ever saw here before of a 'movement,' a distinct advance, towards Christianity. The distinction between passively listening to our teaching, and accepting it as God's Word and acting upon it, seems to be clearly felt. I speak strongly and habitually about the necessity of baptism. 'He that believeth, and *is baptized*,' &c. Independently of the doctrinal truth about baptism, the call to the heathen man to take some step, to enter into some engagement, to ally himself with a body of Christian believers by some distinct act of his own, needing careful preparation, &c., has a meaning and a value incalculably great.

'Yes, JESUS is to us all the source of pardon, light, and life, all these treasures are in Him. But He distributes these gifts by His Spirit in His appointed ways. You *can't* understand or receive the Gospel with a heart clinging to your old ways. And you can't remake your hearts. *He* must do it, and this is His way of doing it. You must be born again. You must be made new men."

But why write all this, which is so commonplace?

I feel more than ever the need of very simple, very short services for ignorant Catechumens.

They used to throng our morning and evening prayer, perhaps 130 being present, for about that number attend our daily school; but they could not understand one sentence in ten of the Common Prayer-book. And it is bad for people to accustom themselves to a 'formal' service. So I have stopped that. We baptized people have our regular service and at the end of my school, held in the dark, 7–8.30 P.M., in the verandah, we kneel down, and I pray extempore, touching the points which have formed the lesson.

I don't like teaching these adults who can't read a form of private prayer. I try to make them understand that to wish earnestly is to pray; that they must put what they wish for clearly before their own minds, and then pray to God for it, through Christ. But I must try to supply progressive lessons for the Catechumens and others, with short prayers to be read by the teacher at the end (and beginning, too, perhaps) of the lesson. Much must depend on the individual teacher's unction and force.

Well, I hope and trust to be able to tell you two months hence of some of these people being baptized. Only three adults have been baptized here on the island, and all three were dying.

It is very comforting to think that all of us have been engaged in this Mota work, Dudley, and Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Kerr, too, and all our present staff have had much to do with it. Especially I think now of three young men, all married, who came to me lately, saying, 'All these years (an interval of six or seven years) we have been thinking now and

then about what we heard years ago, when we were with you in New Zealand for a few months.' They are now thoroughly in earnest, as far as I can judge, and their wives, as I hope, move along with them. How one old set must have influenced them a long time ago. Bice, who speaks Mota very well, was very energetic during his fortnight here. He is now gone on with Mr. Brooke and Mr. Atkin that he may see the work in the Solomon Isles. I meant to go; but there seemed to be a special reason why I should stay here just now, vessels seeking labourers for Fiji and Queensland are very frequently calling at these islands.

Mr. Thurston, late Acting Consul at Fiji, was with me the day before yesterday. He has taken a very proper view of this labour question; and he assures me that the great majority of the Fiji planters are very anxious that there should be no kidnapping, no unfair treatment of the islanders. I have engaged to go to Fiji (D.V.) at the end of my island work, *i.e.*, on my return to Norfolk Island, probably about the end of September. I shall go there in the 'Southern Cross,' send her on to her summer quarters in New Zealand, and get from Fiji to New Zealand, after six or eight weeks in Fiji, in some vessel or other. There are about 4,000 or 5,000 white people in Fiji, mostly Church of England people, but (as I suppose) not very clearly understanding what is really meant by that designation. It is assumed that I am to act as their Bishop; and I ought to have been there before. But really a competent man might work these islands into a Bishopric before long.

We must try to follow these islanders into Fiji or Queensland. But how to do it? On a plantation

of, say, one hundred labourers, you may find natives of eight or ten islands. How can we supply teachers at the rate of one for every fifteen or twenty people? And there are some 6,000 or 7,000 islanders already on the Fiji plantations, and I suppose as many in Queensland.

Some one knowing several languages, and continually itinerating from one plantation to another, might do something; but I don't think a native clergyman could do that. He must move about among white people continually in the boats, &c. I ought to do it; but I *think* my day has gone by for that kind of thing.

I hope to judge of all this by-and-by. It might end in my dividing my year into Melanesian work as of old, and Melanesian work in Fiji, combined with the attempt to organise the *white* Church of England community, and only a month or two's work in Norfolk Island. To do this I must be in pretty good health. I may soon find out the limit of my powers of work, and then confine myself to whatever I find I can do with some degree of usefulness. We ought to make no attempt to proselytise among the Fiji natives, who have been evangelised by the Wesleyans. But there is work among our Western Pacific imported islanders and the white people.

Norfolk Island could be quite well managed without me. Mr. Codrington could take that entirely into his own hands. I might spend a month or two there, and confirm Melanesians and Norfolk Islanders, and quietly fall into a less responsible position and be a moveable clergyman in Fiji or anywhere else, as long as my strength lasts.

Norfolk Island certainly was rather my resting-

place. But I think I am becoming more and more indifferent to that kind of thing. A tropical climate suits me, and Fiji is healthy—no ague. Dysentery is the chief trouble there. These are notions, flying thoughts, most likely never to be fully realised. Indeed, who can say what may befall me?

Never to be fully realised! No. He, who in broken health so freely and simply sacrificed in will his cherished nook of rest on earth for a life so trying and distasteful, was very near the 'Rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

On June 26, the first public baptism in Mota took place, of one man, the Bishop and Sarawia in surplices in front of their verandah, the people standing round; but unfortunately it was a very wet day, and the rush of rain drowned the voices, as the Bishop made his convert Wilgan renounce individually and by name individual evil fashions of heathenism, just as St. Boniface made the Germans forsake Thor and Odin by name.

There were twenty-five more nearly ready, and a coral-lime building was finished, 'like a cob wall, only white plaster instead of red mud,' says the Devonshire man. It was the first Church of Mota, again reminding us of the many 'white churches' of our ancestors; and on the 25th of June at 7 A.M., the first Holy Eucharist was celebrated there. It is also the place of private prayer for the Christians and Catechumens of Kohimarama.

The weather was exceedingly bad, drenching rain continually, yet the Bishop continued unusually well. His heart might well be cheered, when, on that Sunday evening in the dark, he was thus accosted:—

'I have for days been watching for a chance of speaking to you alone! Always so many people

about you. My heart is so full, so hot every word goes into it, deep deep. The old life seems a dream. Everything seems to be new. When a month ago I followed you out of the *Sala Goro*, you said that if I wanted to know the meaning and power of this teaching, I must pray! And I tried to pray, and it becomes easier as every day I pray as I go about, and in the morning and evening; and I don't know how to pray as I ought, but my heart is light, and I know it's all true, and my mind is made up, and I have been wanting to tell you, and so is Sogoivnowut, and we four talk together, and all want to be baptized.'

This man had spent one season at St. John's, seven years before; but on his return home had gone back to the ordinary island life, until at last the good seed was beginning to take root.

The next Sunday, the 2nd of July, ninety-seven children were baptized, at four villages, chosen as centres to which the adjacent ones could bring their children. It was again a wet day, but the rain held up at the first two places. The people stood or sat in a great half-circle, from which the eldest children, four or five years old, walked out in a most orderly manner, the lesser ones were carried up by their parents, and out of the whole ninety-seven only four cried! The people all behaved admirably, and made not a sound. The last two places there was a deluge of rain; but as sickness prevailed in them, it was not thought well to defer the Baptism.

It was a day full of thankful and anxious feelings. I was too tired, and too much concerned with details of arrangements, new names, &c., to feel the more contemplative devotional part of the whole day's

services till the evening. Then, for I could not sleep for some hours, it came on me; and I thought of the old times too, the dear Bishop's early visits, my own fourteen years' acquaintance with this place, the care taken by many friends, past and present members of the Mission. The Sunday Collects as we call them, St. Michael's, All Saints', Saint Simon and St. Jude's calmed me, and my Sunday prayer (that beautiful prayer in the Ordination of Priests, 'Almighty God and Heavenly Father,' slightly altered) was very full of meaning. So, thank God, one great step has been taken, a great responsibility indeed, but I trust not rashly undertaken.

On July 4 the 'Southern Cross' returned, and the cruise among the New Hebrides was commenced. Mr. Bice was left to make a fortnight's visit at Leper's Island; and the Bishop, going on to Maia, found only three men on the beach, where there used to be hundreds, and was advised not to go to Tariko, as there had been fighting.

At Ambrym there was a schooner with Mr. Thurston on board, and fifty-five natives for Fiji. On the north coast was the 'Isabella,' with twenty-five for Queensland. The master gave Captain Jacob his credentials to show to the Bishop, and said the Bishop might come on board and talk to the people, so as to be convinced they came willingly, but weighed anchor immediately after, and gave no opportunity; and one man who stood on the rail calling out 'Pishopa, Pishopa,' was dragged back.

Mr. Bice was picked up again on the 17th, having been unmolested during his visit; but two of the 'Lepers,' who had been at Espiritu Santo, had brought back a fearful story that a small two-masted vessel had

there been mastered by the natives, and the crew killed and eaten in revenge for the slaughter of some men of their own by another ship's company some time back.

On the voyage he wrote to the Bishop of Lichfield.

Off Tariko, Sloop: July 8, 1871.

My dear Bishop,—Towards the end of April I left Norfolk Island, and after a six days' passage reached Mota. I called at Ambrym (dropping three boys) at three places; at Whitsuntide; at Leper's Island, dropping seven boys; Aurora, two places; Santa Maria, where I left B——, and so to Mota on the day before Ascension Day, and sent the vessel back at once to Norfolk Island for the Solomon Island scholars. All our Aroa and Matlavo party wished to spend Ascension Day with us; and after Holy Communion they went across with Commodore William Pasvorang in a good whale boat, which I brought down on the deck of the schooner, and which Willy looks after at Aroa. We want it for keeping up a visitation of the group.

Bice, ordained Priest last Christmas, was with me. We found George and all well, George very steady and much respected. Charles Woleg, Benjamin Vassil and James Neropa, all going on well. The wives have done less than I hoped; true, they all had children to look after, yet they might have done more with the women. [Then as before about the movement].

After a week I went off in the boat, leaving Bice at Kohimarama, the Mota station. I went to B—— first at the north-east part of the island; back to Tarasagi (north-east point); sailed round to Lakona, our old Cock Sparrow Point, where B—— and I selected one or two boys to stay with him at Tarasagi. Thence we

sailed to Avreas Bay, the great bay of Vanua Lava, B—— going back to Tarasagi by land. Heavy sea and rain; reached land in the dark 8 P.M., thankful to be safe on shore.

On to Aroa, where I spent two days; Willie and Edwin doing what they can. Twenty children at school; but the island is almost depopulated, some seven hundred gone to Brisbane and Fiji. I did not go to Uvaparapara; the weather was bad, I was not well, and I expected the 'Southern Cross' from Norfolk Island. Next day, after just a week's trip in the boat, I got to Mota; and the next day the 'Southern Cross' arrived with Joe Atkin and Brooke and some twenty-four Solomon Islanders, many of them pressing to stay at Norfolk Island, where about eighty scholars in all are under the charge of Codrington, Palmer and Jackson.

I sent Bice on in the 'Southern Cross,' as he ought to see something of his brethren's work in the north and west. I had just a month at Mota, very interesting.

I hope to spend three weeks more at Mota, if this New Hebrides trip is safely accomplished, and to baptize the rest of the children, and probably some ten or fifteen adults. All seem thoroughly in earnest. Some of the first scholars, who for years have seemed indifferent, are now among my class of thirty-three adults. It would be too long a story to tell you of their frequent private conversations, their stories, their private prayers, their expressions of earnest thankfulness that they are being led into the light.

Some of the women, wives of the men, are hopeful. George's old mother said to me, 'My boys are gone; George, Woleg, Wogale—Lehna died a Christian; Wowetaraka (the first born) is going. I must follow.

I listen to it all, and believe it all. When you think fit, I must join you,' *i.e.* be baptized.

It is very comforting that all the old party from the beginning are directly (of course indirectly also) connected with this movement. Some of those most in earnest now came under the influence of the early workers, Dudley, Mr. Pritt, &c.

We need this comfort.

From Mota some thirty or more have gone or been taken away, but the other islands are almost depopulated. Mr. Thurston, late Acting Consul in Fiji, was at Mota the other day seeking labourers. He says that about 3,000 natives from Tanna and Uvaparapara are now in Fiji, and Queensland has almost as many.

He admits that much kidnapping goes on. He, with all his advantages of personal acquaintance with the people and with native interpreters on board, could only get about thirty. Another, Captain Weston, a respectable man who would not kidnap, cruised for some weeks, and left for Fiji without a single native on board. How then do others obtain seventy or one hundred more?

But the majority of the Fiji settlers, I am assured, do not like these kidnapping practices, and would prefer some honest way of obtaining men. Indeed, many natives go voluntarily.

. . . .

In the Solomon Isles a steamer has been at Savo and other places, trying to get men.

Three or four of these vessels called at Mota while I was there. On one day three were in sight. They told me they were shot at at Whitsuntide, Sta. Maria, Vanua Lava, &c. And, indeed, I am obliged to be very careful, more so than at any time; and here, in

the North Hebrides, I never know what may happen, though of course in many places they know me.

We are now at our maximum point of dispersion : Brooke at Anudha, J. Atkin at or near San Cristoval, G. Sarawia at Mota, B—— at Santa Maria, Bice at Leper's Island, Codrington at Norfolk Island, I on board 'Southern Cross.'

Leper's Island is very pleasant, I longed to stay there. All the people wanting to come with us, and already discriminating between us and the other white visitors, who seem to have had little or no success there.

July 21st.—At anchor, Lakona, west side of Santa Maria. Pleasant to be quietly at anchor on our old 'shooting ground.' We anchored for a day and a night at Ambrym, near the east point, very safe and comfortable place. Nine lads from five villages are on board. I bought about three and a-half tons of yams there. Anchored again at the end of Whitsuntide, where I am thankful to say we have at last received two lads, one a very pleasant-looking fellow. That sad year of the dysentery, 1862, when Tanau died and Tarivai was so ill, two out of only three scholars from the island, made them always unwilling to give up lads.

Next day at Leper's Island. Anchored a night off Wehurigi, the east end of the high land, the centre part of the island.

Bice was quite fêted by the people. We brought away three old and twelve new scholars, refusing the unpromising old scholars. There is, I hope, a sufficient opening now at Ambrym and Leper's Island to justify my assigning these islands to Jackson and Bice respectively. . . . .

Our plan now is to take *very* few people indeed

from the Banks Islands to Norfolk Island, as they have a permanent school and resident clergyman at Mota. The lads who may turn out clever and competent teachers are taken to Norfolk Island, none others.

We must take our large parties from islands where there is as yet no permanent teacher: Ambrym, Leper's Island, the Solomon Islands.

Meanwhile the traders are infesting these islands, as Captain Jacobs says, 'like mosquitoes.' Three vessels anchored at Mai during the day I was there. Three different vessels were at Ambrym. To-day I saw four, three anchored together near the north-east side of Santa Maria. B—— saw six yesterday.

The people now refuse to go in them, they are much exasperated at their people being kept away so long. Sad scenes are occurring. Several white men have been killed, boats' crews cut off, vessels wrecked.

We shall hear more of such doings; and really I can't blame the islanders. They are perfectly friendly to friends; though there is much suspicion shown even towards us, where we are not well known.

As far as I can speak of my own plans, I hope to stay at Mota for a time, till the 'Southern Cross' returns from Norfolk Island; then go to the Solomon Islands; return, by way of Santa Cruz and probably Tikopia, to Mota; thence to Norfolk Island; thence probably to New Zealand, to take the steamer for Fiji. We have no chart on board of Fiji; and I don't think it right to run the risk of getting somehow to Levuka, with only the general chart of the South Pacific, so I must go, as I think, to New Zealand, and either take the steamer or procure charts, and perhaps take Mr. Tilly as pilot. I don't like it: it will be very cold; but then I shall (D.V.)

see our dear Taurarua friends, the good Bishop and others, and get advice about my Fiji movements. The Church of England folk there regard me as their Bishop, I understand; and the Bishops of Sydney and Melbourne assume this to be the fitting course. A really able energetic man might do much there, and, in five years, would be Bishop of Levuka.

This is all of Melanesia and myself; but you will like to have this scrawl read to you.

How I think of you as I cruise about the old familiar places, and think that you would like to have another trip, and see the old scenes with here and there, thank God, some little changes for the better. Best love, my dear dear Bishop, to Mrs. Selwyn, William and John.

Your very affectionate

J. C. PATTESON.

About forty, old scholars and new, had been collected and brought back to Mota; where, after landing the Bishop, Captain Jacobs sailed back to Norfolk Island, carrying with him the last letters that were to be received and read as from a living man. All that follow only came in after the telegram which announced that the hand that had written them was resting beneath the Pacific waters. But this was not until it had been granted to him to gather in his harvest in Mota, as will be seen :—

Mota : July 31, 1871.

My dearest Sisters,—You will be glad to know that on my return hither after three weeks' absence, I found no diminution of strong earnest feeling among the people. George Sarawia had, indeed, been unable to do very much in the way of teaching 60 or 90 men and women, but he had done his best, and

the 100 younger people were going on with their schooling regularly. I at once told the people that those who wished to be baptized must let me know; and out of some 30 or 40 who are all, I think, in earnest, 15 and some few women are to be baptized next Sunday. These will be the first grown-up people, save John Wilgan, baptized *in Mota*, except a few when in an almost dying state. They think and speak much of the fact that so many of their children have been baptized, they wish to belong to the same set. But I believe them all to be fairly well instructed in the great elementary truths. They can't read; all the teaching is oral, no objection in my eyes. It may be dangerous to admit it, but I am convinced that all that we can do is to elevate *some few of the most intelligent* islanders *well*, so that they can teach others, and be content with careful oral teaching for the rest. How few persons even among ourselves know how to *use* a book! And these poor fellows, for I can only except a percentage of our scholars, have not so completely mastered the mechanical difficulty of reading as to leave their minds free for examination of the meaning and sense of what they read. I don't undervalue a good education, as you know. But I feel that but few of these islanders can ever be book-learned; and I would sooner see them content to be taught plain truths by qualified persons than puzzling themselves to no purpose by the doubtful use of their little learning. You know that I don't want to act the Romish Priest among them. I don't want to domineer at all. And I do teach reading and writing to all that come into our regular school, and I make them read passages to verify my teaching. At the same time, I feel that the Protestant complaint of

'shutting up the Bible from the laity' is the complaint of educated persons able to read, think and reflect.

The main difficulty is, of course, to secure a supply of really competent teachers. George, Edward, Henry, Robert, and some three or four others are trustworthy. I comfort myself by thinking that a great many of the mediæval Clergy certainly did not know as much nor teach as well.

Yesterday I baptized 41 more children and infants on again an unpropitious day. I was obliged to leave 42 to be baptized at some future time. The rain poured down. The people will bring them over to-morrow. The whole number of infants and children will amount to 230 or more, of adults to perhaps 25 or 30. You will pray earnestly for them that they may lead the rest of their lives 'according to this beginning.'

There is much talk, something more than talk, I think, about putting up a large church-house here, on *this* side of the island (north-west side) and of a school-house, for church also, on the south-east side.

We have all heavy coughs and colds; and I have had two or three very disturbed nights, owing to the illness of one of the many babies. The little thing howls all night.

All our means of housing people are exhausted. People flock here for the sake of being taught. Four new houses have been built, three are being built. We shall have a large Christian village here soon, I hope and trust. At present every place is crammed, and 25 or 30 sleep on the verandah. The little cooking house holds somehow or other about 24 boys, they pack close, not being burdened with clothes and four-posters. I sleep on a table, people under and around it. I am very well, barring this heavy and

almost total loss of voice for a few hours in the morning and evening.

August 1st.—Very tired 7 A.M., Prayers 7.20–8.20, school 8.20–10; baptized 55 infants and young children. Now it is past 1; a boisterous day, though as yet no rain. I had a cup of cocoa at 6.30, and at 10.30 a plate of rice and a couple of eggs, nice clean fare. The weather is against me, so cold, wet, and so boisterous. I got a good night though, for I sent Mrs. Rhoda and her squalling baby to another house, and so slept quietly.

I am sorry that teaching is so irksome to me. I am, *in a sense*, at it all day. But there is so much to be done, and the people, worthy souls, have no idea that one can ever be tired. After I was laid down on my table, with my air-pillow under my hand and my plaid over me, I woke up from a doze to find the worthy Tanoagnene sitting with his face towards me, waiting for a talk about the rather comprehensive subject of Baptism.

And at all odd times I ought to be teaching George and others how to teach, the hardest work of all. I think what a life a real pedagogue must have of it. There is so much variety with me, so much change and holiday, and so much that has its special interest.

The 'Southern Cross' has been gone a week. I hope they have not this kind of weather. If they have, they are getting a good knocking about, and they number about 55 on board.

August 6th.—To-day there is no rain, for the first time for weeks. It blew a heavy gale all night, and had done so with heavy rain for some days before.

At 8 A.M. to-day I baptized 14 grown men, one an old bald man, and another with a son of sixteen

or so, five women and six lads, taught entirely in George's school. Afterwards, at a different service, 7 infants and little children were baptized. 238 + 5 who have died have now been baptized since the beginning of July. To-day's service was very comforting. I pray and trust that these grown-up men and women may be kept steadfast to their profession. It is a great blessing that I could think it right to take this step. You will, I know, pray for them; their position is necessarily a difficult one.

It is 2 P.M., and I feel tired: the crowds are gone, though little fellows are as usual sitting all round one. I tell them I can't talk; I must sit quietly, with Charlotte Yonge's 'Pupils of St. John the Divine.' Dear me, what advantage young folks have nowadays, though indeed the dangers of these times far outweigh those of our young days.

I suppose Lightfoot's 'Commentaries' hardly come in your way. They are critical and learned on the Greek of St. Paul's Epistles. But there are dissertations which may be read by the English reader. He seems to me to be a very valuable man, well fitted by his learning, and moderation, and impartiality, and uncontroversial temper to do much good. His sympathies with the modern school of thought are, I fancy, beyond me.

There is no doubt that Matthew Arnold says much that is true of the narrowness, bigotry, and jealous unchristian temper of Puritanism; and I suppose no one doubts that they do misrepresent the true doctrine of Christianity, both by their exclusive devotion to one side only of the teaching of the Bible, and by their misconception of their own favourite portions of Scripture. The doctrine of the Atonement was never in ancient times, I believe,

drawn out in the form in which Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and others have lately stated it.

The fact of the Atonement through the Death of Christ was always clearly stated; the manner, the '*why*,' the '*how*' man's Redemption and Reconciliation to God is thus brought about, was not taught, if at all, after the Protestant fashion.

Oxenham's 'History of the Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement' is a fairly-written statement of what was formerly held and taught. Such words as 'substitution,' 'satisfaction,' with all the ideas introduced into the subject from the use of illustrations, *e.g.* of criminals acquitted, debts discharged, have perplexed perhaps, rather than explained, what must be beyond explanation.

The ultra-Calvinistic view becomes in the mind and language of the hot-headed ignorant fanatic a denial of God's Unity. 'The merciful Son appeasing the wrath of the angry Father' is language which implies two Wills, two Counsels in the Divine Mind (compare with this John iii. 16).

I suppose that an irreverent man, being partly disgusted with the popular theology, having no scruples about putting aside Inspiration, &c. and conceiving that he himself is an adequate representative of the nineteenth century's intelligence, and that the nineteenth century's intelligence is most profound and infallible, sets to work to demolish what is distateful to himself, and what the unerring criticism of the day rejects, correcting St. Paul's mistakes, patronising him whenever he is fortunate enough to receive the approbation of the great thinkers of our day, and so constructs a vague 'human' religion out of the Christianity which he criticises, eliminating all that lies beyond the specu-

lative range of the mind, and that demands assent by its own authority as God's Revelation. I don't know how to state briefly what I mean.

I think I can understand that this temper of mind is very prevalent in England now, and that I can partly trace the growth of it. Moreover, I feel that to ignore, despise, or denounce it, will do no good.

As a matter of fact, thousands of educated men are thinking on these great matters as our fathers did not think of them. Simplicity of belief is a great gift; but then the teaching submitted to such simple believers ought to be true, otherwise the simple belief leads them into error. How much that common Protestant writers and preachers teach is not true! Perhaps some of their teaching is untrue *absolutely*, but it is certainly untrue *relatively*, because they do not hold the 'proportion of the faith,' and by excluding some truths and presenting others in an extravagant form, they distort the whole body of truth.

But when a man not only points out some of the popular errors, but claims to correct St. Paul when he Judaizes, and to do a little judicious Hellenizing for an inspired Apostle, one may well distrust the nineteenth-century tone and spirit.

I do really and seriously think that a great and reverently-minded man, conscious of the limits of human reason—a man like Butler—would find his true and proper task now in presenting Christian teaching in an unconventional form, stripped of much error that the terms which we all employ when speaking doctrine seem unavoidably to carry with them.

Such a man might ask, 'What do you mean by

your theory of Substitution, Satisfaction, &c. ?' 'Where do you find it ?' 'Prove it logically from the Bible.' 'Show that the early Church held it.'

Butler, as you know, reproved the curiosity of men who sought to find out the *manner* of the Atonement. 'I do not find,' he says, 'that it is declared in the Scriptures.' He believed the fact, of course, as his very soul's treasure. 'Our ignorance,' he says, 'is the proper answer to such enquiries.'

At the same time, no one now can do, it seems, what another Butler might do, viz. deal with the Bible as the best of the nineteenth-century men wish to hear a divine deal with it. He would never make mere assertions. He would never state as a proved truth, to be presented to a congregation's acceptance, a statement or a doctrine which really equalled only an opinion of Wesley or any other human teacher. He would never make arbitrary quotations from Scripture, and try to prove points by illogical reasoning, and unduly pressing texts which a more careful collation of MSS. has shown to be at least doubtful. And by fairness and learning he would win or conciliate right-minded men of the critical school. What offends these men is the cool reckless way in which so many preachers make the most audacious statements, wholly unsupported by any sound learning and logical reasoning. A man makes a statement, quotes a text or two, which he doesn't even know to be capable of at least one interpretation different from that which he gives to it; and so the critical hearer is disgusted, and no wonder.

One gain of this critical spirit is, that it makes all of us Clergy more circumspect in what we say, and

many a man looks at his Greek Testament nowadays, and at a good Commentary too, before he ventures to quote a text which formerly would have done duty in its English dress and passed muster among an uncritical congregation. Nowadays every clergyman knows that there are probably men in his congregation who know their Bible better than he does, and as practical lawyers, men of business, &c., are more than his match at an argument. It offends such men to have a shallow-minded preacher taking for granted the very points that he ought to prove, giving a sentence from some divine of his school as if it settled the question without further reference even to the Bible.

This critical spirit becomes very easily captious; and a man needn't be unbelieving because he doesn't like to be credulous. Campbell's book on the Atonement is very hard, chiefly because the man writes such unintelligible English. I think Shairp in his 'Essays,' gives a good critique as far as it goes on the philosophical and religious manner of our day.

Alexander Knox says somewhere in his correspondence with Bishop Jebb that he couldn't understand the Protestant theory of Justification. And it does seem to be often stated as if the terms employed in describing a mere transaction could adequately convey the true power and meaning of a Divine mystery.

But I only puzzle you, I dare say, and certainly I am liable to the charge of not writing intelligible English. I can tell you I am glad enough that I am not called on to preach on these subjects after the fashion that a preacher in England must go to work.

It is a cool thing to say, but I do believe that what half our English congregations want is just the plain

simple teaching that our Melanesians get, only the English congregations wouldn't stand it.

A letter to Arthur Coleridge is of the same date :—

Mota Island : August 6, 1871.

My dear Arthur,—I have had a busy day, having baptized thirty-two persons, of whom twenty-five are adults; and then the crowd, the incessant talking, teaching, and the anxious feeling which attend any step of so much importance as the Baptism from heathenism. Fourteen of the men are married, two are elderly, several are middle-aged, five women are among the number. I believe that God's Spirit is indeed working in the hearts of these people. Some twelve or thirteen years have passed, and only now have I felt that I could take the step of baptizing the infants and young children here, the parents promising that they shall be sent to school as they grow up. About 200 young children have during the past month been baptized : things seem hopeful. It is very happy work; and I get on pretty well, often very tired, but that doesn't matter.

I could wish all my good friends were here, that those who have been enabled to contribute to this end might see for themselves something of the long hoped for beginning of a new state of things in this little island.

August 11.—In a little more than a month 248 persons have been baptized here, twenty-five of them adults, the rest infants and young children. I am very sorry to think that I must leave them soon, for I expect the 'Southern Cross' in a few days; and I must go to Solomon Islands, from them to Santa Cruz Island, and so to Norfolk Island, calling here on the way. Then I am off to Fiji Islands for, I

suppose, for a month or six weeks. There are some 6,000 or 7,000 white people there, and it is assumed by them and the Church people in this part of the world that I must be regarded as their Bishop. Very soon a separate Bishop ought to be at work there, and I shall probably have to make some arrangement with the settlers. Then, on the other hand, I want to look into the question of South Sea Islanders who are taken to the Fiji plantations.

How far I can really examine into the matter, I hardly know. But many of the settlers invite me to consider the matter with them.

I believe that for the most part the islanders receive good treatment *when on the plantations*, but I know that many of them are taken away from their islands by unfair means.

The settlers are only indirectly responsible for this. The traders and sailing masters of the vessels who take away the islanders are the most culpable. But the demand creates the supply.

Among all my multifarious occupations here, I have not much time for reading; I am never alone *night* or day. I sleep on a table, with some twelve or more fellows around me; and all day long people are about me, in and out of school hours. But I have read, for the third time I think, Lightfoot's 'Galatians'—and I am looking forward to receiving his book on the Ephesians. He doesn't lay himself out to do exactly the work that Bishop Ellicott has done so excellently, and his dissertations are perhaps the most valuable part of his work. He will gain the ear of the men of this generation, rather than Ellicott; he sympathises more with modern modes of thought, and is less rigid than Ellicott. But he seems very firm on all the most essential and pri-

mary points, and I am indeed thankful for such a man. I don't find much time for difficult reading; I go on quietly, Hebrew, &c. I have many good books on both Old and New Testaments, English and German, and some French, *e.g.* Reuss and Guizot.

I like to hear something of what this restless speculative scientific generation is thinking and doing. But I can't read with much pleasure the fragmentary review literature of the day. 'Cornhill' and that class of books I can't stand, and sketchy writings. The best specimens of light reading I have seen of late are Charlotte Yonge's 'Pupils of St. John the Divine,' and Guizot's 'St. Louis,' excellent.

I did read, for it was put on board, Disraeli's novel. I was on my back sea-sick for four days; what utter rubbish! clever nonsense! And I have read Mr. Arnold's 'Protestantism' and 'St. Paul.' He says some clever things about the Puritan mind, no doubt. But what a painful book it is: can't he see that he is reducing all that the spirit of a man must needs rest on to the level of human criticism? simply eliminating from the writings of the Apostles, and I suppose from the words of the Saviour, all that is properly and strictly Divine.—[Then follows much that has been before given.]—How [winding up thus] thankful I am that I am far away from the noise and worry of this sceptical yet earnest age!

There is something hazy about your friend Davis's writings. I know some of his publications, and sympathise to a very considerable extent with him. But I can't be sure that I always understand him: that school has a language of its own, and I am not so far initiated as to follow.

I *can't* understand Maurice, much as I respect him.

It is simply wasting my time and my brains to attempt to read him; he has great thoughts, and he makes them intelligible to people less stupid than me, and many writers whom I like and understand have taken their ideas from him; but I cannot understand him. And I think many of his men have his faults. At least I am so conceited as to think it is not all my fault.

Do you know two little books by Norris, Canon of Bristol, 'Key to the Gospel History,' and a Manual on the Catechism?

They are well worth reading, indeed I should almost say studying, so as to mould the teaching of your young ones upon them.

How you would be amused could you see the figures and scenes which surround me here! To-day about 140 men, women, lads and girls are working voluntarily here, clearing and fencing the gardens, and digging the holes for the yams, and they do this to help us in the school; we have two pigs killed, and give them a bit of a feast. The feeling is very friendly. A sculptor might study them to great advantage, though clothing is becoming common here now. Our thirty-four baptized adults and our sixteen or twenty old scholars wear decent clothing, of course.

Well, I must leave off.

I think very often of you, your wife and children, and, indeed, of you all. It would be very nice to spend a few weeks with you, but I should not get on well in your climate.

The heat seems to suit me better, and I am pretty well here. Indeed I am better than I have been for more than a year, though I have a good deal of discomfort.

Good-bye, dear Arthur. How often I think of your dear dear Father.

Your affectionate Cousin,

J. C. PATTESON.

To the sisters, the journal continues—recording, on August 14, the Baptism of twelve men and women the day before, the Communion of sixteen at 7 A.M., the presence of fifty-six baptized persons at morning service. More than 100 were working away the ensuing day in preparing yam gardens for Kohimarama, while two pigs were stewing in native ovens to feast them afterwards; and the Bishop was planting cocoa-nut trees and sowing flower seeds, or trying experiments with a machine for condensing water, in his moments of relaxation, which were few, though he was fairly well, and very happy, as no one can doubt on reading this:—

Lots of jolly little children, and many of them know me quite well and are not a bit shy. They are often very sad-looking objects, and as they don't get regularly washed, they often have large sores and abscesses, poor little things. But there are many others—clean-skinned, reddish brown, black-eyed, merry little souls among them. The colour of the people is just what Titian and the Venetian painters delighted in, the colour of their own weather-beaten Venetian boatmen, glowing warm rich colour. White folks look as if they were bleached and had all the colour washed out of them.

Some of the Solomon Islanders are black, and some of the New Hebrides people glossy and smooth and strong looking; but here you seldom see any very dark people, and there are some who have the yellow, almost olive complexion of the South Euro-

pean. Many of the women are tattooed from head to foot, a regular network, of a blueish inlaid pattern. It is not so common with the men, rather I ought to say, very unusual with them, though many have their bodies marked pretty freely.

On the 17th sixteen more adults were baptized, elderly men, whose sons had been baptized in New Zealand coming in, and enemies resigning deadly feuds.

The work in Mota is best summed up in this last letter to Bishop Abraham, begun the day after what proved the final farewell to the flock there, for the 'Southern Cross' came in on the 19th, and the last voyage was at once commenced :—

'Southern Cross :' Sunday, August 20, 1871.

My dear dear Friends.—Yesterday the 'Southern Cross' came to me at Mota, twenty-seven days after leaving that island for Norfolk Island with some fifty Melanesians on board under charge of Bice.

Into what a new world your many kind affectionate letters take me! And how good it must be for me to be taught to think more than I, alas! usually do, about the trials and sorrows of others.

I have had *such* a seven weeks at Mota, broken by a three weeks' course in the New Hebrides, into two portions of three and four weeks.

Last year we said in our Report, that the time seemed to be come when we should seek to move the people in Mota to do more than assent to the truth of our words and the blessings promised in the Gospel, when we should urge them to appropriate to themselves those blessings, by abandoning their ignorant heathen ways, and embracing Christianity.

That time has come in the good Providence of

God, in answer to His all-prevailing Intercession, and hastened (who can doubt it?) by the prayers of the faithful everywhere—your Whit-Sunday thoughts and prayers, your daily thoughts and prayers, all contributing to bring about a blessed change indeed in the little island.

In these two months I have baptized 289 persons in Mota, 231 children and infants, seventeen of the lads and boys at Kohimarama, George Sarawia's school, and forty-one grown and almost all married men and women.

I have tried to proceed cautiously and to act only when I had every human probability of a personal conviction and sincere desire to embrace Christian teaching and to lead a Christian life. I *think* the adult candidates were all competently instructed in the great truths.

I feel satisfied of their earnestness, and I *think* it looks like a stable, permanent work. Yet I need not tell you how my old text is ever in my mind, 'Thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged.' Now more than ever are your prayers needed for dear old George Sarawia and his infant Church.

I never had such an experience before. It is something quite new to me. Classes regularly, morning and evening, and all day parties coming to talk and ask questions, some bringing a wife or child, some a brother, some a friend. We were 150 sleeping on the Mission premises, houses being put up all round by people coming from a distance.

Scarce a moment's rest, but the work so interesting and absorbing, that I could scarcely feel weariness. The weather for six out of the seven weeks was very rainy and bad generally; but I am and was well, very well—not very strong, yet walking to Gatava

and back, five or six miles, on slippery and wet paths, and schooling and talking all day.

The actual services were somewhat striking. The behaviour of the people reverent and quiet during the infants' and children's baptisms; and remarkably so during the baptisms of adults.

You can understand the drift of my teaching: trying to keep to the great main truths, so as not to perplex their minds with a multiplicity of new thoughts.

I think that I shall have to stay a few days at Mota on my return(D.V.) from Solomon and Santa Cruz Islands, as there are still many Catechumens.

I am half disposed to ordain George Priest on my return (D.V.) Yet on the whole I think it may be better to wait till another year. But I am balancing considerations. Should any delay occur from my incapacity to go to Mota, which I don't at all anticipate, it would be a serious thing to leave such a work in the hands of a Deacon, *e.g.* ten communicants are *permanent* dwellers now in Mota; and I really believe that George, though not learned, is in all essentials quite a fit person to be ordained Priest. This growth of the work, owing, no doubt, much to him, is a proof of God's blessing on him.

I pray God that this may be a little gleam of light to cheer you, dear friends, on your far more toilsome and darksome path. It is a little indeed in one sense; yet to *me*, who *know* the insufficiency of the human agency, it is a proof indeed that the Gospel is a δύναμις Θεοῦ εἰς σωτηρίαν.

I can hardly realize it all yet. It is good to be called away from it for a month or two. I often wished that Codrington, Palmer, and the rest could be with me; it seemed selfish to be witnessing by myself

all this great happiness—that almost visible victory over powers of darkness.

There is little excitement, no impulsive vehement outpouring of feeling. People come and say, 'I *do* see the evil of the old life; I *do* believe in what you teach us. I feel in my heart new desires, new wishes, new hopes. The old life has become hateful to me; the new life is full of joy. But it is so *mawa* (weighty), I am afraid. What if after making these promises I go back?'

'What do you doubt—God's power and love, or your own weakness?'

'I don't doubt His power and love; but I am afraid.'

'Afraid of what?'

'Of falling away.'

'Doesn't He promise His help to those who need it?'

'Yes, I know that.'

'Do you pray?'

'I don't know how to pray properly, but I and my wife say—God, make our hearts light. Take away the darkness. We believe that you love us because you sent JESUS to become a Man and die for us, but we can't understand it all. Make us fit to be baptized.'

'If you really long to lead a new life, and pray to God to strengthen you, come in faith, without doubting.'

Evening by evening my school with the baptized men and women is the saying by heart (at first sentence by sentence after me, now they know them well) the General Confession, which they are taught to use in the singular number, as a private prayer, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments (a short version). They are learning the

Te Deum. They use a short prayer for grace to keep their baptismal vows.

I think that they know fairly well the simpler meaning of these various compendiums of Prayer, Faith and Duty. But why enter into details? You know all about it. And, indeed, you have all had your large share, so to say, in bringing about this happy change.

And then I turn from all this little secluded work to the thoughts of England and France, the Church at home, &c. . . .

I have now read the 'Guardian's' account of the civil war in France. There is nothing like it to be read of, except in the Old Testament perhaps. It is like the taking of Jerusalem.

It is an awful thing! most awful! I never read anything like it. Will they ever learn to be humble? I don't suppose that even now they admit their sins to have brought this chastening on them. It is hard to say this without indulging a Pharisaic spirit, but I don't mean to palliate our national sins by exaggerating theirs. Yet I hardly think any mob but a French or Irish mob could have done what these men did.

And what will be the result? Will it check the tendency to Republicanism? Will Governments unite to put down the many-headed monster? Will they take a lesson from the fate of Paris and France? Of course Republicanism is not the same thing as Communism. But where are we to look for the good effects of Republicanism?

August 22nd.—The seventh anniversary of dear Fisher's death. May God grant us this year a blessing at Santa Cruz! Your affectionate.

J. C. PATTESON.

The last letter to the beloved sister Fanny opened with the date of her never-forgotten birthday, the 27th of August, though it was carried on during the following weeks; and in the mean time Mr. Atkin, Stephen, Joseph and the rest were called for from Wango, in Bauro, where they had had a fairly peaceable stay, in spite of a visit from a labour traffic vessel, called the 'Emma Bell,' with twenty-nine natives under hatches, and, alas! on her way for more. After picking the Bauro party up, the Bishop wrote to the elder Mr. Atkin:—

Wango Bay (at anchor): August 25, 1870.

My dear Mr. Atkin,—You may imagine my joy at finding Joe looking really well when we reached this part of the world on the 23rd. I thought him looking unwell when he spent an hour or two with me at Mota, about ten weeks since, and I begged him to be careful, to use quinine freely, &c. He is certainly looking now far better than he was then, and he says that he feels quite well and strong. There is the more reason to be thankful for this, because the weather has been very rough, and rain has been falling continually. I had the same weather in the Banks Islands; scarcely a day for weeks without heavy rain. Here the sandy soil soon becomes dry again, it does not retain the moisture, and so far it has the advantage over the very tenacious clayey soil of Mota.

Nearly all the time of the people here has been spent—*wasted*, perhaps, *we* should say—in making preparations for a great feast: so that Joe found it very hard to gain the attention of the people, when he tried to point out to them better things to think of than pigs, native money, tobacco and pipes. Such advance as has been made is rather in the direction

of gaining the confidence and good-will of the people all about, and in becoming very popular among all the *young* folks. Nearly all the young people would come away with him, if the elders would allow them to do so. I have no doubt that much more has been really effected than is apparent to us now. Words have been said that have not been lost, and seed sown that will spring up some day. Just as at Mota, now, after some twelve or thirteen years, we first *see* the result in the movement now going on there, so it will be, by God's goodness, some day here. There at Mota the good example of George Sarawia, the collective result of the teaching of many years, and the steady conduct, with one exception, of the returned scholars, have now been blessed by God to the conversion of many of the people. We no longer hesitate to baptize infants and young children, for the parents engage to send them to school when they grow up, and are themselves receiving instruction in a really earnest spirit.

Many, too, of those who have for some time abandoned the old ways, but yet did not distinctly accept the new teaching, have now felt the 'power of the Gospel;' and though many candidates are still under probation, and I sought to act with caution, and to do all that lay in my power to make them perceive the exceeding solemnity of being baptized, the weighty promises, the great responsibility, yet I thought it right to baptize not less than forty-one grown men and women, besides seventeen lads of George's school, about whom there could be no hesitation. It has, indeed, been a very remarkable season there. I spent seven weeks broken by a New Hebrides trip of three weeks' duration into two periods of three and four weeks. Bice was with me

for the first three weeks; and with a good many of our scholars turned into teachers here, we three (Bice, George, and I) kept up very vigorous school: a continual talking, questioning, &c. about religion, were always going on day and night. Many young children and infants were baptized, about 240 in all + 41 + 17.

You will, I am sure, pray more than ever for George and all these converts to Christianity, that they may be strengthened and guarded against all evil, and live lives worthy of their profession. We hope to spend two or three days there on our return (D.V.); and if so, Joe will write you his impressions. Meanwhile, I tell him what I fully believe, that no one hearty effort of his to benefit these poor people is thrown away. Already they allow us to take boys, and perhaps this very day we may go off with two young girls also. And all this will result in some great change for the better some day.

You will want to hear a word about myself. I am much better, partly I confess owing to the warmth of the climate, which certainly agrees with me. I may feel less well as we draw by-and-by to the south once more.

I can't take strong exercise, and that is a privation. It did me good, and I feel the want of it; but I am much better than I was a year or ten months ago, and I do my work very fairly, and get about better than I expected. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Atkin and Mary, and believe me to be

Your very sincere Friend,

J. C. PATTESON.

Mr. Brooke and Edward Wogale had had a far more trying sojourn at Florida.

Wogale suffered much from his eyes; and the labour ships were frequently on the coast—all the three varieties: the fairly conducted one with a Government agent on board; the 'Snatch-snatch,' which *only* inveigled, but did not kill without necessity; and the 'Kill-kill,' which absolutely came head-hunting. It was a dreary eleven weeks.

On July 11, a 'Sydney vessel,' as the natives call it, was on the west of the island, and nine natives were reported to Mr. Brooke as having been killed, and with so much evidence that he had no doubt on the subject.

On the 13th Takua came to him to say the 'Kill-kill' vessel had anchored four miles off. What was he to do?

'How was it you and Bishopè came first, and then these slaughterers? Do you send them?'

Mr. Brooke advised them to remain on shore; but if the strangers landed and wanted to kill or burn them, to fight for their lives. 'Your words are the words of a chief,' said Takua.

This ship, however, sailed away; but on August 13 another came, much like the 'Southern Cross,' and canoes went out to her, in one of them Dudley Lankona. These returned safely, but without selling their fruit; and Dudley related that the men said, 'Bishop and Brooke were bad, but they themselves were good, and had pipes and tobacco for those who would go with them.'

These, however, went away without doing them harm, only warning them that another vessel which was becalmed near at hand was a 'killer,' and the people were so uneasy about her that Mr. Brooke went on board, and was taken by the captain for a maker of cocoa-nut oil. He was a Scotchman, from

Tanna, where he had settled and was in search of labourers; a good-natured friendly kind of person on the whole, though regarding natives as creatures for capture.

'If I get a chance to carry a lot of them off,' he said, 'I'll do it; but killing is not my creed.'

Mr. Brooke hinted that the natives might attack him, and he pointed to six muskets. 'That's only a few of them. Let them come. We'll give it them pretty strong.'

He was rather taken aback when he found that he was talking to a clergyman. 'Well, wherever you go nowadays, there's missionaries. Who would have thought you'd got so far down?'

And he looked with regret at Mr. Brooke's party of natives in their canoes, and observed, 'Ah! my fine fellows, if your friend was not here, I'd have the whole lot of you: what a haul!'

He said the other ship was from Queensland, and had a Government agent on board, of whom he spoke with evident awe.

On Mr. Brooke's return, Takua and Dikea were furbishing up old guns which some incautious person on board the 'Curaçoa' had given them, and they were disappointed to find that there could be no attack on the vessel.

She, however, was scarcely gone before, at the other end of the island, Vara, four out of five men were killed by a boat's crew. The survivor, Sorova, told Mr. Brooke that he and one companion had gone out in one canoe, and three more in another, to a vessel that lay near the shore. He saw four blacks in her, as he thought Ysabel men. A white man came down from the boat, and sat in the bow of Sorova's canoe, but presently stood up and capsized both canoes,

catching at Sorova's belt, which broke, and the poor fellow was thus enabled to get away, and shelter himself under the stern of the canoe, till he could strike out for land; but he saw a boat come round from the other side of the ship, with four men—whether whites or light-coloured islanders was not clear—but they proceeded to beat his companions with oars, then to fall on them with tomahawks, and finally cut off their heads, which were taken on board, and their bodies thrown to the sharks.[1]

These men evidently belonged to that lowest and most horrible class of men-stealers, who propitiate the chiefs by assisting them in head-hunting.

Of course the island was full of rage, and on the 26th again another brig was in sight. Spite of warning, desire to trade induced five men to put off in a canoe. Two boats came down, and placed themselves on either side. Mr. Brooke could not watch, but a fierce shout arose from the crowd on shore, they rushed to the great canoe house, and a war fleet was launched, Dikea standing up in the foremost, with a long ebony spear in his hand. Fortunately they were too late; the boats were hauled up, and the brig went off at full sail. Whether the five were killed or carried captive is not clear.

The whole place was full of wailing. Revenge was all the cry: 'Let not their pigs be killed,' said Takua; 'we will give them to Bisopè, he shall avenge us.' His brother Dikea broke out: 'My humour is bad because Bisopè does not take us about in *his* vessel to kill-kill these people!'

When, two days later, the 'Southern Cross' was

[1] Lord Belmore's inquiry at Sydney resulted in the belief that this was the 'Water Lily,' a tortoisehell trader, commanded by an American lieutenant, named George Pease.

unmistakeably in sight, Takua said, 'Let Bisopè only bring a man-of-war, and get me vengeance on my adversaries, and I shall be exalted like—like—like our Father above!'

The residence of Mr. Brooke in the island, and the testimony of their own countrymen to the way of life in Norfolk Island, had taught the Floridans to separate the Bishop from their foes; but it could scarcely be thus in places where confidence in him had not been established.

The Bishop meanwhile wrote on:—

The New Zealand Bishops have sent me a kind letter, a round robin, urging me to go to England; but they are ignorant of two things:—1st, that I am already much better; 2nd, that I should not derive the benefit generally to my spirits, &c. from a visit to England as they would, and take it for granted that I should do so.

They use only one other argument, viz., that I must rest after some years' work. That is not so. I don't feel the pressure of work for a very simple reason, viz., that I don't attempt to work as I used to do.

But just now, it is quite clear that I must not go, unless there were a very obvious necessity for it. For, 1st, Mota needs all the help we can give; 2nd, several Melanesians are coming on rapidly to the state when they ought to be ordained; 3rd, we are about to start (D.V.) new stations at Ambrym, Leper's Island, and Savo; 4th, the school is so large that we want 'all hands' to work it; 5th, I must go to Fiji, and watch both Fiji and Queensland; 6th, after the 1872 voyage, we shall need, as I think, to sell this vessel, and have another new one built in

Auckland. The funds will need careful nursing for this. But I will really not be foolish. If I have a return of the bad symptoms, I will go to Dr. Goldsboro', and if he advises it strongly, will go to England.

The deportation of natives is going on to a very great extent *here*, as in the New Hebrides and Banks Islands. Means of all kinds are employed: sinking canoes and capturing the natives, enticing men on board, and getting them below, and then securing hatches and imprisoning them. Natives are retaliating. Lately, two or three vessels have been taken and all hands killed, besides boat's crews shot at continually. A man called on me at Mota the other day, who said that five out of seven in the boat were struck by arrows a few days before. The arrows were not poisoned, but one man was very ill. It makes even our work rather hazardous, except where we are thoroughly well known. I hear that a vessel has gone to Santa Cruz, and I must be very cautious there, for there has been some disturbance almost to a certainty.

Whatever regulations the Government of Queensland or the Consul of Fiji may make, they can't restrain the traders from employing unlawful means to get hold of the natives. And I *know* that many of these men are utterly unscrupulous. But I can't get proofs that are sufficient to obtain a verdict in a court of law.

Some islands are almost depopulated; and I dread the return of these 'labourers,' when they are brought back. They bring guns and other things, which enable them to carry out with impunity all kinds of rascality. They learn nothing that can influence them for good. They are like squatters in

the bush, coming into the town to have their fling. These poor fellows come back to run riot, steal men's wives, shoot, fight, and use their newly acquired possessions to carry out more vigorously all heathen practices.

September 3rd.—At anchor: Savo Island: Sunday. The experiment of anchoring at Sara (Florida) and this place answers well. The decks were crowded and crammed; but the people behaved very well, barring the picking up of everything they could lay hands upon, as is natural to many persons whose education has been neglected.

Yesterday I took Wadrokala (of Nengonè) to the village here, where he is to live with some of our old scholars from these parts, and try to begin a good work among the people. He has four baptized friends, a married couple being two, and three other very good lads, to start with. It was a long and very hot walk. A year ago I could not have got through it. I was tired, but not over-tired.

And now we have had Holy Communion; and this afternoon we take our party on shore: Wadrokala's wife Carry, and Jemima, their daughter of eight or nine. There is no fighting nor quarrelling here now. I know all the people, so I leave them with good hope.

On the 7th, Joseph Atkin began a letter as follows:

Our Bishop is much improved in health and strength. His stay at Mota has put new life into him again; the whole island is becoming Christian.

The Bishop is now very strong and clear about establishing permanent schools on the islands; I fear in almost too great a hurry. The great requisite for a school is a native teacher; and generally, if not

always, a teacher ought, as George was at Mota, to be well supported by a little band of native converts, who, if their teaching, in the common use of the word, is not much, can, by their consistent lives, preach a continual sermon, that all who see may understand. What is the use of preaching an eloquent sermon on *truth* to a people who do not know what it means, or purity of which they have never dreamt? Their ears take in the words, they sound very pleasant, and they go away again to their sin; and the preacher is surprised that they can do so. I do not forget the power of the Spirit to change men's hearts, but do not expect the Holy Spirit to work with you, as He never worked with anyone else, but rather as He always has worked with others. . . . If in looking into the history of Missions, you find no heathen people has been even nominally and professionally Christianised within, say, ten or fifteen years, why not be content to set to work to try that the conversion of those to whom you are sent may be as thorough and real as possible in that time, and not to fret at being unable to hurry the work some years? . . . .

This letter too was destined never to be finished, though it was continued later, as will be seen.

The Bishop's next letter is dated:—

September 16th.—Off the Santa Cruz group, some twenty miles distant. To-morrow, being Sunday, we stay quietly some way off the islands; and on Monday (D.V.) we go to Nukapu, and perhaps to Piteni too, wind permitting. You can enter into my thoughts, how I pray God that if *it be His will,* and if *it be the appointed time,* He may enable us in His own way to begin some little work among

these very wild but vigorous energetic islanders. I am fully alive to the probability that some outrage has been committed here by one or more vessels. The master of the vessel that Atkin saw did not deny his intention of taking away from these or from any other islands any men or boys he could induce to come on board. I am quite aware that we *may* be exposed to considerable risk on this account. I trust that all may be well; that if it be His will that any trouble should come upon us, dear Joseph Atkin, his father and mother's only son, may be spared. But I don't think there is very much cause for fear; first, because at these small reef islands they know me pretty well, though they don't understand as yet our object in coming to them, and they may very easily connect us white people with the other white people who have been ill-using them; second, last year I was on shore at Nukapu and Piteni for some time, and I can talk somewhat with the people; third, I think that if any violence has been used to the natives of the north face of the large island, Santa Cruz, I shall hear of it from these inhabitants of the small islets to the north, Nukapu and Piteni, and so be forewarned.

If any violence has been used, it will make it impossible for us to go thither now. It would simply be provoking retaliation. One must say, as Newman of the New Dogma, that the progress of truth and religion is delayed, no one can say how long. It is very *very* sad. But the Evil One everywhere and always stirs up opposition and hindrance to every attempt to do good. And we are not so sorely tried in this way as many others.

Contrary winds—or rather a calm, with such light

wind as there was, contrary—kept the vessel from approaching the island for four days more, while the volcano made every night brilliant, and the untiring pen ran on with affectionate responses to all that the last home packet had contained, and then proceeded to public interests :—

Then the great matters you write about—the great social and religious crisis in England now. Moreover, who can estimate the effect of this German and French war upon the social state of Europe? Possibly a temporary violent suppression in North Germany of Republican principles, a reaction, an attempt to use the neutrality of England as a focus for political agitation. And then the extravagant luxury side by side with degrading poverty! It is a sad picture; and you who have to contemplate it have many trials and troubles that are in one sense far away from me.

September 19th.—Here we are becalmed; for three days we have scarcely made ten miles in the direction we want to go. It is not prudent to go near the large island, unless we have a good breeze, and can get away from the fleets of canoes if we see reason for so doing. We may have one hundred and fifty canoes around us, and perhaps sixty or eighty strong men on deck, as we had last year; and this year we have good reason for fearing that labour vessels have been here. Many of the people here would distinguish between us and them; but it is quite uncertain, for we can't talk to the people of the large island, and can't therefore explain our object in so doing.

Yesterday, being becalmed, a large canoe, passing (for there was occasionally a light air from the north)

from Nupani to Santa Cruz, came near us. It could not get away, and the 'Southern Cross' could not get near it. So we went to it in the boat. I can talk to these Nupani people, and we had a pleasant visit. They knew my name directly, and were quite at ease the moment they were satisfied it was the Bishop. They will advertise us, I dare say, and say a good word for us, and we gave them presents, &c.

I shall be thankful if this visit ends favourably, and oh! how thankful if we obtain any lads. It seems so sad to leave this fine people year after year in ignorance and darkness, but He knows and cares for them more than we do.

The sun is nearly vertical; thermometer 91°, and 88° at night; I am lazy, but not otherwise affected by it, and spend my day, having some, about an hour's, school, and in writing and reading.

I think that the Education question has been more satisfactorily settled than I dared to hope a year ago. A religious, as opposed to an irreligious education has been advisedly chosen by the country, and denominationalism (what a word!) as against secularism. Well, that's not much from a Christian country; but it isn't the choice of an anti-Christian, or even of a country indifferent to Christianity.

Mrs. Abraham and Pena have sent me Shairp's little book on 'Religion and Culture.' It is capital; and if you knew the man you would not wonder at his writing such sensible, thoughtful books. He is one of the most 'loveable' beings I ever knew. His good wholesome teaching is about the best antidote I have seen to much of the poison circulating about in magazines and alluring ignorant, unsound people with the specious name of philosophy.

And he is always fair, and credits his opponents with all that can possibly be imagined to extenuate the injury they are doing by their false and faithless teaching.

Here the letter suddenly ceases. No doubt this last sentence had given the last impulse towards addressing the old Balliol friend above named, now Principal of St. Andrew's, in the following :—

'Southern Cross,' Mission Schooner,
In the Santa Cruz Group, S.W. Pacific : September 19.

My dear Principal,—You won't remember my name and it is not likely that you can know anything about me, but I must write you a line and thank you for writing your two books (for I have but two) on 'Studies on Poetry and Philosophy,' and 'Religion and Culture.'

The 'Moral Dynamic' and the latter book are indeed the very books I have longed to see; books that one can put with confidence and satisfaction into the hands of men, young and old, in these stirring and dangerous times.

Then it did me good to be recalled to old scenes and to dream of old faces.

I was almost a freshman when you came up to keep your M.A. term; and as I knew some of the men you knew, you kindly, as I well remember, gave me the benefit of it. As John Coleridge's cousin and the acquaintance of John Keate, Cumin, Palmer, and dear James Riddell, I came to know men whom otherwise I could not have known, and of these how many there still are that I have thought of and cared for ever since!

You must have thought of Riddell, dear James Riddell, when you wrote the words in p. 76 of your

book on 'Religion and Culture': 'We have known such.' Yes, there was indeed about him a beauty of character that is very very rare. Sellar is in the north somewhere, I think I have seen Essays by him on Lucretius.

I think that he is Professor at some University. I am ashamed to know so little about him. Should you see him, pray remember me most kindly to him. As year after year passes on, it is very pleasant to think there are men on the other side of the world that I can with a certainty count upon as friends.

I find it difficult to read much of what is worth reading nowadays, and I have little taste for magazines, &c., I confess.

But I know enough of what is working in men's minds in Europe to be heartily thankful for such thoughtful wholesome teaching as yours.

Indeed, you are doing a good work, and I pray God it may be abundantly blessed.

I remain, my dear Friend,
Very sincerely yours,
J. C. PATTESON.

This is the last letter apparently finished and signed!

To the Bishop of Lichfield the long journal-letter says:—

Tenakulu (the volcano) was fine last night, but not so fine as on that night we saw it together. But it was very solemn to look at it, and think how puny all man's works are in comparison with this little volcano. What is all the bombardment of Paris to those masses of fire and hundreds of tons of rock cast out into the sea? 'If He do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.'

And now what will the next few days bring forth? It may be God's will that the opening for the Gospel may be given to us now. Sometimes I feel as if I were almost too importunate in my longings for some beginning here; and I try not to be impatient, and to wait His good time, knowing that it will come when it is the fulness of time. Then, again, I am tempted to think, 'If not soon, if not now, the trading vessels will make it almost impossible, as men think, to obtain any opening here.' But I am on the whole hopeful, though sometimes faint-hearted.

To day's First Lesson has a good verse: Haggai, ii. 4;[1] and there is Psalm xci. also.

Then follows a good deal about further plans, and need of men; ending with the decision that the present 'Southern Cross' ought to be sold, and that a new one could be built at Auckland for 2,000*l.*, which the Bishop thought he could obtain in New Zealand and Australia. A much smaller additional vessel would be useful; and he merrily says:—

You don't know an amiable millionaire, with a nice quick yacht from 70 to 120 tons, to be given away, and sent out to Auckland free of expense, I suppose.

We must give up all idea of our Chapel for a time, but we can do without it. And a vessel is necessary.

The last of this letter is on Delitzsch and Biblical criticism, but too much mixed up with other persons' private affairs for quotation.

Reading Hebrew with Mr. Atkin, or studying

[1] 'Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Joshua, son of Josedech, the high priest; and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.'

Isaiah alone, had been the special recreation throughout the voyage.

His scholar Edward Wogale has given a touch of that last morning of the 20th :—

> And as we were going to that island where he died, but were still in the open sea, he schooled us continually upon Luke ii. iii. up to vi., but he left off with us with his death. And he preached to us continually at Prayers in the morning, every day, and every evening on the Acts of the Apostles, and he spoke as far as to the seventh chapter, and then we reached that island. And he had spoken admirably and very strongly indeed to us, about the death of Stephen, and then he went up ashore on that island Nukapu.

That island Nukapu lay with the blue waves breaking over the circling reef, the white line of coral sand, the trees coming down to it; and in the glowing sun of September 20, the equatorial midsummer eve, four canoes were seen hovering about the reef, as the 'Southern Cross' tried to make for the islet.

Mr. Brooke says that this lingering had seemed to intensify the Bishop's prayer and anxiety for these poor people; and, thinking that the unusual movements of the vessel puzzled the people in the canoes, and that they might be afraid to approach, he desired that at 11.30 A.M. the boat should be lowered, and entered it with Mr. Atkin, Stephen Taroniara, James Minipa and John Nonono. He sat in the stern sheets, and called back to Mr. Brooke: 'Tell the captain I may have to go ashore.' Then he waited to collect more things as presents to take on shore, and pulled towards the canoes; but they did not come to meet the boat,

and seemed undecided whether to pull away or not. The people recognized the Bishop; and when he offered to go on shore they assented, and the boat went on to a part of the reef about two miles from the island, and there met two more canoes, making six in all. The natives were very anxious that they should haul the boat up on the reef, the tide being too low for her to cross it, but, when this was not consented to, two men proposed to take the Bishop into their boat.

It will be remembered that he had always found the entering one of their canoes a sure way of disarming suspicion, and he at once complied. Mr. Atkin afterwards said he thought he caught the word '*Tabu*,' as if in warning, and saw a basket with yams and other fruits presented; and those acquainted with the customs of the Polynesians—the race to which these islanders belonged—say that this is sometimes done that an intended victim may unconsciously touch something *tabu*, and thus may become a lawful subject for a blow, and someone may have tried to warn him.

There was a delay of about twenty minutes; and then two canoes went with the one containing the Bishop, the two chiefs, Moto and Taula, who had before been so friendly to him, being in them. The tide was so low that it was necessary to wade over the reef, and drag the canoes across to the deeper lagoon within. The boat's crew could not follow; but they could see the Bishop land on the beach, and there lost sight of him.

The boat had been about half-an-hour drifting about in company with the canoes, and there had been some attempt at talk, when suddenly, at about ten yards off, without any warning, a man stood up in one of them, and calling out, 'Have you anything like this?' shot off one of the yard-long arrows, and his com-

panions in the other two canoes began shooting as quickly as possible, calling out, as they aimed, 'This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!' The boat was pulled back rapidly, and was soon out of range, but not before three out of the four had been struck; James only escaped by throwing himself back on the seat, while an arrow had nailed John's cap to his head, Mr. Atkin had one in his left shoulder, and poor Stephen lay in the bottom of the boat, 'trussed,' as Mr. Brooke described it, with six arrows in the chest and shoulders.

It was about two hours since they had left the ship when they reached it again; and Mr. Atkin said, 'We are all hurt,' as they were helped on board; but no sooner had the arrow-head, formed of human bone, and acutely sharp, been extracted, than he insisted on going back to find his Bishop. He alone knew the way by which the reef could be crossed in the now rising tide, so that his presence was necessary. Meantime Mr. Brooke extracted as best he might the arrows from poor Stephen.

'We two Bisopè,' said the poor fellow, meaning that he shared the same fate as the Bishop.

As Joseph Watè, a lad of fifteen, Mr. Atkin's Malanta godson and pupil, wrote afterwards, 'Joe said to me and Sapi, 'We are going to look for the Bishop, are you two afraid?'

'No, why should I be afraid?'

'Very well, you two go and get food for yourselves, and bring a beaker full of water for us all, for we shall have to lie on our oars a long time to-day.'

The others who pulled the boat were Charles Sapinamba, a sailor, and Mr. Bongarde, the mate, who carried a pistol, for the first time in the records of the 'Southern Cross.'

They had long to wait till the tide was high enough to carry them across the reef, and they could see people on shore, at whom they gazed anxiously with a glass.

About half-past four it became possible to cross the reef, and then two canoes rowed towards them: one cast off the other, and went back; the other, with a heap in the middle, drifted towards them, and they rowed towards it.

'But' (says Watè), 'when we came near we two were afraid, and I said to Joe, "If there is a man inside to attack us, when he rises up, we shall see him."'

Then the mate took up his pistol, but the sailor said, 'Those are the Bishop's shoes.'

As they came up with it, and lifted the bundle wrapped in matting into the boat, a shout or yell arose from the shore. Watè says four canoes put off in pursuit; but the others think their only object was to secure the now empty canoe as it drifted away. The boat came alongside, and two words passed, 'The body!' Then it was lifted up, and laid across the skylight, rolled in the native mat, which was secured at the head and feet. The placid smile was still on the face; there was a palm leaf fastened over the breast, and when the mat was opened there were five wounds, no more.

The strange mysterious beauty, as it may be called, of these circumstances almost makes one feel as if this were the legend of a martyr of the Primitive Church; but the fact is literally true, and can be interpreted, though probably no account will ever be obtained from the actors in the scene.

The wounds were, one evidently given with a club, which had shattered the right side of the skull at the back, and probably was the first, and had destroyed

life instantly, and almost painlessly; another stroke of some sharp weapon had cloven the top of the head; the body was also pierced in one place; and there were two arrow wounds in the legs, but apparently not shot at the living man, but stuck in after his fall, and after he had been stripped, for the clothing was gone, all but the boots and socks. In the front of the cocoa-nut palm, there were five knots made in the long leaflets. All this is an almost certain indication that his death was the vengeance for five of the natives. 'Blood for blood' is a sacred law, almost of nature, wherever Christianity has not prevailed, and a whole tribe is held responsible for the crime of one. Five men in Fiji are known to have been stolen from Nukapu; and probably their families believed them to have been killed, and believed themselves to be performing a sacred duty when they dipped their weapons in the blood of the Bisopè, whom they did not know well enough to understand that he was their protector. Nay, it is likely that there had been some such discussion as had saved him before at Mai from suffering for Peterè's death; and, indeed, one party seem to have wished to keep him from landing, and to have thus solemnly and reverently treated his body.

Even when the tidings came in the brief uncircumstantial telegram, there were none of those who loved and revered him who did not feel that such was the death he always looked for, and that he had willingly given his life. There was peace in the thought even while hearts trembled with dread of hearing of accompanying horrors; and when the full story arrived, showing how far more painless his death had been than had he lived on to suffer from his broken health, and how wonderfully the unconscious heathen had marked him with emblems so sacred in our eyes, there

was thankfulness and joy even to the bereaved at home.

The sweet calm smile preached peace to the mourners who had lost his guiding spirit, but they could not look on it long. The next morning, St. Matthew's Day, the body of John Coleridge Patteson was committed to the waters of the Pacific, his 'son after the faith,' Joseph Atkin, reading the Burial Service.

Mr. Atkin afterwards wrote to his mother. He had written to his father the day before; but the substance of his letter has been given in the narrative:—

September 21, 1871.

My dear Mother,—We have had a terrible loss, such a blow that we cannot at all realise it. Our Bishop is dead: killed by the natives at Nukapu yesterday. We got the body, and buried it this morning. He was alone on shore, and none of us saw it done.—We were attacked in the boat too, and Stephen so badly wounded that I am afraid there is small hope of his recovery. John and I have arrow wounds, but not severe. Our poor boys seem quite awe-stricken. Captain Jacobs is very much cut up. Brooke, although not at all well, has quite devoted himself to the wounded, and so has less time to think about it all.

It would only be selfish to wish him back. He has gone to his rest, dying, as he lived, in his Master's service. It seems a shocking way to die; but I can say from experience that it is far more to hear of than to suffer. In whatever way so peaceful a life as his is ended, his end is peace. There was no sign of fear or pain on his face—just the look that he used to have when asleep, patient and a little wearied. What a stroke his death will be to

hundreds! What his Mission will do without him, God only knows Who has taken him away. His ways are not as our ways. Seeing people taken away, when, as we think, they are almost necessary to do God's work on earth, makes one think that we often think and talk too much about Christian work. What God requires is Christian men. He does not need the work, only gives it to form or perfect the character of the men whom He sends to do it.

Stephen is in great pain at times to-night; one of the arrows seems to have entered his lungs, and it is broken in, too deep to be got out. John is wounded in the right shoulder, I in the left. We are both maimed for the time; but, if it were not for the fear of poison, the wounds would not be worth noticing. I do not expect any bad consequences, but they are possible. What would make me cling to life more than anything else, is the thought of you at home; but if it be God's will that I am to die, I know He will enable you to bear it, and bring good for you out of it.

Saturday 23rd.—We are all doing well. Stephen keeps up his strength, sleeps well, and has no long attacks of pain. We have had good breezes yesterday and to-day—very welcome it is, but the motion makes writing too much labour. Brooke and Edward Wogale are both unwell—ague, I believe, with both of them; and Brooke's nerves are upset. He has slept most of to-day, and will probably be the better for it. . . . .

His private journal adds :—

September 21st.—Buried the Bishop in the morning. The wounded all doing well, but Stephen in pain occasionally. Calm day, passed over a reef in the

morning, about eighteen miles north of Nukapu, nine fathoms on it. Thermometer ninety-one degrees yesterday and to-day. Began writing home at night. Began reading Miss Yonge's 'Chaplet of Pearls.'

Friday, 22nd.—A light breeze came up in the evening, which freshened through the night, and carried us past Tenakulu. Stephen doing very well, had a good night, and has very little pain to-day. A breeze through the day, much cooler. I am dressing my shoulder with brine. Read some sermons of Vaughan's, preached at Doncaster during Passion Week.

Saturday, 23rd.—Breeze through the day. A few showers of rain. Brooke and Wogale down with ague; gave Wogale ipecacuanha and quinine afterwards. Read Mota prayers in evening. All wounds going on well. Finished 'Chaplet of Pearls,' and wrote a little.

Sunday, 24th.—This morning the wind went round to N.E, and N. and then died away. We were 55 miles W. of the Torres Islands at noon. Brooke took English and Mota morning Prayers. I celebrated Holy Communion afterwards. John came into cabin; I went out to Stephen.

Brooke and Wogale both better, but B—— quite weak.

During that Celebration, while administering the Sacred Elements, Mr. Atkin's tongue stumbled and hesitated over some of the words.

Then the Mota men looked at one another, and knew what would follow.

He knew it himself too, and called to Joseph Watè, his own special pupil, saying (as the lad wrote to Mr. Atkin the elder), 'Stephen and I again are going to

follow the Bishop, and they of your country—! Who is to speak to them?'

'I do not know.'

Then he said again, 'It is all right. Don't grieve about it, because they did not do this thing of themselves, but God allowed them to do it. It is very good, because God would have it so, because He only looks after us, and He understands about us, and now He wills to take away us two, and it is well.'

There was much more for that strong young frame to undergo before the vigorous life could depart. The loss was to be borne. The head of the Mission, who had gone through long sickness, and lain at the gates of the grave so long, died almost painlessly: his followers had deeply to drink of the cup of agony. The night between the 26th and 27th was terrible, the whole nervous system being jerked and strained to pieces, and he wandered too much to send any message home; 'I lost my wits since they shot me,' he said. Towards morning he almost leapt from his berth on the floor, crying 'Good-bye.'

Mr. Brooke asked if he would have a little sal-volatile.

'No.'

'A little brandy?'

'No.'

'Do you want anything?'

'I want nothing but to die.'

Those were his last words. He lay convulsed on a mattress on the floor for about an hour longer, and was released on the morning of the 29th.

Stephen, with an arrow wound in the lungs, and several more of these wounds in the chest, could hardly have lived, even without the terrible tetanus. He had spent his time in reading his Mota Gospel and Prayer-

book, praying and speaking earnestly to the other men on board, before the full agony came on. He was a tall, large, powerfully framed man; and the struggles were violent before he too sank into rest on the morning of the 28th, all the time most assiduously nursed by Joseph Watè. On St. Michael's Day, these two teachers of poor Bauro received at the same time their funeral at sea.

John Coleridge Patteson was forty-four years and a half old.

Joseph Atkin, twenty-nine.

Stephen Taroniara probably twenty-five—as he was about eighteen when he joined the Mission in 1864. His little girl will be brought up at Norfolk Island; his wife Tara, to whom he had been married only just before his voyage, became consumptive, and died January 1873, only twenty minutes after her Baptism. As one of the scholars said, 'Had the songs of the angels for joy of her being made a child of God finished before they were again singing to welcome her an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?'

John Nonono showed no symptoms of tetanus, but was landed at Mota to recover under more favourable circumstances than the crowded cabin could afford.

Calms and baffling winds made the return to this island trying and difficult, and Mota was not reached till the 4th of October. George Sarawia was still perfectly satisfactory; and his community, on the whole, going on hopefully, though B—— had been again unable to resist temptation. Want of provisions, which Mota could not supply, made the stay very brief; and after obtaining the necessary supplies at Aurora, the 'Southern Cross' brought her sad tidings to Norfolk Island on the 17th. That day Mrs. Palmer wrote:—

On Monday afternoon, 15th, Mr. Codrington went for a ride to the other side of the island, and there espied the schooner, eight miles off. He rode home quickly, and soon the shouting and racing of the boys told us that the vessel had come. They were all at arrowroot making. Never, I think, had the whole party, English and natives, seemed in higher spirits. Mr. Bice walked to the settlement, to see if she was far in enough to land that night; we asked him to call and tell us on his way home.

Next morning Mr. Bice rode down to see if it really was the schooner, and was back to breakfast, all thinking we should soon see them come up.

Mr. Codrington and Mr. Bice got their horses ready to ride down, and I got the rooms ready, when, in an hour, a Norfolk Island boy rode up to say the flag was half-mast high.

We told the boys and girls something was wrong, to stop their joyous shouting and laughing; and then I waited till Mr. Jackson returned, and all he could say was, 'Only Brooke has come!'

What more shall I tell? Comments on such a life and such a death are superfluous; and to repeat the testimonies of friends, outpourings of grief, and utterances in sermons is but to weaken the impression of the reality!

There is pain too in telling the further fate of Nukapu. H.M.S. 'Rosario,' Commander Markham, then cruising in the Southern Pacific, touched at Norfolk Island, and Captain Markham undertook at once to go to the island and make enquiries.

A Protest was drawn up and signed by all the members of the Mission against any attempt to punish the natives for the murder; and Captain Markham, a kind,

humane, and conscientious man, as no one can doubt, promised that nothing of the kind should be attempted.

But the natives could not but expect retaliation for what they had done. There was no interpreter. They knew nothing of flags of truce; and when they saw a boat approaching, full of white men, armed, what could they apprehend but vengeance for 'Bisopè'? So they discharged a volley of arrows, and a serjeant of marines was killed. This was an attack on the British flag, and it was severely chastised with British firearms. It is very much to be doubted whether Nukapu will ever understand that her natives were shot, not for killing the Bishop, but for firing on the British flag. For the present the way is closed, and we can only echo Fisher Young's sigh, 'Poor Santa Cruz people!'

Bishop Patteson's will bequeathed his whole inheritance to the Melanesian Mission, and appointed that the senior Priest should take charge of it until another Bishop should be chosen.

The Rev. Robert Codrington, therefore, took the management, though refusing the Episcopate; and considering the peculiar qualifications needful for a Melanesian Bishop, which can only be tested by actual experiment on physical as well as moral and spiritual abilities, it has, up to the present moment (May 1873) been thought better to leave the See vacant, obtaining episcopal aid from the Bishop of Auckland.

But this implies no slackness nor falling off in the Mission. By God's good providence, Coleridge Patteson had so matured his system that it could work without him. Mr. Codrington and the other clergy make their periodic voyages in the 'Southern Cross.' Kohimarama flourishes under George Sarawia, who was ordained Priest at Auckland on St. Barnabas Day 1873. Bishop Çowie has paid a visit to Norfolk Island,

and ordained, as Deacons, Edward Wogale, Robert Pantatun, Henry Tagalana, to work in Mota, Santa Maria, and Ara. Joseph Watè remains the chief teacher of the lads from Bauro; but there is much to be done before the work in that island can be carried on. The people there seem peculiarly devoid of earnestness; and it is remarkable that though they were among the first visited, and their scholars the very earliest favourites, Stephen has been the only one whose Christianity seems to have been substantial. But the sight of his patient endurance had the same effect on those who were with him in the ship as Walter Hotaswol's exhortations had had on himself, and several of them began in earnest to prepare for Baptism.

The English staff of the Mission has been recruited by the Rev. John R. Selwyn, and the Rev. John Still, as well as by Mr. Kenny from New Zealand. And there is good hope that 'He who hath begun a good work will perform it unto the day of the Lord.'

As to the crimes connected with the murder, the Queen herself directed the attention of Parliament to it in her Speech at the commencement of the Session of 1872. The Admiralty do what in them lies to keep watch over the labour vessels by means of Queen's ships; and in Queensland, regulations are made; in Fiji, the British Consul endeavours to examine the newly arrived, whether they have been taken away by force. But it may be feared that it will not be possible entirely to prevent atrocities over so wide a range; though if, as Bishop Patteson suggested, all vessels unregistered, and not committed to trustworthy masters, were liable to be seized and confiscated, much of the shameless deceit and horrible skull-hunting would be prevented.

Perhaps the fittest conclusion to the Bishop's history will be the words written by Henry Tagalana, translated literally by Mr. Codrington :—

> As he taught, he confirmed his word with his good life among us, as we all know; and also that he perfectly well helped anyone who might be unhappy about anything, and spoke comfort to him about it; and about his character and conduct, they are consistent with the law of God. He gave the evidence of it in his practice, for he did nothing carelessly lest he should make anyone stumble and turn from the good way; and again he did nothing to gain anything for himself alone, but he sought what he might keep others with, and then he worked with it: and the reason was his pitifulness and his love. And again, he did not despise anyone, nor reject anyone with scorn, whether it were a white or a black person he thought them all as one, and he loved them all alike.

'He loved them all alike!' That was the secret of John Coleridge Patteson's history and his labours.

Need more be said of him? Surely the simple islander's summary of his character is the honour he would prefer.

APPENDICES.

I.

Letter from Bishop Patteson to Professor Max Müller.

St. John's College, Auckland, New Zealand.

My dear Müller,—You will allow me, I am sure, on the strength of our Oxford acquaintance, to write you a line, which I had meant to do before your book on the Missionary Alphabet reached these parts, but which now I am the more anxious to do, because you have been closely considering the subjects on which I want information.

I am in a favourable position for testing the value of your remarks on that subject, as I am every year for four or five months cruising in a small schooner with the Bishop of New Zealand among some eighty islands, all speaking distinct dialects, and as far as I know possessing at least several quite distinct languages.

I imagine that about every 5,000 people speak a language practically distinct from all others—it belongs, of course, to some common family of languages, but the connection is not traceable to anything like the same extent that it is in English, German, &c.

In most cases, two neighbouring islands may show their common derivation in the *structure* of their languages (the safest proof of all, I imagine), but nearly all the *words* will be different.

I left England nearly two years ago, and at present I know only, and imperfectly, the Maori language—the language of New Zealand, the Nēngŏnĕ language spoken in one of the Loyalty Islands, the language of St. Cristoval (or Bauro = native name), one of the southernmost of the Solomon Islands group, lying in about 10° S. lat., and some few words in the language of Vate Island (marked

Sandwich I. in the maps; not the Sandwich Islands, nor the Sandwich I. due east of New Zealand); also a few words of the language of Guadalcanar Island (or Gera), bordering upon St. Cristoval.

The whole Bible is translated now into Maori. I am daily translating and printing in Nengone, and also doing something in that way with the Bauro language, which has never before been reduced to writing.

I believe that your system would be very convenient; and all Missionaries will thank you for your consideration in not forgetting the small means at their disposal for the actual printing their MSS. I have just bought a Columbian press, luckily for sale out here, and therefore can work away on your plan by-and-by, after having discussed its advantages at length with the Bishop.

I will send you copies of the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed by-and-by, in three or four of these languages; and it will be kind of you if you will look at them, and point out any indications of similarity of construction, &c., which I may have overlooked.

I will mention two or three matters which seem common to these languages:

1. They resemble Hebrew, Arabic, &c., in their power of forming a causative conjugation (if people like to call it so: I prefer a simpler way of looking at such powers in a language). In Maori the prefix 'whaka' gives to any word this causative sense, viz.: 'ako' = learn, 'whaka ako' = teach.

In Nengone, 'a' is prefixed and 'in' affixed, viz.: 'puja' = rise, 'a pujani' = raise.

In Bauro, 'ha,' 'hai,' or 'hau' is prefixed, viz.: 'surutai' = rise, 'hasurutai' = raise.

They all use the 'ng' at the beginning of words. 'Nga' is the plural article in Maori.

Ngome = 'man' in Nengone.

Ngau = 'food' in Bauro.

It is not a difficult sound to catch or pronounce, though to my ear somewhat different from the 'ng' occurring after a vowel in the middle of a word, as tā ŋga tă = 'man' (Maori).

The language of Bauro and Gera are the same, I have no doubt; but even the commonest words differ, *e.g.*, Bauro, 'aia goro' = not good; Gera, 'mai siene' = not good.

In Nengone there is an 'r' to be marked on your system by an italic 'r,' pronounced at the top of the throat, and resembling, as well as I remember, the sound produced by some Arabs I saw at Venice years ago.

They, the Nengone people, use all our English sounds, both 'th' and 'dh,' &c., and this 'r' and a kind of 'd' for which I can frame no equivalent, and I should express it by a small capital in printing.

There is no sound in Maori difficult to an Englishman with a tolerably flexible organ of pronunciation, nor in Bauro. At Fatè, they have some curious gutturals, but I do not know enough of the language to speak with accuracy.

One peculiarity runs through all. They not only have always the complete dual for their pronouns, but different words, or modifications rather of the same word, to express the inclusive or exclusive dual and plural.

E.g., if I am speaking to a man with whom I mean to go out walking, I say 'Let us two go.'

'Kia haere taua'—Maori.

'Ethewe ba hue'—Nengone.

'Igaraa ari'—Bauro.

If I speak to any number of persons, and say 'We two are going out' (meaning to exclude those to whom I speak), I say:

'Kia haere maua.'

'Enhe ba hue.'

'Amiria ari.'

So the inclusive plural is:

'Tatou.'

'Eje.

'Jagau.'

And the exclusive plural is:

'Matou.'

'Enije.'

'Jamen.'

This applies to possessives also, and gives great perspicuity to these languages. I believe we shall find it common to them all.

Our plan of Missionary operations being to work with native agency first (never, however, sending the natives to any island which the Bishop and I have not visited), we go to some fifty or sixty islands on a voyage, sometimes land, (the Bishop and I), sometimes merely draw close in shore with the schooner, and row in a boat close to the land without swimming or wading ashore, if they assume a very hostile aspect. We try to get lads to come away with us by presents, &c., making all parties understand by signs that in ten months they will be returned.

Having already effected an introduction of this kind into many islands, we have every hope that when we start (in two months) for our next four or five months voyage, we may soon have natives from ten, fifteen, or twenty islands on board. In the course of the year they will spend with me, I learn what I can, write and print what I can, and teach what I can; they are then taken back, not without the hope of their rejoining us again after a time to continue their education.

In almost all cases the natives are friendly; where they are not well disposed, it is owing to some outrage previously committed upon them by some whaling or trading vessel.

We two have been among large parties of them, stark naked, armed with clubs, bows and arrows, with perfect security.

They are most docile, gentle, *loveable* fellows. I am most truly attached to my present school of sixteen, and during six months have had really no fault to find with them.

I should be very much obliged to you for any hints on these subjects, as I am, of course, anxious to commence at once on the right plan in reducing to writing any of these languages.

There is a vast amount of confusion caused by the repeated migrations, intentional or casual, always taking place in these seas. Canoes are ever drifting about and landing small colonies of people on islands, often several hundred miles distant: the trade winds taking them safely along. In this way we find occasionally words introduced to languages quite distinct in their structure and phraseology generally;

and as several instances of this fact have already come under my observation, I have little doubt that it explains most of the facts that might puzzle an ethnologist or philologist.

Any letter addressed to me at St. John's College, Auckland, New Zealand, will find me some day; though I may be for months sailing about or located anywhere between New Zealand and the Line in a north-westerly direction.

All that vast assemblage of islands west of the Fiji group is wholly unoccupied by missionaries of any denomination. We never interfere with others, but give them all the help we can; where Wesleyans have been before us, we wish them God speed, and go elsewhere.

I know you are busy, and can find little time for writing; that is my case too. I am always at work with these lads, learning or teaching; but if you can find time some day to send me a line, it may really be of use.

Should Mr. Justice Martin, the Chief Justice of New Zealand, come to Oxford and call on you, you will find him a person well able to give you a good deal of information upon these subjects. He is a capital Maori scholar, and knows a good deal of the philology of these South Pacific languages.

Believe me, yours very truly,
J. C. PATTESON.

March 13, 1857.

I have only just skimmed through your book at present, and, as you see, know as yet but little about it.

In Nengone two languages run parallel to each other; one is used only in speaking to chiefs, the other is for common people.

Sometimes the common word is merely lengthened, *e.g.*, 'chechene' = fathers, becomes 'chechewaiene.'

But very often the words are wholly different, *e.g.*, 'puja' = rise, is in chiefs' language 'thela;' 'for' becomes 'wiene,' &c.

Is there anything analogous to this?

We all use forms like 'your Majesty.' 'Thou' instead of

'you' (which has become usual in common life), when praying to God; but this runs through the languages.

I find eight distinct and different dialects in St. Cristoval, Guadalcanar, and Malanta Islands, so different that they are quite unintelligible to those who have not stayed among the people speaking a dialect different from their own.

II.

Sir William Martin on Bishop Patteson as a Linguist.

1. The Bishop's qualifications for acquiring a knowledge of the many dialects of Melanesia were partly physical, partly mental. He possessed a singular delicacy of ear, which enabled him to detect and discriminate novel sounds. His memory was retentive, his faculty of comparison prompt and active; so that he readily recognised the same roots or primary forms when they reappeared from time to time under strange disguises, and sometimes only in fragments scattered through different dialects.

2. He had commenced his studies by acquiring the Maori language. In that way he became acquainted with certain general principles, which belong in common (so far as appears at present) to all the Malayo-Polynesian languages.

3. After entering on the work of the Mission, as the field of enquiry was enlarged, and the investigation became more searching and minute, the confusion of tongues resolved itself gradually into some sort of order. The swarm of dialects began to be broken up into groups and families. But the widely differing vocabularies, often found even in dialects which appeared in other respects akin to each other, were a great practical difficulty, and always remained so; though it was overcome to a wonderful extent by the clearness and tenacity of the Bishop's memory. A second, but smaller difficulty, was presented by the variety of devices, and of minor rules, resorted to for grammatical purposes by the speakers of the several dialects.

4. At a later time the varieties of speech, which were at

first so perplexing, were regarded by the Bishop as dialects of one language.

Even the language of Anaiteum (the southernmost of the New Hebrides), which seemed at first almost wholly unlike the languages of the other islands, was found to possess many points of resemblance to them.

At this stage his studies began to possess, over and above their practical value, a scientific interest also. He was tempted occasionally to extend his enquiries to other families of languages. In particular, the Lectures of his friend, Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, drew him towards the study of Sanskrit, as likely to furnish him with a light to guide him in his investigations. But when he became aware of the extreme unlikeness of that language to those with which he was practically concerned, he abandoned that study.

Not that he was uninterested in the question how far the same fundamental principles of human thought may be detected under all varieties of sound and structure, and so the wide divergencies of human speech brought within a higher unity. To him, that was a purely intellectual question, not indeed without value, nor unattractive, but requiring for its solution time and labour, which he dared not withdraw from the work which was given him to do. So he stopped short, and followed the tempting track no further.

5. When the Bishop judged that his knowledge of any particular dialect was sufficiently advanced, he took pains to arrange the materials he had collected, and after due revision, to record them. Here also he aimed, not at any theoretical completeness, but at the satisfying of a practical need. He sought to supply those who should come after him with so much knowledge as might enable them to acquire readily a more extended knowledge for themselves.

Especially the Bishop set himself to ascertain in each dialect the proper modes of asking questions, of indicating time, of expressing the connection of thought with thought. These modes he arranged under the several heads of the English Interrogatives, Prepositions, and Conjunctions;

verifying in every case the native terms by citation of sentences, which he had taken down from the mouths of his scholars.

The construction of such works in languages up to that time unknown involved great labour. By a slow and patient process the meaning of each word, at first vaguely apprehended, was to be narrowed down to a more and more definite meaning, until the English equivalent was reached.

He drew up also a number of elementary Grammars, and prepared tolerably full Vocabularies of several languages. I have appended a list of these works, so far as I am able to supply one.

6. As the Bishop's enquiries into the languages of Melanesia went on, he found everywhere that the simplicity of their structure was in each case accompanied and compensated by strict and rigid rules, followed by all persons speaking the language; by the aid of which that simple structure was rendered fit to express with accuracy all modifications of time and place. It may be that the language itself may not be capable of supplying any general terms by which the rules may be expressed after the fashion of our grammars, yet are the rules in some way felt or apprehended by the mind of the native speaker. At any rate, they are conformed to by him, just as there are many rules and distinctions in the English tongue to which the least educated among us conform, though they would be utterly unable to state them in the shape of grammatical rules. This supplement of understood rules, guiding and controlling the spoken language, is obviously more needed in proportion to the simplicity or rudeness of the structure of the language.

7. This conviction as to the presence of rules, understood and unvariable, in ruder and primitive languages, by the aid of which they are rendered clear and intelligible to all who use them, was soon applied by the Bishop to the Hebrew tongue. His studies at Oxford and Dresden had made him acquainted with the chief Semitic dialects, but had left him dissatisfied with the vagueness of the rules laid down in the grammars and with the want of consistency

even in the best translations. It was obvious that those dialects had some principles and idioms in common with the dialects of Melanesia and Polynesia. Might it not be the case that some other principles, of a less obvious kind, might also belong to both classes?

This thought had suggested itself, indeed could scarcely fail to suggest itself, to other persons possessing some acquaintance with both families of languages; but the suggestion had rarely been followed up. The Bishop entered heartily into an enquiry which to his mind was of the deepest interest. Thenceforward he endeavoured to secure for the prosecution of it a portion of every day. The result was, that he gradually arrived at a conviction that there do exist ascertainable and clear rules by which the syntax of the Hebrew language is regulated, and by a recognition of which we may escape from the arbitrary and conflicting renderings which are too often resorted to. But on this subject little can be said until the results of the enquiries hitherto made shall have been submitted to competent judges at home.

In the above-mentioned memorandum I have sought to indicate the spirit and method of the Bishop's enquiries. Of that portion of his work which was recorded or noted down by himself, I am not able to supply a complete statement. Most of the printed matter I possess: but much that was not brought sufficiently near to completeness to be printed may (it is hoped) still be found. Valuable fragments and instructive suggestions may perhaps be gathered from memoranda and from letters. To put together a complete statement, aid from divers quarters will be needed.

Such imperfect statement as I can make is here given.

Elementary Grammars of following languages were printed at the Mission Press, namely:—

New Hebrides.—1. Mai. 2 and 3. Apī. Two dialects. 4. Ambrym. 5. Pāma. 6. Vun-Marama (North end of Whitsuntide Island).

Banks Islands.—7. Mota.

Solomon Islands.—8. Bauro. 9. Ulaua. 10. Māra-masiki. 11. Mahāga. 12. Anudha.

New Caledonia.—13. Yehen.

Lists of Interrogatives, Prepositions, and Conjunctions, with examples, were completed in the following languages :—

1. Sesake (part of Mai).
2. Mai.
3. Mer Lav (Star Island).
4. Gog (part of Santa Maria).
5. Mota.
6. Mot Lav.
7. Volow (Valua .
8. Bauro.
9. Ulaua (Contrariété).
10. Mahäga (Ysabel).
11. Anudha (Florida).

These lists, with examples, run in each case to about ten printed pages.

General Vocabularies were also printed at the Mission Press of the languages of *Sesake* (63 pages), of *Bauro* (85 pages), and of *Mahaga* (70 pages), accompanied with examples carefully selected.

The portions of Scripture translated into Mota comprise the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John—many Psalms—but I cannot give a complete list.

To these are to be added *Hymns* in Mota, which are described to me by competent judges as of singular excellence.

I do not find any printed matter in the languages of *Nengone* or of *Lifu* (Loyalty Islands, off New Caledonia), both of which the Bishop spoke and wrote readily. I remember seeing some works which had been printed in those languages ; but am unable to give any account of them.

In a letter dated December 28, 1869, the Bishop says :—

'I have learned enough of the *Leper Island* tongue to talk on common matters with some approach to fluency. It is "all right," fits into its place as a very friendly neighbour of *Aurora*, and still more *Whitsuntide* and *Spiritu Santo* ; and all three go along with the Banks Islands.'

With the exception of a dialect belonging to the north end of *Whitsuntide* (Vun-Marama) I possess no memoranda, either written or printed, as to the tongues mentioned in above passage.

Adding Maori, which the Bishop spoke very readily, the number of the languages of this Ocean which the Bishop spoke was not less than twenty-three.

W. MARTIN.

Taurarua : January 3, 1873.

III.

Copy of a Letter begun to Mr. Macfarlane, of the London Missionary Society, at Lifu—never sent, but marked 'Not sent, as I may want to use it':—

Norfolk Island : April 12, 1871.

Dear Mr. Macfarlane,—Your letter on the subject of a Mission to New Guinea has remained unanswered; for I have not had any opportunity of sending you a letter. I hardly know how to direct this.

I have thought often and often over the most feasible ways of attempting to begin a Mission in these islands. And I will look out a letter or two, which at different times we have printed, or received from friends who have printed them, bearing on the subject.

My own strong impression is that we must aim, by God's blessing, at organising native Churches under native pastors, regarding the white Missionary simply as the pioneer and forerunner of the native clergyman. I think that we ought carefully to discriminate between what is essential to Christianity, and what is the (so to say) national form in which it has been presented to us, and which our characteristic habit of mind and mode of thought may require. We must not aim at making Melanesians *English* or *Scotch* Christians, but Christians generally. They ought to retain whatsoever may be retained of national peculiarity in conjunction with the new teaching and new life. We must not place unnecessary difficulties in the way of their reception of Christianity. On this principle, I think all regulations introduced by a missionary which forbid any practices not capable of being shown to be morally wrong, altogether indefensible. I mean such things as the prohibition of smoking, &c. &c. Not that I like smoking (*e.g.*), on the contrary, I strongly advise our scholars not to adopt the practice. But I say that it is one thing to advise a man to forego a taste for a useless and wasteful indulgence, and quite another thing to tell him it is wrong; that is, morally wrong or sinful. By this way of dealing

with ignorant minds a confusion of the moral sense is necessarily produced; because a man feels that we are right in telling him that stealing, lying, fornication, &c. are wrong; his own conscience responds to such prohibitions and admits their truth; but he finds no response in himself to an arbitrary prohibition of a practice which, as a matter of fact, is a common practice with thousands of excellent Christians. If it is objected, that these practices (I only instance smoking) are almost necessarily mixed up with what is really wrong, in the case of these islanders; then, I say, point out clearly to the natives the grounds on which you think it desirable to advise them not to indulge in a habit which is so apt to be associated with what is really wrong. But without such careful drawing of clear distinction between things indifferent in themselves and things morally wrong, I am sure that the moral sense is greatly injured.

On the same principle, I think that very few, and those very simple, rules should be laid down for the training of these islanders; and that as soon as possible the reason for such rules should be made apparent. Hence it follows that one should begin with a *very few* scholars; aiming rather at creating a good tone and *spirit* in the school among a few intelligent lads or young men, than at any (useless) attempt at rapidly producing any beneficial effect on a number of people. When you have eight or ten right-minded young fellows whom you can trust as living exponents of Christian teaching, the new-comers fall rapidly into their ways. I need not tell you that I am more and more convinced of the necessity of teaching with exact accuracy the simple statements of Christian Truth in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments. But I would teach the Commandments *first* in their simplest yet deepest form, as *Love* to God and man; drawing out into detail those particular Commandments which they can most easily comprehend, in the first instance, *e.g.*, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth.

I am sure (to speak strongly) that mere vague hortatory declamations do *very* little good—careful exact teaching is the real thing. We must ascertain with extreme care the

meaning that the native school assigns to the words we use, instead of assuming that he understands such words in the same way as we understand them. We ought to take weeks to make even an intelligent islander comprehend what is meant by Repentance, Faith, Prayer. And all necessary doctrine is involved in the careful teaching of these important words.

I need not say I am quite sure that if extempore prayer be used as an adjunct, it is impossible to rely upon it as an instrument for teaching, and habituating these islanders to pray. Very short, very condensed, and very simple prayers must be learnt; every word weighed, examined, explained, so that the *mind* may not be exercised in examining or seeking a meaning at the time of prayer, but the whole man may be free for pouring out the heart and affections before God. I write quite freely to you, as I think you would wish me to do; merely giving the result of my own thoughts and experience. I encourage old scholars, Communicants, and young ones too, to expand and enlarge prayers for themselves; and to think first what they really wish their God to do for them; and then kneel down to pray in their own words. But young converts can't do that; it is the privilege of the more advanced Christian.

I don't think it necessary to be in any hurry about printing very large portions of the Bible, even if the knowledge of the language admits of our doing so.

The Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles contain quite as much as any ordinary person can *really* and *thoroughly* know of the Life of Christ, His Works and Words, His Death and Resurrection, Ascension, the gift of the Spirit, the foundation and extension of His Church. Add to this some forty or more of the Psalms, as the Prayer-book of the Bible—and *I*, of course, should say, large portions of our Common Prayer-book—and Hymns.

IV.

MEMORIALS OF THE REV. R. H. CODRINGTON.

Copy of Memorial to the Synod of Brisbane.

Sydney : March 16, 1872.

My Lord Bishop,—In accordance with the wishes of the lamented Bishop Patteson, I have, as you know, visited Queensland, with the view of ascertaining whether the Melanesian Mission could do anything for the Christian teaching of the South Sea Islanders employed in the Colony. Circumstances have allowed me but a very short stay and limited observation, but I have arrived at conclusions which I desire, as the temporary head of the Mission, to submit to you and the Synod of your diocese.

The whole number of the so-called Polynesian 'labourers' in Queensland appear to be Melanesians; a very large proportion of them drawn from islands upon which our Mission alone is at work; but many from the Loyalty Islands and the Southern New Hebrides, which are in the hands respectively of the London Mission and of the Scotch Presbyterian Missionaries.

The work of the Melanesian Mission has so far advanced that in very many cases the native has been brought away from an island where, if he had been allowed to remain, Christian teaching would now be within his reach. This is particularly the case in the Banks group.

It was hoped that some centre or centres in Queensland might be formed, where a teacher, trained under Bishop Patteson, and speaking two or perhaps three languages, might find a sufficient number of Melanesian labourers on one or more plantations to understand him; and to justify his being withdrawn, to teach them, from the work on his own island, or the neighbouring islands, for which he has been particularly prepared. I have been able to satisfy myself that this hope cannot be fulfilled either in the dis-

trict near Brisbane, or near Maryborough, but might still be entertained for other parts if members of our Mission were at liberty to explore them.

The well-known characteristic of the Melanesian race, as opposed to the brown Polynesian people, to split into innumerable divisions with languages mutually unintelligible, opposes something of the same difficulty on the plantations as in the islands. Natives from several islands are accidentally and confusedly brought together on one plantation; and it is difficult for one who knows both the geographical and the native names of the places to ascertain from whence they came. We should not be able to supply a teacher at present, except from the Banks Islands; and it is unfortunately clear that there is no centre in the Brisbane or Maryborough districts where we should be justified in placing one, while anything remains for him to do at home. But the teaching of heathen people imported into the colony of Queensland is no proper part of the work of the Melanesian Mission, though we should be glad to help in it, if we could; and my object in addressing you is to point out the way in which something may perhaps be done to discharge a duty which no one can deny to be incumbent on the Church in the Diocese of Brisbane.

I am not at all disposed to underrate the difficulties of the work; but I venture to say that the very multiplicity and confusion of the languages, which presents insuperable difficulties to the little we could undertake by native teachers, in a native tongue, makes it possible at least for European teachers to communicate instruction to the Melanesians in a language generally not unintelligible to them. It is certain that the employers of this labour can communicate more or less with the labourers they employ: the labourers from various islands communicate among themselves, as the employers communicate with them; and I was many times assured, when speaking of the possibility of making an agreement and contract with natives in 'recruiting' labourers, that there were many who understood English perfectly well. I am persuaded, therefore, that much might be done by European teachers in the English language.

I am perfectly aware that if employers of these labourers, whose kind and even affectionate treatment of them I am bound on every occasion to acknowledge, were to try and speak to them of another world, they would many of them understand as much as they do when they speak of the concerns of this world. I am persuaded that they might tell them of the existence of a God, and of a Saviour, and of a Gospel of Peace. This would at least remove the strange reproach which I have heard in the islands, that Bishop Patteson was deceiving them about the importance of Christianity, for they heard nothing about it in Queensland.

The agency, however, which seems to me most suitable for general work among the imported labourers, would be that of Catechists, who need not be men of high education, but men who desire to do what they can for the enlightenment of the heathen, and who would go about the plantations trying to talk to the labourers, and to teach them something of the Gospel. Such men would, I am sure, find generally encouragement from the planters, and would make considerable progress in communicating Christian truth. That some such men would be found in these colonies, if they were sought for, I have no doubt whatever; and I suggest that such men should be sought for and employed by the authority of the Church.

If we could assist such men by showing them the nature of our work in our Central School or in the islands, we would gladly do it: but we cannot supply such men, and in Norfolk Island we cannot hear of them. That they would be found if sought for I am quite sure, and that they would be able to do a considerable work.

These Melanesian labourers have in very many cases been taken away from direct Missionary teaching: are still heathen because carried into a Christian land! Very many others would now be approached by the Gospel, which is ready to spread among their former homes, but does not reach them because they are living among a Christian people! I cannot conceive a clearer call to the Church in your Diocese to take this work in hand, than the bare statement of such a fact.

But I must add, in conclusion, that, as it is attested by every competent witness, the islanders are positively depraved by their residence in the Colony, and return to deprave others—'they take the lead in all the worst heathen vices.' They do not only fail to receive Christian teaching, but they imbibe a prejudice against it, and speak against it, when they return. That this should still be allowed to be the case, when once made known, is surely impossible.

The population of the islands is already half destroyed, and is rapidly diminishing. There is no time to lose. Something may yet be done, and I entreat your Lordship with the Synod of your Diocese to take this matter into early and most serious consideration.

I am, &c.

R. H. CODRINGTON.

Memorandum addressed to Lord Normanby, March 16, 1872.

My Lord,—Your Excellency was so good as to give me permission to address to you a Memorandum upon the subject on which I had the honour of speaking to you; and in which, as a member of the Melanesian Mission, I have a very deep interest: the condition of the Melanesian people consequent on what is called the Polynesian Labour Trade. The labourers in the Colony over which your Excellency presides being wholly, I believe, drawn from the Melanesian islands, and the distinction marked by the use of the term being very important, I shall call those Melanesians who in the common language of the Colony, and in the Labour Act, are called Polynesians.

1. Your Excellency is aware that the object of my visit to Queensland was to see whether we of the Melanesian Mission could find a way in which we could in the Colony reach, for Missionary purposes, those who have been carried away from our teaching in their own islands. Our own sadly diminished force would not admit of anyone of the Clergy doing more than rarely visiting the plantations; but we hoped that there might be a place found for a

native teacher. The multiplicity of languages, however, the scattering among the various plantations, and mixture on each plantation of natives of various islands, seemed to me to make it impossible for us, with reasonable prospect of an adequate result, to send such a teacher to the one district I was able to visit. I am obliged, therefore, for the present at least, to leave altogether in the hands of the employers and of the people generally of the Colony, the task in which we would gladly help them, the duty of doing something to teach those whom, for their own purposes, they carry away from their native islands, in which in some degree, almost everywhere, Christianity would now be approaching them.

2. Your Excellency will, I trust, further allow me to set down the general view of the subject which I should wish to submit, and to note the particular points to which attention ought to be called, if anything practical is sought for to remedy or to lessen the most disastrous effects most unquestionably hitherto produced in the islands themselves.

I wish as early and as emphatically as I can to bear my testimony to the kind treatment which the imported labourers receive on the plantations which I was able to visit. I cannot remember to have heard that they were badly treated in Queensland, and I am well acquainted with the amiable natural disposition of the Melanesian people. But I was astonished at the more than kindness, the affection with which they were spoken of, and treated.

Your Excellency must admit, however, that no amount of subsequent good treatment will justify the carrying away of one of them without his own consent, for the injury done to himself, or do anything to repair the mischief done to the place whence he has been taken.

I was only able while in Queensland, speaking but one dialect of the Banks Islands myself, to communicate in a native language with four individuals. Not one of these had been brought to the Colony as the regulations of the Labour Act, as I understand, require. Two had left their homes to go to Sandwich, one to go to Maryborough, but not knowing where Sandwich or Maryborough were; three

had gone for three *months*; not one had a notion of going to work or of receiving wages; and they could say nothing else than that they did not understand a word that was said to them, but made out an invitation to some other place for three moons. The case of the fourth man was different; he told me emphatically that he came because he wished to come, but he had no knowledge of the time or the wages for which he was engaged, and he candidly confessed his object to be a gun to shoot his neighbours at Motlav, whom I know to have been shooting his people at Ara.

The simple fact is, that among the natives of all the islands north of the lower New Hebrides an agreement such as that upon which the legal status in the Colony of these people rests is generally impossible for want of interpretation; and if they are not taken from their homes under an agreement to which they give an intelligent assent, I would ask your Excellency what their status in Queensland is? They are certainly not voluntary immigrants; they are certainly not free labourers.

The natives of the Loyalty Islands certainly, and perhaps some from the southern New Hebrides, know the value of money, and the value of their labour.

But I heard more than once that these labourers are not liked, that 'they know too much,' that the recruiting vessels are directed to go farther north. That is, where a bargain is possible, and an agreement intelligible, and a real contract can be made, it does not suit their purpose; but suitable 'labourers' are to be obtained where the people do not yet know too much.

It appears therefore to me, and your Excellency must allow me to say so plainly, that it is the duty of the Queensland Government to *insist upon the employment of trustworthy interpreters*, and to disallow any agreements made without the intervention of trustworthy interpreters.

And I must add, that a trustworthy interpreter is not a native of the island where he 'recruits,' who may perfectly understand the intention of the Government agent, and yet in speaking to his countrymen must say what the agent cannot possibly understand; but one who can speak both

English and the native language, and can be trusted to interpret fairly in either tongue.

The bare assertion, often honestly made, of a trading skipper that he 'knows the language of the islands,' is in such a region as Melanesia in no case whatever to be depended on.

3. Another practical matter which I desire to submit to your Excellency has regard to the selling of firearms to the Melanesian labourers. That the New Hebrides and Banks Islands are already half depopulated is a fact which rests upon the concurring testimony of the only witnesses who are able to compare the present with the past condition of the islands,—the members of the Presbyterian Mission in the South, and of our own Mission in the North.

The miserable deterioration and demoralisation that have followed this traffic are facts to which the same testimony is given. These are certain, unquestionable facts, which, however distressing to missionaries and those who support their Missions, would, if well known to them, probably only in a certain degree affect the action of those who use and demand this labour for their own purposes, and without particular regard to the interests of the Melanesian people.

But it cannot be for the advantage of the Australian Colonies that the native race should be exterminated in islands generally uninhabited by Europeans; nor, though a thoroughly well-guarded system of importation would certainly not supply the demand for imported labour, and that labour must soon be sought elsewhere, can it be for the interest of the planters to cut off at its source any supply to which they look.

The causes of the rapid diminution of the native race are two. One must continue as long as any considerable proportion of able-bodied men are taken from a population already insufficient to keep the islands in cultivation. From the withdrawal of men of an age to work follows in natural order a lesser area of cultivation, and that not in proportion to the number taken away; then an insufficient supply of food, disease, and the death of the aged, the weak, and the children. From this cause, as your Excellency

has been informed, large tracts in Melanesia have already returned to the primitive wilderness.

Another cause is undoubtedly the conduct of the 'labourers' who return from the plantations with firearms in their hands. It requires no argument and no evidence to make it clear that the introduction of firearms among a savage people, whose native habits are those of perpetual warfare, must be attended by the destruction of human life: no one can be surprised to hear that those who return with guns in their hands do not work themselves, but consume the food of those who have remained at home, and so hasten famine; or that they use their force to carry off the wives and daughters of those who remain, and so by the disintegration of families diminish the population. I venture therefore to submit to your Excellency as a practical measure which interest and humanity alike require, the *prohibition of the sale of firearms to the Melanesians imported under the 'Labour Act.'* There is no difficulty elsewhere in prohibiting the sale or possession of firearms to British subjects: but these are not even free immigrants, they are under the special protection of the Government and of the Crown.

In conclusion, my Lord, although it is impossible that we of the Melanesian Mission, or any others who have the interest of the islands at heart, and see the effects of the Labour Traffic *in the islands*, can do anything but dissuade as strongly as we can any we may be able to influence from leaving their homes for Queensland or elsewhere—yet, on my own behalf and that of my colleagues, I offer to your Excellency any assistance we can give in the way of interpretation, of investigation, or of information. To us as Missionaries the continuance of the present state of things seems almost fatal to our work; but as Englishmen, we would do our best to remove a reproach which in the face of savages makes us silent and ashamed.

I have, &c.

R. H. CODRINGTON.

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